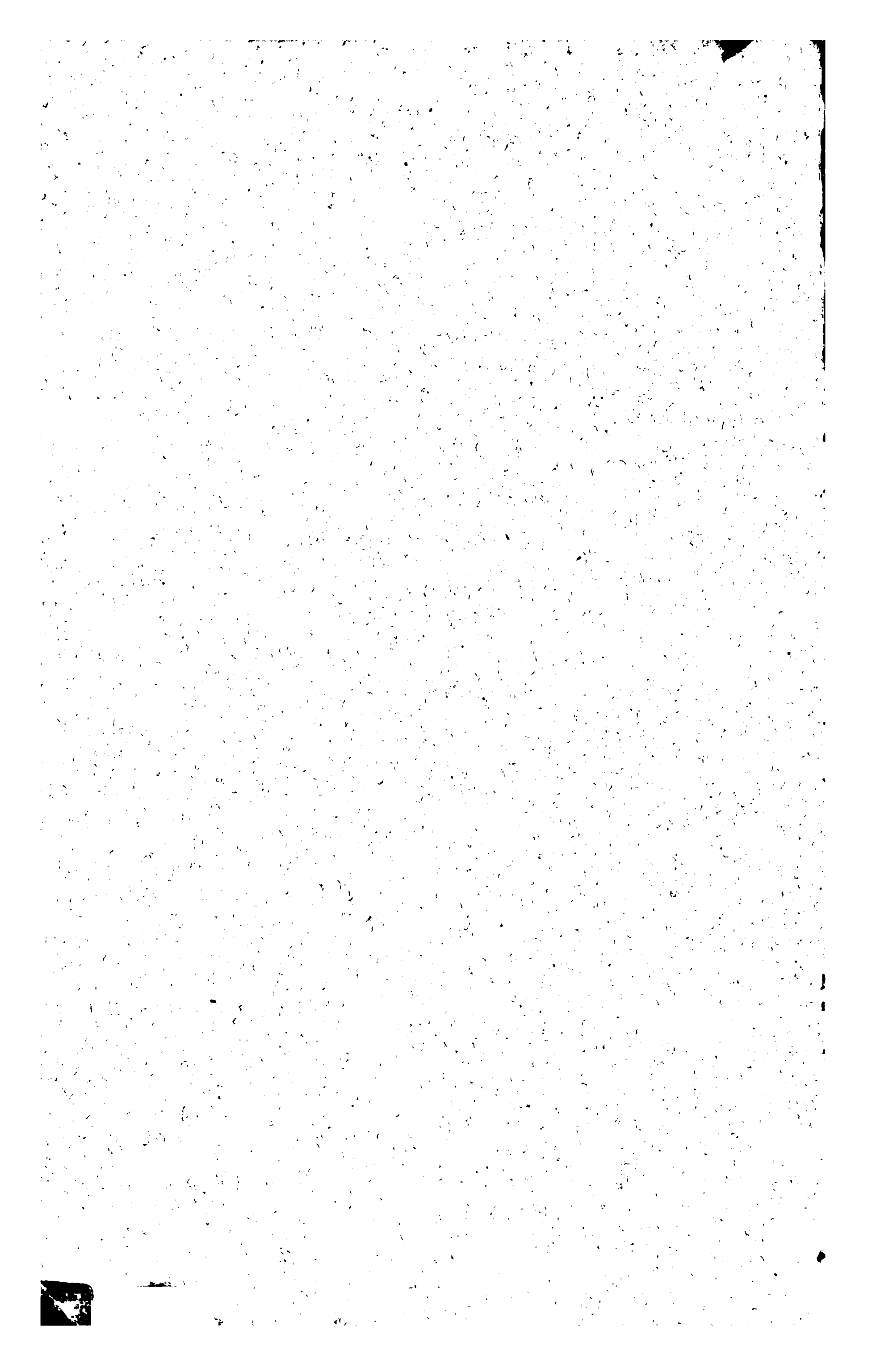
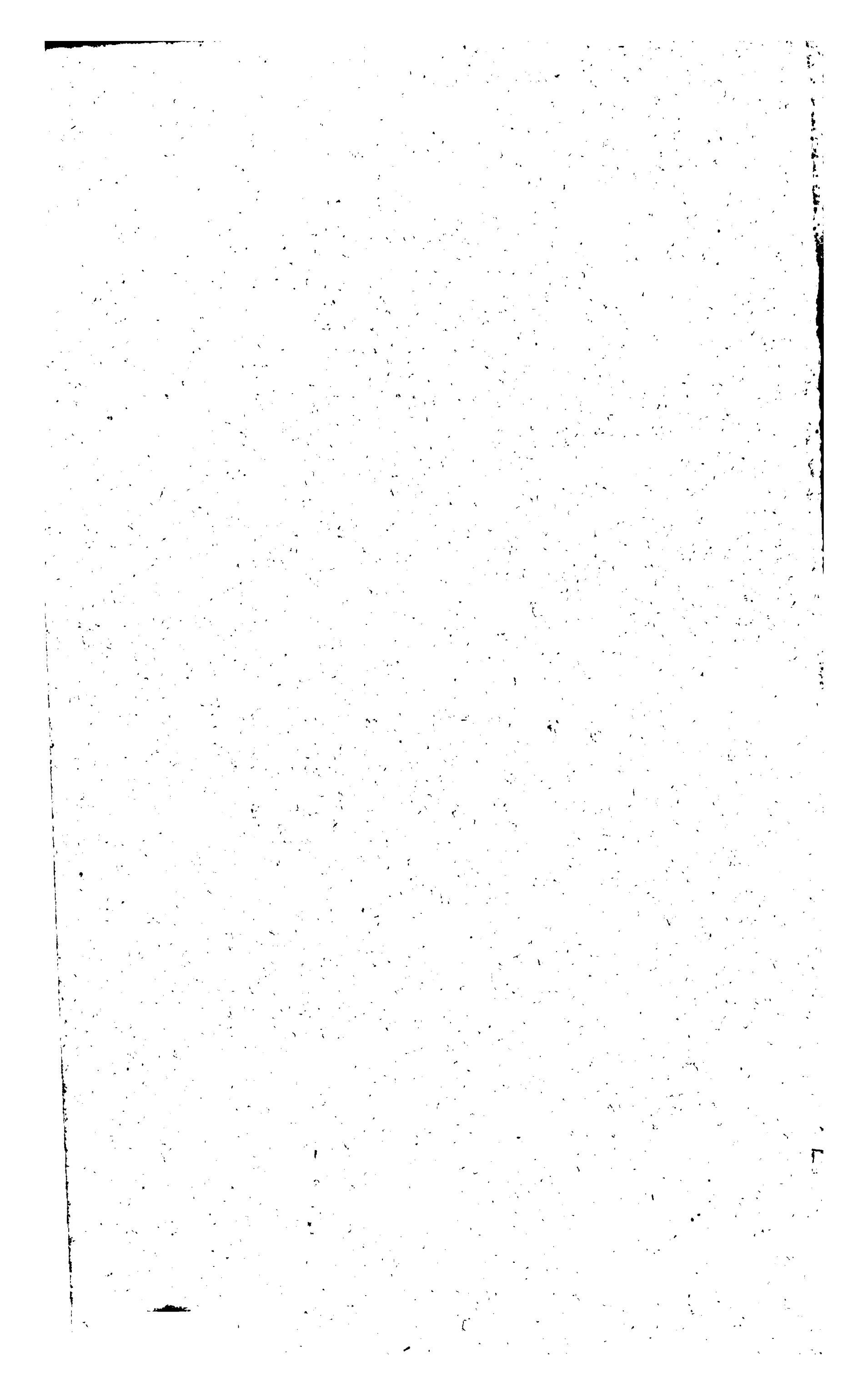
With the Editors'
best regards.







THE POEMS

OF

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

" WILLIAM DUNBAR, THE GREATEST POET THAT SCOTLAND HAS PRODUCED."—GEORGE ELLIS.

" THIS DARLING OF THE SCOTTISH MUSES HAS BEEN JUSTLY RAISED TO A LEVEL WITH CHAUCER BY EVERY JUDGE OF POETRY TO WHOM HIS OBSOLETE LANGUAGE HAS NOT RENDERED HIM UNINTELLIGIBLE."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE POEMS

OF

WILLIAM DUNBAR,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH NOTES, AND A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

BY DAVID LAING.



VOLUME FIRST.

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THE PREFACE.

It has generally been acknowledged that a complete edition of the works of such a Poet as Dunbar, would form the best monument that could be erected to his genius. As such a tribute of respect to this old distinguished "Makar" is now for the first time offered, it may be proper to briefly point out the sources whence his poems have been collected.

It is well known that the early miscellaneous poetry of Scotland has been preserved to our times chiefly by means of two Manuscript Collections;—the one by George Bannatyne, a burgess of Edinburgh, written in 1568,—the other, nearly of a coeval date, by Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, a Senator of the College of Justice, and Lord Privy Seal of Scotland. The selections made of Dunbar's poetry from these MSS. having been published by successive Editors,[1] with varied degrees of accuracy,

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[1] The earliest was the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd,' in his publication of "The Evergreen, being a collection of Scots Poems, Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh, Printed by Mr Thomas Ruddiman for the Publisher, at his shop, near the Cross." 1724. 2 vols. 12mo. The latest was James Sibbald, in his "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry; from the 13th Century to the Union of the Crowns." Edinburgh, 1802. 4 vols. 8vo.

it was essentially requisite, in collecting materials for this publication, to have a direct recourse to the originals. An examination was accordingly made of these as well as of such other MSS. as were known to contain any reliques of old Scottish poetry;[a] in the course of which I could not overlook the printed fragments which had issued from the press of CHEPMAN and MYLLAR, (by whom printing was first introduced and practised in Scotland, in the year 1507,) as these include several of our Author's poems, printed most likely under his own inspection.

From these several sources I have endeavoured, by careful collation, to make as near an approach as was possible to the true text of the Author. With this view, the text of what seemed the best copy has been adopted, while the principal various readings are given in the Notes. The First Volume contains every Poem ascribed in these early MSS. to DUNBAR, printed entire and without mutilation, in arranging which it was obviously impracticable to attempt any thing like a chronological order, or even to adopt a minute separation of them into several classes. Poems, however, of the same character are brought together as nearly as possible:—that is, those of an Allegorical, Satirical, and Humorous character, are followed by such as have a reference to the Poet himself, whether in the form of Complaints, or of Addresses to James the Fourth for preferment, while his Moral and Devotional pieces form the sequel of the collection.

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[a] Among these may be noticed ASLOANE's MS., written during the minority of James the Fifth (in 1515), and consequently of an earlier date than any of the other collections. Unfortunately, as appears from the original table of contents, nearly one-half of the volume must have been lost or destroyed, and including evidently several poems by Dunbar. It is preserved in the Library of Sir James Boswell of Auchinleck, Baronet.

The Poems in the Second Volume consist of the following divisions :—I. Poems ascribed to Dunbar. II. The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy. And, III. Poems by Walter Kennedy. I had also intended to have given Selections from the Minor Poets of the Reign of James the Fourth; and, in fact, had inserted a Fourth division, entitled, "Poems by Contemporaries of Dunbar;" but finding that by retaining these the work would necessarily be extended to three volumes, while the propriety of adding such selections might be considered as very questionable, the sheets were, on maturer consideration, cancelled.[3]

In the NOTES, I was anxious to retain all such as had been made by preceding Editors whenever the text was elucidated by them, contenting myself with making such additions as might explain the occasion upon which the poems were composed, or incidentally throw light on the manners and customs of the age. The GLOSSARY, which is appended, while it has received considerable aid from the Rev. DR JAMIESON's valuable "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language," may be regarded as little more than an enlargement of that which accompanies LORD HAILES' volume;[4] and it has afforded me much satisfaction, in

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[3] This will account for a break in the numbering of the pages near the middle of the Second Volume.

[4] This volume is entitled "ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEMS. Published from the MS. of GEORGE BANNATYNE, 1568. Edinburgh: Printed by A. Murray and J. Cochran, for John Balfour, 1770." 12mo, pp. xii. 332; and reprinted at Leeds, 1817, 8vo. A considerable part of the volume is occupied with Poems by Dunbar. These, without Lord Hailes' Notes, or any additional poems, were reprinted as the "Select Poems of Wil. Dunbar. Part First. From the M.S. of George Bannatyne, Published 1568. Perth: Printed for R. Morison & Son, &c." 1788. 12mo, pp. 100. No Second Part ever appeared.

having been thus enabled to follow the footsteps of an Editor, who, for learning, research, and judgment, was one of the brightest ornaments of our country during the last century.

During two successive visits to Cambridge, which I found to be requisite for examining MAITLAND'S MS.,[5] I acknowledge with pleasure how much I was indebted to the politeness of the Rev. WILLIAM CRAWLEY, A.M., and the Rev. JOHN LODGE, A.M. (now principal Librarian to the University), Fellows of Magdalene College, for granting me access to the Pepysian Library, in which that MS. is deposited, and for the time which, in conformity with the restrictions imposed by the founder, these gentlemen alternately and cheerfully spent in attendance, while I was employed in transcribing.

At the same time, I had an opportunity of consulting the MS. collection of early Scotish poetry written by JOHN REIDPETH in 1623,[6] which fortunately contains several of Dunbar's poems

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[5] There are two volumes preserved in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge, but only that in folio contains any Poems by Dunbar. A list of the Contents of these MSS. is subjoined to the collection by JOHN PINKERTON, entitled, "Ancient Scotish Poems, never before in print. But now published from the MS. Collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knight, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, and a Senator of the College of Justice. Comprising pieces written from about 1420 till 1586." London, 1786. 2 vols. 8vo.

[6] MSS. More, L l. 5. University Library, Cambridge. The volume, which now consists of 64 leaves, is somewhat mutilated, several leaves having been torn out of the middle. On the first leaf is written, "A me Joanne Reidpeth, septimo Decembris inchoat. 1622 . . . . Finis . . . . 1623. Ex libris Mri. Cristopheri Cokburne." It consists, with a few exceptions, of poems either by Dunbar or Sir Richard Maitland, and I think it not improbable that Reidpeth obtained the use of Maitland's folio MS. in making his collection, from which, indeed, it might have been

not known to exist elsewhere. The chief part of the volume, indeed, consists of his poetry, which the late eminent antiquary, Mr RITSON, transcribed in 1793, evidently with an intention of publication. After his decease the volume was purchased by the Author of "Caledonia," who proposed to follow up Ritson's design. Having obtained from the late Mr CHALMERS the free use of that transcript, I was thus enabled to compare it with the original; and, subsequently, I have been indebted to his nephew, JAMES CHALMERS, Esq., not only for presenting me with the volume itself, as a memorial of my old friend, his respected relative, but also for the communication of copious notes illustrative of several of Dunbar's poems, the result of his own extensive, accurate, and unwearied research.

I might likewise enumerate the names of other friends to whom I have been indebted for advice and information. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgments to the CURATORS OF THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY during the year 1821, by whose kind indulgence the task of collating and transcribing from BANNATYNE'S MS.[7] was in every way facilitated. To Dr IRVING, Keeper of the

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entirely copied, as it is by no means an improbable conjecture, that any additional poems by Dunbar which it has been the means of preserving might have been contained in some leaves of the earlier MS. which were lost or destroyed before the volume was rebound in Pepys's time.

[7] A list of the contents of that Manuscript, which I then drew up, has been since printed in the volume entitled "MEMORIALS OF GEORGE BANNATYNE, 1546—1608." Edinburgh, 1829, 4to, and printed for the Members of 'The Bannatyne Club,'—a literary association in Edinburgh, which, under the auspices of its late President, SIR WALTER SCOTT, assumed the name of the compiler of that manuscript for their designation. A similar compliment to SIR RICHARD MAITLAND has been conferred by a like Institution at Glasgow.

Library, my best thanks are likewise due, as I had afterwards frequent occasion to consult that MS. while engaged in preparing the following sheets for the press.

It will thus appear that the materials for this edition were collected several years ago; and were laid aside for a time, partly with a fond hope that further research, or accident, might bring to light additional matter, so as to render the work more worthy of public notice and of Dunbar. Even after the printing of the text was completed, various delays have intervened to retard its appearance, to which I should not have alluded, had it not been for the circumstance that the present volumes, while in an unfinished state, have been quoted in works which were published long previous to this date.

D. LAING.

EDINBURGH,
JANUARY, 1834.



MEMOIRS

OF

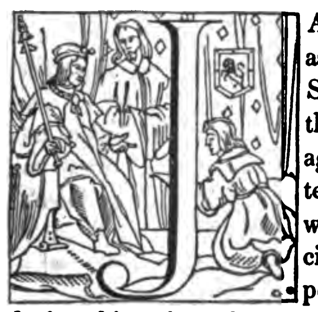
WILLIAM DUNBAR.



MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

AMES THE FOURTH ascended the Throne of Scotland, June 1488, in the sixteenth year of his age. His accession was attended by circumstances which were little auspicious to the welfare and peace of the country. Yet, during his reign, for a period of twenty-five years, the nation enjoyed a degree of tranquillity to which it had been long unaccustomed, and which, under a vigorous and wise administration, must have been highly conducive to the general prosperity. It was fortunate, also, for the advancement of learning and various liberal pursuits, that the mind of the Scotish monarch was not wholly bent upon idle and frivolous amusements. For, while James continued to patronise the various branches of literature, as well as whatever might be useful or ornamental in the arts, he, in

an especial manner, loved and encouraged the Muses. Among the individuals who then flourished, eminent for learning or genius, and who have shed so much lustre over that age, the suffrage of criticism has awarded the place of chief eminence to WILLIAM DUNBAR, "the excellent poet," as he has lately by high authority been styled,[1] "unrivalled by any which Scotland ever produced."

Such is the high rank and character of the author, whose poems, after the lapse of three centuries, are now for the first time collected. That such an act of justice should have been so long deferred, is extremely remarkable; but the destiny of the author is altogether so singular, as to be almost without parallel in the annals of modern literature. During his own age, he received the homage due to his genius, and his writings for a time continued to be admired and imitated by succeeding poets;—yet he was doomed to such total and absolute neglect during the long period which elapsed between the year 1530, when Sir David Lyndsay mentions him among the poets then deceased, and the year 1724, when Allan Ramsay published a selection of his poems, that, with one solitary exception,[2] no allusion, not even so much as the mere mention of his name,[3] can be dis-

[1] By SIR WALTER SCOTT, in "Memorials of George Bannatyne," p. 14. Edinburgh, 1829, 4to."

[2] In the "Adhortation," by Henry Charteris, prefixed to his edition of Lyndsay's Poems, Edinburgh, 1568, 4to, in the following words:

Thocht KENNEDIE and DUNBAR bure the bell
For the large race of rethorik they ran.

[3] The name of Dunbar is not mentioned by Bale, Dempster, David

covered in the whole compass of our literature!—If any misfortune had befallen the two nearly coeval manuscript collections of Scotish poetry by Bannatyne and Maitland, the great chance is that it might have been scarcely known to posterity that such a poet as Dunbar had ever existed. His name, it is true, would have been found casually recorded as a poet, but how subdued is the interest that attaches to a mere name;—as, for instance, to that of his contemporaries, Stobo, Quintyne, or Sir John the Ross, whose works have perished. It may therefore excite regret, rather than surprise, to find that the history of a person who is now allowed to hold so conspicuous a place in the literature of his country, should have been entirely neglected; and that, instead of the copiousness and minute details of modern biography, there remains little to gratify any new interest which may be felt respecting him, save the various but obscure hints contained in his own verses. These, however, merit particular attention, as it is very rare to find an early writer leaving so many pieces descriptive of his private feelings and sentiments, suggested as they were by the incidents of his own history, which they fortunately serve to illustrate. But although we may not now be otherwise enabled to throw much light on Dunbar's personal

Buchanan, Sibbald, Mackenzie, or any other early writer on the literary history of Scotland. In Bishop Tanner's *Bibliotheca*, 1748, the 'Tabill of Confession,' printed at page 228 of this volume, is the only work attributed to Dunbar!

history, it is some consolation to think that so considerable a number of his poems has been preserved, and that he is likely to enjoy that degree of fame which true genius, amidst all the changes in human affairs, seldom fails to ultimately secure.

The surname of Dunbar is of very considerable antiquity and distinction in Scotland. The founder of the chief family of the name was Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, who, having settled in Scotland immediately after the Norman Conquest, became allied by marriage to Malcolm Canmore, who bestowed on him the manor of Dunbar, and many fair lands in the Merse and Lothian. Earl Waldhave, the fourth in succession, who was one of the hostages for the release of William the Lion from captivity in 1174, was the first of the family who had the title of Earl of Dunbar; while Patrick the eighth Earl was, in 1292, designated Earl of March. That our author's progenitors were connected by immediate descent with this great and powerful family is placed beyond doubt by the testimony of his poetical antagonist, Walter Kennedy. In the 'Flyting,' he not only speaks of Dunbar's 'forbears' or ancestors, as belonging to 'Cospatrick's clan,' which had at an early period 'brought Scotland into confusion,' by joining themselves to the English faction, during the continuous warfare between the two kingdoms, but he also in the most direct terms deduces the poet's descent from the Earls of March, while he expressly denies his connexion with the branch of the

family created Earls of Moray during the fourteenth century, or with the Dunbars of Westfield, who were male descendants of the last Earl of Moray. Now it is obvious, that had our author's relationship to the March family been so remote, as not to be recognised at the time, Kennedy's allusions would have had no meaning, and still less would he have thought it necessary to deny Dunbar's having any connexion with the remote collateral descendants of that family, who happened to be persons of great wealth and influence. The allusions, also, of Kennedy were rendered not the less sarcastic by the contrast of his own opulence and patrimony with the humbled fortunes of his antagonist's family; for it is well known that George, eleventh Earl of March, was attainted in an arbitrary manner by James the First, in the Parliament held at Perth, January 10th, 1434-5,[4]—by which forfeiture the earldom, and such of his lands as were held of the King, became annexed to the Crown; whence the Earl's descendants were at once stripped of their hereditary honours and extensive domains, and doomed to live in a state of comparative dependence.

William Dunbar was born about the middle of the fifteenth century. The precise date of his birth has not been ascertained, but, from circumstances to

[4] Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 23. Wood's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 172.

be afterwards stated, we may with certainty place it not later than the year 1460. According to the poet's own words,[5] Dunbar was a native of Lothian. The only branch of the attainted family, of which he is represented as a descendant, retaining property in that district, was Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill, in East Lothian, a younger son of George the tenth Earl of March. This Sir Patrick signalized himself on many occasions, and was one of the hostages for James the First in 1426; and it also appears from an original charter, dated August 10th, 1440, that one of his sons was named William, who in all probability was either the father or uncle of the poet.[6] No other persons of the same baptismal name can be traced during the whole of that century, and as such names usually run in families, the circumstance of our author's alleged descent from the Earls of March, in connection with his own avowal respecting his birthplace, adds some strength to the conjecture of his being the grandson of Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill.

It has been inferred, from a passage in one of Kennedy's satires, that the village of Salton, in East

[5] I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis,
Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,
Than thow can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.
Flyting, line 110, vol. ii. p. 69.

[6] For more minute notices of the family of Dunbar of Beill, during the fifteenth century, see Appendix to this Memoir, No. I. For pointing out the notice of the above charter, which is preserved in the Earl of Roseberry's charter-chest, I am indebted to John Riddell, Esq. Advocate.

Lothian, was the place of the poet's birth. Of this, however, there is no evidence, the notion having originated in an error committed by Allan Ramsay in printing this passage,[7] the sense of which has hitherto been completely misunderstood.

It is probable that Dunbar was very early intended for the church, in which case he must have had the advantage of a university education; for, in a jocular manner, he tells us, that even on his nurse's knee he was 'Dandeley, Bishop, dandeley!' But we are ignorant of the earliest events of his life, and under whose instruction he was first placed. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to state, that in the year 1475, when, we presume, our author had at least attained fifteen or sixteen years of age, he was sent to St Andrews, the most flourishing seat of learning and science at that period in Scotland. This fact, hitherto unnoticed, is ascertained from the old registers of the University, in which the name of William Dunbar, is entered, in 1477, among the *Determinantes* or Bachelors of Arts, in St Salvator's College, a degree which students were not entitled to claim until the third year of their attendance at College; and two years later, in 1479, the name of William Dunbar again occurs in the registers as then having taken his degree of Master of Arts.[8] It may

[7] See note upon lines 367-370 of the Flyting, vol. ii. p. 79.

[8] Acta Facultatis Artium S. Andreæ, MS.—For a curious notice regarding St Andrews in 1491, see the note upon Dunbar's poem, (vol. i. p. 199,) said to have been written 'at Oxinfurde.'

also be stated, that he is uniformly styled *Maister* William Dunbar, this designation, till a late period, being exclusively appropriated to persons who had taken that degree at some university.

Whether Dunbar, after finishing his course of study at St Andrew's, might have had the further advantage of prosecuting his studies at some foreign university, appears doubtful; and, indeed, with respect to his subsequent history for nearly twenty years, viz. from 1480 to 1499, we possess no satisfactory information.[9] We have, however, his own authority for stating, that at an early period of his life he had entered the order of St Francis; and as he had been subsequently employed as an itinerant or preaching friar, he must necessarily have completed his novitiate. It is well known that the order of mendicants, called Franciscan or Grey Friars, were divided into Conventuals and Observantines. The latter had an establishment at Edinburgh, endowed by James the First, about the year 1446, where divinity and philosophy were regularly taught; and here it is highly probable that Dunbar might have spent some of his earlier years. But as he himself informs us that the studies and life of a friar were not suited to his disposition, it is reasonable to infer that his connection with that religious order or community was terminated

[9] The number of Scotish students who at this period visited France was very considerable, but I have been unsuccessful in more than one attempt to ascertain whether Dunbar was in the number, although the registers of the old University of Paris are still preserved.

at no very advanced period of his life. This information is conveyed to us in his poem of 'The Visitation of St Francis,' written long afterwards. In these verses he relates how a fiend, in the likeness of that saint, appeared to him in a dream, desiring him to assume the friar's habit, and renounce the world; but the poet, in hinting that he should go to heaven with more satisfaction were he invested with the robes of a bishop, adds, "Had it ever been my fortune to become a friar, the time for this is long since past; in the habit of that order have I made good cheer in every flourishing town in England, betwixt Berwick and Calais; in it also have I ascended the pulpit at Dernton and Canterbury; and crossed the sea at Dover, and instructed the inhabitants of Picardy."[10]

It might have been to this period of Dunbar's life that Kennedy alludes, when he taunts him with his pilgrimage, as a pardoner, begging in all the churches from Ettrick Forest to Dumfries. It is not known how long he continued to lead such a desultory kind of life, nor in what manner his time was employed after he had relinquished the character of friar, as his poems throw no light on the circumstance which first brought him in connexion with the Scotish Court.

At a later period, when we find Dunbar residing in Edinburgh, and presenting his supplications to

[10] See the Poem, vol. i. p. 28, and Notes, vol. ii. p. 231.

James the Fourth for preferment in the church, he urges his claims not on account of merit, for "alas!" says he, "I can do nothing but brieve (or write) ballads," but as the just recompense to which he was entitled by long and faithful service. In one place he tells the King, that had he been so disposed, he might, in his youth, have obtained employment abroad;[11] in another, he urges the King to have regard, and to bestow compensation on his 'auld servitouris,' no less than on the crowd of idle and worthless characters who daily importuned 'his Grace;' and speaks of himself as one of those that

> Throw all regiouns hes tein hard tell,
> Of quhilk my wrytting witnes beiris.

And when contrasting his own small reward with his long and 'leill service,' he adds,

> Nocht I say this, by this countrie,
> France, Ingland, Ireland, Almanie,
> Bot als be Italie and Spaine,
> Quhilk to considder is ane paine!

These allusions to the countries visited by Dunbar, while employed in the King's service, which include the chief parts of Europe, will readily suggest the nature and character of his employment. It is well known that James the Fourth maintained a constant

[11] Quhen I wes young, and into ply,

. . . .

I had been bocht in realmes by,
Had I consentit to be sauld.—Vol. i. p. 149.

and friendly intercourse with the Courts of France, Flanders, Spain, Denmark, and other countries,[12] and that such international relations were carried on by the mission of heralds, envoys, and merchants, as well as in the more solemn way of embassies to foreign courts, including that of England. The most probable conjecture then that can be offered is, that Dunbar was employed in the course of these embassies, as it was usual on such occasions to appoint 'ane clerk;' for it must be considered that the literary attainments of the clergy, who were almost the only class of men who then received any thing like a liberal education, eminently recommended them to the service of foreign negotiations.

The most direct intimations, however, that we possess of Dunbar's having visited foreign lands, occur in his poetical contest, or 'Flyting,' with his friend Walter Kennedy. The date of this singular composition may be placed a few years after 1491. The Flyting commences on the part of Dunbar at a time when he was at some distance from Court. Addressing Sir John Ross, whom he elsewhere commemorates among the Scotish makars or poets, he

[12] That we are unable, from the public registers, to ascertain this more distinctly, we impute to the circumstance, that in the safe-conduct granted for such embassies when passing through England, to go beyond seas, as well as to the English Court, the names only of the two or three leading persons are mentioned, with a specified number of attendants and horses in their train.—See RYMER's *Fœdera and* ROTULI *Scotiæ*, passim. See also PINKERTON's Hist. vol. ii. and TYTLER's Hist. vol. iv.

says, " There is a thing compiled by Kennedy and his commissary Quintyne, lauding each other in the most extravagant terms; but if they had ventured to attempt 'any manace' to occasion strife, however loth I am to be reckoned 'a baird,' being ashamed to use terms of flyting, from which neither honour nor renown are to be gained, nothing should secure them from my wrath, for this would be so terrible, that to hear what I shall write 'with pen and ink,' the earth and firmament would tremble, the devils in hell quake with fear, and the city bell make a noise." To such an unusual mode of address, written with the evident intention of being communicated to the persons who are named, Kennedy answers in a sufficiently insolent and provoking manner, setting Dunbar and his wrath at defiance. This, of course, produces a reply; and the two poets fall by the ears, and abuse one another in good set terms of ribaldry, of which it would not be easy to find a parallel in modern literature.

As this strange performance is full of allusions to the personal history of the writers, it is necessary to examine it with greater attention than it might seem to deserve. It does not appear that either of their friends, Quintyne or Sir John Ross, had taken any share in this trial of skill in the art of scolding; but unless we suppose that considerable intervals of time had elapsed between the writing of the several parts, and that some intermediate portions had been

lost, there is no satisfactory mode of explaining and reconciling the apparent discrepancies, and abrupt transitions.

It is not less necessary to remark that this altercation neither originated nor was carried on in consequence of any personal animosity or dislike, nor does it appear that it had any tendency to interrupt the cordiality of private friendship; but was merely the result of 'illiberal fancy,' of which several examples occur in our literature during the sixteenth century. Kennedy was a person highly connected, being the third son of Gilbert first Lord Kennedy, and as a poet he enjoyed great distinction in his own time. His acquaintance with Dunbar must have been of several years' standing, and of an intimate kind, to have warranted such kind of sport, by which they were alike subjected to general ridicule. That they were of the same age, may be inferred, as their academical studies were contemporaneous, Kennedy having been a student at Glasgow when Dunbar was at St Andrews;[13] and as this contest tended to the amusement of their friends at Court, and no doubt excited a lively interest at the time, it might be said of them, with equal truth and propriety,

> Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
> Et cantare pares, *et respondere parati.*

[13] Records of the University of Glasgow. See the notes upon Kennedy's poems, in vol. ii. p. 87, &c.

Dunbar in his first reply asserts that Kennedy was afraid to show his malice until the sails had been drawn above his head, and the boisterous winds, in the dark and moonless time of the year, had driven the vessel out of its reckoning, many hundred miles '*by Holland, Zealand, and the Northway coast,*' to deserts where they were almost famished; yet, says he, '*I shall come home, and lay thy boast.*' According to another passage in the Flyting, it would seem from Kennedy's words, that the vessel in which Dunbar had sailed from Leith had been wrecked on the coast of Zealand, where he was left in such distress as to occasion him often 'to sit supperless,' and to cry *Caritas, pro amore Dei*, from door to door.

Obscure as the Flyting is in many of its allusions, there can be no doubt that when the concluding portion by Kennedy was written, Dunbar was residing at Paris; and moreover, the mention of the ship Katherine, when compared with a notice in the Treasurer's Accounts for July 1491,[14] renders it more than probable that he was in the train of the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Monypenny, then sent on an embassy to France. As the ambassadors returned at the end of November that same year, Dunbar might have been left behind in Paris, during the winter season, for the purpose of crossing the Alps in the further

[14] See note on line 449 of 'The Flyting.'—In July 1491, thirty-six shillings was paid by the Treasurer to 'the Preist that wrayt the instrumentis and otheris letteris that past with the Imbassatours in France.'

prosecution of 'the erandis' of his royal master; for, as Kennedy says, he could not at that time cross Mount Bernard for wild beasts, nor win through Mounts Scarpre, Nicholas, and St Godard, for the snow; and since no lord would take him into his service, he is advised to remain in Paris, with the 'Maister Burreau,' or public executioner, and assist in hanging criminals at the rate of half-a-franc a piece. But after such gratuitous advice, Kennedy thus addresses the King:

> Hie, Soverane Lord, lat never this sinfull sot
> Do schame, fra hame, unto your Nation;

—words which evidently corroborate the supposition of Dunbar's having been employed in the King's service on some foreign mission.

Without attempting any further illustrations of our Poet's history from this composition, which would be less unintelligible had we been acquainted with the object and destination of his travels, we may safely conclude, that, before the close of the fifteenth century, Dunbar had, on more than one occasion, visited the continent. Little as we know respecting his early life, and the circumstances that led to the developement of his genius, there can be no doubt that the advantages he enjoyed from visiting distant lands, must have had considerable influence in imparting greater strength and energy to his poetical conceptions, not only by affording him a wider field for observation of the varied scenery of nature, but by pre-

senting to him more extensive opportunities for studying the diversities of human character.

We are now made acquainted with a new occurrence in the life of Dunbar. In the year 1500 he obtained from the King a yearly pension of ten pounds,[15] which is the first occasion on which we find his name occurring in the public records. This pension might have been granted in consequence of one of his addresses to the King, where he says,

> Schir, yet remember as of befoir,
> How that *my youth is done forloir*
> *In your service*, with pane and grief,
> Gude Conscience cryis, '*Reward thairfoir!*'

The Treasurer's Accounts for that year have not been preserved, but the grant appears in the register of the Privy Seal, under the date of August 15th,[16] ordaining that sum to be paid out of the royal coffers by the treasurer, at the half-yearly terms of Whitsuntide and Martinmas, without specifying on what account it was conferred, and with this provision, that the sum should be paid to 'Maister William Dunbar for all the dayis of his life, OR UNTILL HE BE PROMOTED BY OUR SOVEREIGN LORD TO A BENEFICE OF THE VALUE OF FORTY POUNDS OR MORE YEARLY.'

[15] The sum of ten pounds may appear small; and at that time one pound English money was equivalent to three pounds ten shillings Scottish. But we must be careful not to reckon the value of money in those days by the present standard.

[16] Reg. Secr. Sigill. vol. ii. fol. 9, b. See Appendix to this Memoir, No. II.

The regular payment of this half-yearly salary, with occasional gratuities bestowed on him 'by the King's command,' show, that during the life of James, our author must have resided almost constantly in Edinburgh; and the grant might have been made for the special purpose of retaining him at Court, although its continuance is not made to depend upon any subsequent contingency. As a poet, although surrounded by many competitors, his reputation was at this time established and widely extended; and in 1503, he says of himself, that his heart in former years had rejoiced in making '*sangis under the leavis grene.*' Gawin Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld, (himself one of the most eminent of our ancient poets,) in his 'Palice of Honour,' written in the year 1501, having introduced Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, along with all the great poets of antiquity, as possessing a distinguished place in the 'Court of the Muses,' adds,

> Of this Natioun I knew also anone
> Greit KENNEDIE, and DUNBAR *yit undeid,*
> And QUINTINE with ane huttok on his heid.[17]

From the Treasurer's Accounts, we accidentally learn that Dunbar must have again visited England at the close of the year 1501. Among the half-yearly pensions due at Martinmas, and entered as paid on the

[17] The Palice of Honour, reprinted from the edition 1579, p. 28, Edinburgh, 1830, 4to.

20th of December that year, when Dunbar's name occurs, it is added, 'quhilk wes payit him aftir he came furth of Ingland.' The next date in that division of the Accounts being February 21, 1502, we cannot ascertain precisely the time of his return, which must have been subsequent to the regular term of payment, otherwise such an intimation would have been quite superfluous. This, in itself, would be a circumstance of trivial importance, were it not that it is thus rendered probable that he accompanied the ambassadors who were sent to England to conclude the negotiations for the King's marriage in October 1501, and that he remained to witness the ceremony of affiancing the Princess Margaret, which took place at St Paul's cross, with great solemnity and splendour, on the 25th of January, 1502. Under this supposition we can have little hesitation in believing that Dunbar was the person then styled 'THE RHYMER OF SCOTLAND,' who received L.6, 13s, 4d. in reward from Henry VII. on the 31st of December, 1501, and a similar sum on the 7th of January following.[18]

The Princess Margaret remained in England till July 1503, and the minute and interesting account of her progress to Scotland, by John Young, Somerset

[18] Extracts from the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII., printed by Sir Harris Nicolas in Bentley's *Excerpta Historica*, 1831, 8vo, p. 126. If the original accounts, from which these extracts were made during the last century, should be discovered, some further particulars regarding the persons sent from Scotland on this embassy might no doubt be gleaned.

herald, which has been preserved, presents a striking picture of society at that time.[19] Dunbar's poem, the 'Thrissil and the Rois,' was written on the 9th of May, three months previous to the Queen's arrival; in which, by a most beautiful and appropriate allegory, comparing her to the Rose, the queen of flowers, and James to the national emblem, the Thistle, he celebrates the prospect of that alliance which, although not productive at the time of all its expected advantages, yet eventually led to the permanent union of the two kingdoms. The Queen made her public entrance into Edinburgh on the 7th of August, with every demonstration of public rejoicing; and on the day after, the marriage ceremony took place in the Abbey of Holyrood, with a degree of solemnity and splendour which perhaps was never equalled in this part of the kingdom.

The historian of English Poetry asserts, that in consequence of this alliance, a new communication and intercourse were opened between the two courts and kingdoms, which "must have greatly contributed to polish the rude manners, and to improve the language, literature, and arts, of Scotland."[20] Such an hypothesis is not borne out by facts; as previous to

[19] Printed in the Appendix to Leland's Collectanea, 3d edit. 1770, vol. iv. p. 258. In addition to the official account by Young, 'who attended the said Princess on her journey,' the Treasurer's Accounts throw considerable light on the magnificent preparations for the nuptials on the part of the Scotish Monarch.

[20] Warton's Hist. edit. 1824, vol. iii. p. 96.

this event, James the Fourth, by his personal accomplishments and chivalrous disposition, combined with a love of splendour and profuse liberality little commensurate with his limited means, had attracted to his Court persons of rank and influence, as well as those who were distinguished for learning or genius. Neither the Queen, nor the few English attendants who remained with her, appear to have contributed in any degree towards exciting or fostering intellectual acquirements; and long before her arrival in Scotland, our native poets had raised themselves to a rank far above any of the English followers of Chaucer. In short, the whole tone and character of the literature of that period presents a striking contrast to that of England.

While the Scotish monarch was an avowed patron of literature, in which he himself is allowed to have made some proficiency, the natural gaiety of his disposition led him to encourage all kinds of public amusements. Dunbar, on more than one occasion, insinuates that the Royal attention and bounty were too profusely directed to the support of pantomimic exhibitors, pipers, fiddlers, jesters, and common minstrels, as well as foreign impostors and mere pretenders to science. The Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer, while they exhibit numberless instances of his prodigality in encouraging and rewarding those who contributed to the King's own personal gratifications, and present a singular picture of his daily

occupations, at the same time show that the monarch was a munificent encourager of the useful arts, and that his liberality displayed itself in acts of charity and kindness to his domestic servants. He also appears to have expended large sums of money in building or adorning the royal palaces of Holyrood, Linlithgow, Stirling, and Falkland; in the erection of religious foundations, in the prosecution of maritime enterprises, and in the extension of commerce; while the internal prosperity of the country was essentially promoted by a strict and impartial administration of justice.

At this period Dunbar appears to have lived on terms of great familiarity with the King, and to have participated freely in all the gaieties and amusements of the Scotish Court; his sole occupation being that of writing ballads on any passing event which might serve to exercise his fancy or imagination, and thus contribute to the entertainment of his royal master. It is singular that so considerable a number of pieces written by him upon private and obscure individuals should have been thought worthy of preservation, while no doubt many others of more permanent interest were allowed to perish; for it is inconceivable, that a poet in Dunbar's situation would remain silent in regard to many public events which were calculated to call forth some 'melodious song' from one who was daily accustomed to the composition

Off sangis, ballatis, and of playis.

As the limited space of this Memoir will not admit of any detailed account of the persons or events commemorated by Dunbar, occasional illustrations will be found in the Notes upon the respective poems. One class of his poems, however, although of a temporary nature, requires notice in this place, as it consists of supplications and addresses to the King, which fortunately serve to throw some light on the personal history and fortunes of the poet himself. The grand object of Dunbar's ambition was preferment in the church; which, independently of any other claims he might possess, he was entitled to expect from the terms of the grant of his yearly pension. That his continuous and importunate solicitations were attended with little or no advantage, might be inferred from their number and diversified character; but this supposition is discountenanced by the knowledge which we possess of the regular payment of his annual pension. It is somewhat amusing, however, to consider with what ingenuity and address he varies his petitions. In general, he seems to found his chief claims for preferment upon former services which he had rendered, his youth having been spent in the King's employment, while he intimates that his wants would be easily satisfied. But, whether in the form of a satirical or of a pathetic appeal to the King, or simply as a congratulation on the New Year, or whether under some humorous personation he brought forward his request, still the burden of

Dunbar's song was a Benefice! Again, at times he breaks out in a more vehement tone, and uses the language of remonstrance. On observing benefices given to persons who had already enjoyed several others, he asks the King, whether it is more charity to give drink to him who stands in great need of it, or to fill 'a full man till he burst?' while his companion, who is as deserving as he to drink wine is allowed to die of thirst. His virtuous indignation is still more excited on beholding the great abuses which prevailed at Court, and on contrasting his own small reward with the liberal encouragement bestowed on needy adventurers and impostors, he is led, but with no undue degree of vanity, to predict the endurance of his own works.[21]

But the most singular instance of all his supplications is perhaps that, in which he represents himself under the character of a worn-out steed, or an old grey horse, which deserved to be turned out to pasture, and to have shelter provided during the winter season. Attached to this poem is the following reply to the petition, in the form of a mandate addressed to the Treasurer by his Majesty; but whether the words were actually written by the King himself, or added in his name by Dunbar, as an ingenious mode of enforcing his request, the reader must be left to his own conjecture. In modern orthography the lines are:

[21] See lines 25—34, vol. i. p. 146.

After our writings,[22] TREASURER,
Take in this grey horse, Old DUNBAR,
Who in my aucht,[23] with service true,
In lyart[24] changed is his hue;
Gar[25] house him now against this Yule,
And busk[26] him like a bishop's mule:
For, with my hand, I have indost[27]
To pay whate'er his trappings cost.

The books of the Lord High Treasurer furnish us with another incident in the life of the Poet. It appears, that on the 17th of March, 1504, he first performed mass in the King's presence, whose offering on the occasion was seven French crowns, or £4, 18s. in Scotish money, a larger sum than was usually given by his Majesty on hearing 'a priest's first mass.' This circumstance is more worthy of notice, as it not only proves that Dunbar was in priest's orders, but likewise serves to refute the idle and unjust insinuations, that his moral conduct must have been the sole cause that prevented the King from bestowing on him any kind of church preferment. The true cause, we should hope, consisted in the King's reluctance to be deprived of his attendance at Court.

It also appears, that at Martinmas 1507, his pension was *newly eiked*, or augmented, the King having ordered it to be increased to the annual sum of £20;

[22] According to Our mandate. [23] Possession. [24] Gray-haired.
[25] Cause. [26] Dress, or adorn. [27] Indorsed, or signed.

and three years afterwards, as will be stated, it was raised to a much larger amount. But the King was not the only person whom the Poet addressed in order to gain the summit of his ambition. Queen Margaret, in particular, seems to have shown him much compassionate regard, and he expresses an ardent wish that her power to serve him was commensurate with her inclination. The Lord Treasurer, from whom he received his half-yearly pension, he commends on the score of generosity and great punctuality, adding that he knew not what he should have done had his Lordship absented himself at the ordinary term of payment. Again, he assures the Lords of the King's Exchequer, that for his part he has no occasion for reckoning on his fingers the amount of his rents, having none to receive; and as for money, it was all spent, but how he could not tell, and he refers to his empty purse to confirm the truth of what he says. Some of his expressions indeed are not to be taken in too literal a sense; for instance, '*I stand fastand in a nuik,*' or, '*How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp,*' as if they implied a state of absolute want,—although it might have happened, that when other men with their purse '*in tune,*' or well filled,

> Passes to drink or to disjune,
> Then must I keep ane gravity,
> And say, '*That I'll fast untill noon!*'

Among the events which distinguish the reign of James the Fourth, we cannot fail to reckon those which

were calculated to encourage education, and to extend the benefits of literature by the establishment of a printing press. In 1490 the Scotish Parliament passed an act enjoining, that the eldest sons of all barons and substantial freeholders should be sent to school at the age of eight or nine years, to receive a competent foundation in the Latin language, and afterwards that they should three years attend to the study of 'art and jure,'—or science and jurisprudence, that they might have 'knawledge and understanding of the lawis.' It was not, however, till some years later that the art of printing was introduced into Scotland, but it was under the royal auspices, by a grant of exclusive privileges to Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, issued under the Privy Seal, Sept. 15th, 1507. The extent to which their labours were carried cannot now be ascertained, owing to the almost total destruction of the current literature of the time; but among the few existing specimens of the first Scotish press, it is more especially worthy of notice, that there are several of Dunbar's poems printed with much carelessness, but no doubt under his own inspection. These include the Goldyn Targe, the Flyting, and his Lament for the Makars, which appear to have issued from Chepman's press, in the year 1508,[28] in separate sheets, containing one

[28] A fac-simile republication in black letter of this singularly interesting collection appeared under the title of "The Knightly Tale of Golagrus and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems." Edinburgh, 1827, 4to.

or more poems, sometimes by different authors. Except for the fortunate discovery of these interesting reliques, we should have been inclined to have fixed the date of his Lament for the Makars several years later; but in 1507 or 1508, when it must have been written, the poet was advanced in life, and at the time enfeebled by sickness, which occasioned him to look around with desponding thoughts. All his early friends and brother poets had submitted to the stroke of death, excepting Kennedy, who, he tells us, was then laid on a sick-bed, and not expected to survive; while he who was once 'so gay and full of health,' now felt himself standing as it were alone of all his contemporaries. But this feeling of alarm passed away upon his recovery; and as his love of flowers and of external nature remained unimpaired, so we find him ere long 'brieving ballatis,' much in the same gay careless strain as before. Indeed, in the midst of disappointed expectations, or the alternate feelings which the gaieties of the Court and the attentions of the great excited, with his hopes long deferred, and at times, it is to be feared, with but scanty means of subsistence, his buoyancy of spirit seems seldom to have forsaken him. 'For,' says he, 'had I taken to heart the world's unkindness, or permitted myself to be debarred from my ordinary enjoyments, I had doubtless been dead long ago.'[29]

The pension, however, which Dunbar had enjoyed

[29] Lines 31—35 vol. i. p. 188.

for several years was quite inadequate to satisfy his high and continued expectations; although he might have gladly accepted a benefice worth L.40 per annum, as mentioned in the grant of his pension in 1500; for he says,

> And quhen that age now dois me greive,
> Ane simple vicar I cannot be!

In a pecuniary point of view, therefore, his wishes must have been so far satisfied by a fresh proof of the King's favour. On the 26th of August, 1510, by a warrant under the Privy Seal, Dunbar's pension was increased from £20 to £80, to be paid as before at the stated terms of Martinmas and Whitsuntide,[30] during his life, 'OR UNTIL HE BE PROMOTED TO A BENEFICE OF £100, OR ABOVE.' This prospect being still held out to him may account for the frequency of his urgent appeals to the King for such preferment. But the poet himself, in one of his petitions, says with much truth, 'It has been so long promised, that it might have come in much shorter time from the New found Isle, over the great Ocean-Sea, or from the deserts of India,'—and adds, perhaps with more apparent than real humility, that he had no ex-

[30] Reg. Secr. Sig.—See Appendix to this Memoir, No. II. This conditional mode of granting a pension was not unusual. James V. bestowed on Hector Boyce the historian, in 1527, the yearly sum of L.50 Scots, "untill the King promote him to a benefice of 100 marks Scots of yearly value." In May 1513, two of the clerks in King's Chapel of Holyrood, on account of their having each a benefice, received from the Treasurer a smaller sum as their half-yearly pension than the other clerks.

pectations to obtain the revenue of great abbacies, for a church, although scarcely covered with heather, would amply satisfy his desires. With all his cheerfulness of temper and elasticity of spirit, Dunbar had reached a period of life when he must have felt more keenly the misfortune of continuing so long a dependant on Court favour, while the promise of some competent provision was held out to him year after year by the King. Had the Scotish monarch not been desirous of retaining Dunbar as a personal attendant, he could have found no difficulty in gratifying the wishes of an old and faithful servant, as the presentation to all vacant benefices was vested in the King's hands; for it has been well observed that 'It must have been a pure priesthood indeed, to which Dunbar would not, in his maturer years, have done honour.'[31]

Queen Margaret, in the month of May 1511, for the first time, set out to visit the Northern parts of Scotland, and our author must have been in her train; as the poem by Dunbar, descriptive of her reception at Aberdeen, is evidently written by an eye-witness. In the notes upon that poem some account is given of the preparations made by the citizens to receive her Majesty with all due honour and solemnity. Another of his poems, although satirical, is interesting also on account of the locality, being an Address to the Merchants of Edinburgh, written probably about the year 1500; and exhibiting a most curious picture of the state of the Scotish metropolis at that early

[31] Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, part ii. p. 32.

period. The principal streets crowded with stalls—the confused state of the different markets—the noise and cries of the fishwomen, and of other persons retailing their wares round the Cross—the booths of traders crowded together 'like a honeycomb' near the church of St Giles, which was then, and continued till within a very recent period, to be disfigured with mean and paltry buildings stuck round the buttresses on each side of the church—the outer-stairs of the houses projecting into the street—the swarm of beggars—the common minstrels, whose skill was confined to one or two hackneyed tunes—all together form the subject of a highly graphic and interesting delineation.

While this country was continuing to advance rapidly in the course of improvement, the temper of the generous and high-minded Sovereign was in one sad moment doomed to put an end to this state of high national prosperity. No greater calamity could have happened to the Scottish nation than resulted from the King's impetuosity at Floddon, on the 8th of September, 1513.[32] Along with the gallant but

[32] I have here added a facsimile of the King's signature, "JAMES R." copied from the last page of the Treasurer's Accounts, August 8th, 1513, and probably the latest specimen of his writing that now exists.

Jamesrx

unfortunate Monarch,[33] several prelates, the chief part of his nobles, and nearly every person who had been intrusted with the management of public affairs, were involved in one common catastrophe; and it is impossible to calculate how much such an unexpected blow must have tended to retard the nation in its progress towards wealth, knowledge, and refinement. The unutterable dismay which was spread over the whole country, with all the disastrous consequences attendant upon the minority of an infant King,—a disputed regency and divided counsels,—the factions of rival nobles,—the intrigues of foreign powers,—the disturbed state of the borders, and the dread of a threatened invasion, are matters of history, and need not be here detailed

This fatal event is also to be considered as inauspicious to the personal fortunes of Dunbar. The royal establishment at Holyrood was doubtless soon broken up, there being neither the means nor any necessity for continuing the festivities and expenses of the Court. But whether any provision was made for those individuals who had been long attached to the King's

[33] Buchanan, in his 'Justa,' consecrated the following lines to the obsequies of this gallant Monarch.

JACOBO IV. REGI SCOTORUM.

Fama orbem replet, mortem sors occulit: at tu
Dessine scrutari quod tegat ossa solum.
Si mihi dent animo non impar fata sepulchrum,
Angusta est tumulo terra Britanna meo.

person cannot now be ascertained. The Treasurer's Accounts, from the 8th of August, 1513, (a month previous to the battle of Floddon,) to the 25th of January, 1515, which might have thrown some light on the subject, have not been preserved; and in those from that date to the 4th of September, 1518, (from which time, to the 5th of June, 1522, there is another blank in the series,) there is no mention of Dunbar's name. We cannot therefore discover the date of the last payment of his pension. But although we now lose all trace of his name in the public records, it by no means follows that his pension was entirely withdrawn: it might either have been transferred to some other branch of the royal revenue, or the Poet might at last have been promoted to a benefice, when consequently his pension would cease.

That Dunbar might have succeeded in obtaining preferment in the church, is indeed rendered highly probable. The Queen Dowager, whom, during the King's life, our Poet styled his '*Advocate bayth fair and sweit,*' could have no difficulty during her regency in providing for his wants; and we cannot believe that she would allow his old age to pine away in poverty and neglect. Even were it otherwise, we are not to suppose that he had no other friends in power who would be unwilling to assist in procuring some adequate and permanent provision for an individual, who had so long contributed by his writings to the amusements of the Court.

What might have been the fate of Dunbar during the closing years of his life can therefore only be surmised, as we are even unable to ascertain how long he survived his Royal master. Several of his poems denote the sedate and contemplative feelings of advanced age; and one of them, written on the occasion of the governor, John, Duke of Albany, passing into France, contains a pathetic lamentation over the distracted state of public affairs in Scotland. This perhaps was one of the latest of his productions, and cannot be assigned to any date prior to the 8th of June, 1517. Lyndsay, who must have been personally acquainted with Dunbar,[34] in a poem written in the year 1530, after alluding to Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, as the great masters 'of Rethorick,' '*Quhais sweit sentence throuch Albion bene sung,*' exclaims,

> Or *quha can now* the warkis contrefait
> Off KENNEDIE with termes aureait?
> Or off DUNBAR, quha language had at large,
> As may be sene intill his Goldin Targe.

From these words, and from the manner in which Lyndsay laments Bishop Douglas, who died in 1522,

[34] Lyndsay was at Court during the reign of James the Fourth, but in what capacity is not so certain. In October, 1511, he received a play-coat of blew and yellow taffety "for the play, playit in the King and Quenis presence, in the Abbay." Addressing James the Fifth, in 1529, he tells his Majesty that he had entered his service '*the day of thy nativitie.*' James the Fifth was born April 12, 1512, and Lyndsay's name occurs in the Treasurer's Accounts of 1512 and 1513, as 'Ischar to my Lord Prince,' with the yearly salary of L.40.

it may be inferred that our author's decease was previous to that of the prelate; wherefore we cannot greatly err in supposing that he died about the year 1520, when he had attained at least sixty years of age. Having arrived at this conclusion in the Poet's biography, every admirer of genius will regret that we have not decisive evidence to show that DUNBAR was enabled to spend his declining years in the shade of that peaceful and religious retirement, for which he had most earnestly longed. It would also have been gratifying to have ascertained the spot wherein were consigned the mortal remains of the greatest of all Scotland's early MAKARS.

HAVING endeavoured, in the preceding pages, to present as full an account of the personal history of Dunbar as the scanty materials remaining would afford, we may now consider his poetical character, and in what respect he stands distinguished among the earlier poets of Scotland. Although the poets who preceded him were neither few in number, nor inconsiderable in point of genius, there was concentrated in him such a rare association of talents as had not, in Britain at least, been known, except in Chaucer, to whom he looked up with reverence as to his master, who surpassed, he says, all other bards, '*as far as Mayis morrow dois midnycht.*' Of such early Scotish poets of

whose compositions any remains have been preserved, a few words may be requisite in this place.

In Thomas of Erceldoune, surnamed the Rhymer, who flourished about the middle of the thirteenth century, we have the earliest acknowledged writer of romance poetry in Britain. Unfortunately the works attributed to this venerable Bard do not possess undoubted claims of genuineness; and, indeed, with the exception of some lines of a Prophecy, in reply to a question of the Countess of Dunbar, in reference to the wars of Edward the First in Scotland, the only work that can be so conceded to him, is the metrical romance of Sir Tristrem.[35] Yet as this romance in more than one place expressly mentions the Rhymer in the third person, '*With Thomas spak I*,'—'*As Thomas telles*,' &c., and as the words of Robert de Brunne, written in 1305,

> I see in song, in sedgeyng tale
> Of Erceldoune and of Kendale, &c.

usually quoted in support of Thomas being the author of Sir Tristrem, are very obscure, might it not have been a more plausible conjecture, to have inferred that the romance in question was actually composed

[35] Sir Tristrem, which was first published in 1804, by Sir Walter Scott, has passed through several subsequent impressions. The lines of the Prophecy referred to, were supposed by him to be of a later date, and to have an application to the wars of Edward the Third,—but they exist in a MS. prior to his reign. See the Appendix to 'Select Remains of the Popular Poetry of Scotland,' 1822, 4to.

by KENDALE, and that the invention only belonged to Thomas of Erceldoune?

Among the earlier reliques of the Scotish Muse which have been preserved, we may reckon the three curious and interesting romances in alliterative verse on the subject of Sir Gawane. One of these, written in a very peculiar measure, and undoubtedly the most ancient, is still unpublished,[36] and probably belongs to the end of the thirteenth century. Wyntown, who wrote about 1420, has mentioned in terms of commendation, a poet of the name of HUCHOWN OF THE AWLE RYALL, or the Royal Hall or palace, who '*cunnand wes in literature.*' Besides, Huchown's great historical work, described as the 'Gest Hystoryale,' there are specified among his works, 'the Gret gest of Arthure,' 'the Pystyl of swete Susan,' and the 'Awntere of Gawane.' Dunbar also mentions among the Scotish poets, CLERK OF TRANENT, '*that maid the Awnteris of Gawane.*' It has been suggested that Huchown, or Hugh, might possibly have been the Christian name of Clerk of Tranent.[37] This, it

[36] This romance of Gawane and the Grene Knight, preserved in an ancient MS. in the Cottonian Library, has been announced for publication by Sir Frederick Madden, to the gratification of all who feel interested in such valuable reliques of ancient literature. I am happy to say that Sir F. Madden informs me that he has discovered in MS. 'the Gret Gest of Arthure,' attributed to Huchown, and which cannot fail to be a most desirable acquisition to our early romance poetry.

[37] See Macpherson's Notes to Wyntown, vol. ii. p. 463. He elsewhere says, 'Huchown perhaps was King's Poet.'

must be confessed, is no very probable conjecture. On the other hand, it has been asserted that Huchown was the same person with SIR HUGH DE EGLINTOUN, whom Dunbar has enumerated among the early Scottish Makars.[38] This seems to be not much more probable. When we consider the high official rank and distinction of Sir Hugh Eglintoun of Eglintoun, who had been allied by marriage to King Robert the Second, and the minuteness with which Wyntown usually designates the persons whom he names, it is hardly credible that he would on more than one occasion speak of Sir Hugh Eglintoun, who appears to have had no permanent situation at Court, simply as Huchown. A poem in alliterative verse on the subject of Susanna, answering the description of the 'Pistill' ascribed to Huchown, is still preserved, and from similarity of style, one or other of the later romances of Gawane may be assigned to the same author. Another curious specimen of alliterative poetry, which probably belongs to an early period of our literature, is the 'Taill of Rauf Coilyear.'[39] But in forming any opinion regarding the age or authorship of such

[38] See introductory notice to the 'Pistill of Susan,' which is printed in the collection already quoted in Note 35, and Chalmers' Lyndsay, vol. i. p. 132. Some farther account of Sir Hugh de Eglintoun will be found in the Notes upon Dunbar's poem, vol. i. p. 213.

[39] 'Imprintit at Sanct Androis be Robert Lekprevick, 1571,' and reprinted in the volume of 'Select Remains,' &c., 1822, 4to.

ancient remains, much must necessarily rest upon mere conjecture.

The work next to be mentioned, is one of great and deserved celebrity, being the Life and Acts of Robert Bruce, which was written by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, in the year 1375. He was also the author of a historical poem on the Genealogy of the Kings of Scotland, frequently referred to by Wyntown, but which is not known to be preserved. Barbour was fortunate in the subject of his Robert the Bruce, and in that work, while we are måde sensible of the charms of romantic narrative, there is also found in his spirited descriptions, a more than ordinary adherence to the correctness of historical detail.[40]

Andrew of Wyntown, prior of the Monastery of St Serfe in Lochlevin, between the years 1410 and 1420, compiled a Metrical Chronicle, which is valuable not only for its minuteness and precision in

[40] The most genuine edition of Barbour's Bruce, is that edited by the Rev. Dr Jamieson, from a MS. written in 1489. Edinburgh: 1820, 4to. That MS. was supposed to be the only one in existence; but, in the Library of St John's College, Cambridge, there is another, dated 1488, which would be worthy of collation, although unluckily it wants several leaves at the beginning. It has also been generally asserted that the edition by Hart, in 1616, 8vo, was the earliest of Barbour's poem, but I am possessed of one in small 4to, black-letter, (which has lost the title-page,) apparently printed at Edinburgh, about the year 1570, which may explain the allusion made by Patrick Gordon, in 1615, to 'the printed book.'

point of dates, but likewise for the curious traits of ancient manners which it incidently elucidates. But this Chronicle, while it entitles the author to the reputation of an original historical writer, displays none of the genius which adorns the truly national poem of Wyntown's predecessor.[41]

The poet next in succession is one of higher distinction, not only for rank, but also for genius; and it is singular that Dunbar, while he mentions the names of several obscure poets, as we must now consider them, in his Lament for the Makars, should have overlooked that of KING JAMES THE FIRST. The King's Quair,[42] written by the captive Prince, to solace his weary hours during his residence in Windsor castle, is remarkable for a degree of grace and elegance which seems till then to have been unknown to our earlier writers. Nothing can exceed the beauty and tenderness with which he describes his feelings on beholding in the garden below the tower where he was confined, the lady Jane Beaufort, (whom he afterwards married,) as she was coming forth to her morning orisons. The humorous popular ballads in the verna-

[41] That part of Wyntown's Chronicle relating to Scotland, was published with not less care and ability than elegance, by the late Mr David Macpherson. London: 1795. 2 vols. royal 8vo.

[42] First published by William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, in 1783, 8vo, and more recently by Mr Thomson of Ayr Academy, in 1824, and by Mr George Chalmers, in his 'Poetical Remains of the Scotish Kings.' London: 1824. 8vo.

cular dialect which have been attributed to the same Royal author, undoubtedly belong to a much later age.

During the reign of James the Second, there flourished at least two poets of some note. The one was a priest of the name of HOLLAND, an adherent of the noble family of Douglas, who appears to have continued an attached follower during their misfortunes. He was the author of a curious allegorical poem, the Buke of the Howlat, written about 1453, which displays some invention and descriptive powers, although greatly obscured by the style of its alliterative verse.[43]

The other poet was SIR GILBERT HAY, Chamberlain to Charles the Sixth, King of France, who appears to have devoted much of his leisure to translations from the works of French authors. He is entitled to notice on account of the recent discovery of his unpublished version of the very voluminous, but popular metrical French romance of Alexander the Great,[44]—a translation extending to upwards of

[43] The Buke of the Howlat or Owl, is preserved in the MSS. of Asloane and Bannatyne. From the latter MS. it was included in a collection of 'Scotish Poems,' edited by John Pinkerton. London: 1792. vol. 3, 8vo. A more accurate text, from the earlier MS. of Asloane, was printed as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club. Edin.: 1823. 4to.

[44] In the library of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ormelie. The MS. is slightly imperfect at the beginning, and evidently appears to have been transcribed sometime before 1579, from a copy of 'this noble buik,' written in 1499, which was probably also imperfect. Dr George Mackenzie, in his Life of Sir Gilbert Hay, describes a MS. then in his possession, being

20,000 lines, and probably completed about the year 1460. This work is not to be confounded with 'the Foray of Gaderis,' and other supplementary branches of the romance of Alexander, also translated from the French by an anonymous author, in 1438.[45]

Nearly coeval with Holland and Hay, but survivors at the close of the fifteenth century, were two poets who have still better claims on our regard. One of these was ROBERT HENRYSON, who, during the latter portion of his life, acted as a notary publick, and as preceptor in the Benedictine Convent at Dunfermline. To him we are indebted for the beautiful pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne, (the earliest of this class of compositions in our language,) and for several other poems and fables, which, while they breathe a fine strain of morality and poetical sentiment, are enriched with a freshness and facility of description, indicating a clear and animated perception of the beauties of nature.[46]

a translation from the French into prose of Bonnet's 'Buke of Armys, or the Flour of Batailes,' made by Sir Gilbert Hay, at the request of William, Earl of Orkney, at Roslin Castle, in the year 1456. The fate of that MS. is not known.

[45] No MS. of this anonymous translation has been discovered. It was printed at Edinburgh by Alexander Arbuthnot about the year 1580; and the only copy of this volume known to exist, is in the library of the Right Hon. the Earl of Panmure. A reprint of the volume (which is not quite perfect) has been executed for the Members of the Bannatyne Club.

[46] Henryson's Poems and Fables have hitherto been printed only in

The other poet was HENRY THE BLIND MINSTREL, who owes much of his fame to the subject of his well-known work, the Life and Acts of Sir William Wallace.[47] The Minstrel has referred to the 'gret gestis,' which had been previously made 'of the gud dedis and manheid' of our 'illuster and vailzeand campioun:' what these consisted of, cannot now be ascertained. But it is somewhat singular that his own work should have usually been regarded in the light of an original composition, when it is evident from the concluding address, that it was, in a great measure, a translation from the Latin. That this metrical history should have been eminently successful, was owing, perhaps much less to its poetical merits, than to the name of its great and patriotic hero. Even the frequent extravagance of the narrative, which partakes more of the character of romantic fiction than is suitable to heroic verse, might have no less contributed, for upwards of three centuries, to its uninterrupted and almost unequalled degree of popular esteem.

We now arrive at the reign of James the Fourth, a period which seems to have been peculiarly fertile in

detached forms; but a collected edition, in a volume uniform with the present work, is in immediate preparation for the press.

[47] An edition uniform with The Bruce, mentioned in note 40, was edited by Dr Jamieson, from a MS. written in 1488. No other MS. has yet been discovered; but some fragments exist of an edition supposed to have come from the press of Walter Chepman before 1520.

productions of genius. But with regard to the many poets who then flourished, it is remarkable that, with the exception of our author and of Gawin Douglas, their works have almost wholly perished. Dunbar, in his Lament for the Makars, written about 1507, has enumerated at least twelve poets, who were his contemporaries, of whose compositions either no remains, or only very inconsiderable ones, have been discovered. Among these were Stobo, Alexander Traill, Sir Mungo Lockhart, Sir John Ross, Quintyne Schaw, Patrick Johnstone, the two Rowlls, and James Affleck.[48] We might have concluded that the preservation of Dunbar's own works was owing to their being more admired than those of other poets, were it not that both Douglas and Lyndsay speak of Quintyne and Kennedy in equal terms of commendation. Yet not a single work of Quintyne is known to be preserved, while the poems of Kennedy which still exist do not display such powers as would warrant the epithet 'GREAT' which was attached to his name. It must, however, be remembered, that most of our native bards have been doomed to a peculiarly hard fate; and that if Dunbar and Douglas have been more fortunate in this respect than others, it was only because their works were more numerous and important; for it will be seen that Quintyne is not the

[48] See the notes upon the 'Lament for the Makars,' vol. i. p. 211, and the 'Poems by Dunbar's Contemporaries,' in vol. ii., for some additional particulars regarding these poets.

only poet whose name has been recorded, while his works have perished.

It certainly would not be easy to refer the loss which our vernacular literature has sustained to any single cause. It might have proceeded no less from popularity at one time than from neglect at another, as large impressions of works seem to have been bought up, and actually worn out in the course of frequent and extensive perusal.[49] But the literature of a period previous to the introduction of printing, must have suffered greatly by the burnings and ravages of the English forces during the first half of the sixteenth century, as well as by the excesses committed at the period of the Reformation, which it is to be feared was the main cause of the destruction of monastic and other libraries.

In the case of DUNBAR, the reproach to our literature in allowing such an author to fall into the obscurity which has been alluded to, was in part taken away by the selections of his poems from Bannatyne's manuscript, which were published successively by Allan Ramsay in 1724, and by Lord Hailes in 1770. In availing himself of these selections, Warton, the classical historian of English poetry, was enabled, in

[49] Even of volumes of considerable bulk, such as Henry's Wallace, Barbour's Bruce, the Romance of Alexander, Rolland's Sevin Sages, and his Court of Venus, and the editions of Lyndsay's Works, printed in Scotland before 1600, no second copies of most of them are known to be preserved.

1778, to present an analysis of what was then considered to be the author's three chief productions, and by the estimate which he formed of his genius, to render Dunbar's name in some degree familiar to the English reader. After his analysis of the Daunce, he says, "I have been prolix in my citations and explanations of this poem, because I am of opinion that the imagination of Dunbar is not less suited to satirical than sublime allegory; and that he is the first poet who has appeared with any degree of spirit in this way of writing since Piers Plowman. His Thistle and Rose, and Golden Targe, are generally and justly mentioned as his capital works; but the natural complexion of his genius is of the moral and didactic cast."[50]

The subsequent additions made to Dunbar's poems by Mr Pinkerton in 1786, from Sir Richard Maitland's manuscript, presented fresh proofs of the peculiar richness and copiousness of our Poet's genius. This last editor cautions his reader, that Warton's estimate "must not be taken too strictly." For, as he suggests, "the Golden Targe is moral; and so are many of his smaller pieces; but humour, description, allegory, great poetical genius, and a vast wealth of words, all unite to form the 'complexion' of Dunbar's poetry. He unites in himself, and generally surpasses, the qualities of the chief old English poets; the morals and satire of Langland; Chaucer's hu-

[50] Hist. of English Poetry, vol. ii. p. 278; 8vo edit. vol. iii. p. 109.

mour, poetry, and knowledge of life; the allegory of Gower; the description of Lydgate."[51] Elsewhere he adds, that "His short moral pieces have a terseness, elegance, and force, only inferior to those of Horace."

In like manner, a late elegant writer says, "Mr Warton, who has bestowed great commendations on Dunbar, observes, that his genius is peculiarly 'of a moral and didactic cast;' and it is certainly in such pieces that he is most confessedly superior to all who preceded, and to nearly all who have followed him; but his satires, his allegorical and descriptive poetry, and his tales, are all admirable, and full of fancy and originality."[52]

This is high praise, but it is supported by the opinion of other eminent writers.[53] Sir Walter Scott, in particular, with that liberality of sentiment which so well became a distinguished author, on several occasions expressed his admiration of our old 'Makar.' "This darling of the Scottish Muses (he observes) has been justly raised to a level with Chaucer by every judge of poetry, to whom his obsolete language has not rendered him unintelligible. In brilliancy of fancy, in force of description, in the power of conveying moral precepts with terseness,

[51] Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. vol. i. p. xciv.

[52] Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets, vol. i. p. 377.

[53] Among these may be mentioned Mr Malcolm Laing, (in his continuation of Dr Henry's History,) Dr Irving, Mr Gilchrist, Rev. Dr Nott, Mr T. Campbell, Dr Drake, and Mr Fraser Tytler.

and marking lessons of life with conciseness and energy, in quickness of satire, and in poignancy of humour, the Northern Makar may boldly aspire to rival the Bard of Woodstock. In the pathetic, Dunbar is Chaucer's inferior, and, accordingly, in most of his pieces he rather wishes to instruct the understanding, or to amuse the fancy, than to affect the heart."[54] Elsewhere he says, "Dunbar, the Scottish Chaucer, appeared at Court, with a power both of heroic and humorous poetry no way unworthy the Bard of Woodstock." And again, "The genius of Dunbar and Gawain Douglas alone is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance."[55]

In instituting a comparison of our author with the father of English poetry, we cannot assert that he has left us such a gorgeous piece of colouring, blended with such fine touches of pathetic and natural sentiment, as the 'Knightes Tale,' far less that he has produced any thing as a whole to be placed in competition with the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, which, in its vivid description of the persons brought together in pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas of Becket, presents such a graphic picture of English life and manners as never has been surpassed. Yet in all the essential characteristics of Chaucer's

[54] Memoirs of George Bannatyne, p. 14, Edin. 1829, 4to.—a volume printed for the Members of the Bannatyne Club.

[55] History of Scotland, (Lardner's Cyclopædia,) vol. i. pp. 333 and 351.

genius, Dunbar will not shrink from comparison.[56] With perhaps higher inventive powers, and greater terseness of style, he has exhibited the same discrimination of character, derived from acute and extensive observation, the same rich vein of humour, and clear perception of the ludicrous, with equal picturesqueness of language and imagery.

Of Dunbar's immediate contemporaries, there is no one who has left us sufficient evidence of the extent or fertility of his genius, to be placed in any point of comparison with our author. GAWIN DOUGLAS,[57] Bishop of Dunkeld, is indeed a poet of a high order, but he has displayed neither the versatility nor the original powers of Dunbar. In the former we find laboured and high-wrought descriptions, in place of

[56] "It is evident (says Dr Drake) that a union of talents of this wide range must necessarily be of rare occurrence; nor can we wonder that a century should elapse before a poet in any high degree approaching the genius of Chaucer made his appearance in this island. Not, indeed, until DUNBAR arose in the sister kingdom, had we another instance of the combination of first-rate abilities for humour and comic painting, with an equally powerful command over the higher regions of fiction and imagination."—*Mornings in Spring*, vol. ii. p. 5.

[57] A complete and uniform edition of Douglas's works would undoubtedly be a desirable publication. Probably the best MS. of his celebrated translation of Virgil, is one preserved in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, and which has never been collated. It was written, I should suppose, about 1525, and has the autograph of "Johannes Daneylston, Rector a Dysert," and is said to have been "the first correk coppy nixt efter the translacioun wrytin be master Matho Geddes, scribe or writar to the Translatar."—(MSS. GALE, O. 3. 12.)

that vividness of representation which Dunbar produces by a few masterly touches; the fancy and learning of Douglas having been more exercised in allegorical abstractions, and classical allusions, than in attempting to produce actual sketches of human life and character. Some striking compositions of this age are unfortunately anonymous, as it would have conferred honour upon any poet to have been the ascertained author of such a poem as the Freirs of Berwick, which is usually ascribed to Dunbar.[58]

With one exception, the poets of the reign of James the Fifth made no very important additions to the stock of our vernacular literature. SIR DAVID LYNDSAY, to whom our allusion applies, was assuredly entitled to no ordinary praise, whatever regret we may feel for the occasional coarseness and vulgarity which disfigure his verses. It was not till a mature period of life that he commenced his career as an author—his earliest work being written in 1529. He enjoyed the King's special protection, which was fortunate for him, as the plain homeliness of his style, together

[58] See it inserted in vol. ii. p. 3, and the Notes. Among other anonymous productions of the same period, deserving of notice, may be mentioned,—"Clariodus, a Metrical Romance," printed for the Members of the Maitland Club. Edin. 1830. 4to. "The Buke of the Chess," printed at the Auchinleck Press, by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, from Asloane's MS., 1818. 4to. "The Tailis of the Thrie Preists of Peblis;" and "The Murning Maiden." Both reprinted in "Early Metrical Tales;" Edin. 1826. 12mo. And "the Buke of the Sevin Sages," a version hitherto unprinted.

with the bold, open, and uncompromising tone, by which he was so eminently qualified for the task of exposing the prevailing abuses, whether in church or state, could not fail to raise against him many enemies. This familiarity and freedom of expression, which rendered his verses intelligible to the lower classes, contrasts well with his strong and pointed satire, and might have contributed at the time as well to the efficacy of his writings, as to their extensive and long-continued popularity.[59]

The poetical writers of the subsequent reigns were altogether an inferior race in point of talent, while such of those of the seventeenth century, who are entitled to particular notice, belong to the class of English poets, having nothing of the tone and character peculiar to the Scotish Muse.

Nearer our own time, the poet of all others in the higher walks of genius, with whom Dunbar might be best compared, was ROBERT BURNS.[60] Although the

[59] The only complete edition of Lyndsay's Works is that edited by the late Mr Chalmers. Lond. 1806. 3 vols. 8vo.

[60] Such a comparison has, in fact, been ably drawn by Dr Drake, in an essay, entitled, "Chaucer, Dunbar, and Burns compared."—"Where shall we find such another concentration of varied talent, such a blending of satire and humour and characteristic delineation, with the higher faculties subservient to passion, imagination, and lofty description, as we have just pointed out in the instances of Chaucer and Dunbar? Where, I will venture to reply, but in the person of BURNS? who, it may safely be asserted, has rivalled those poets in humour, description, and moral satire, and even surpassed them in the pathetic, the terrible, and sublime."—*Mornings in Spring*, vol. ii. p. 1.

little we possess by Burns, of what might be termed pure invention—his Tam o' Shanter, for instance—is truly admirable, for expressive personation and allegorical imagery (agreeably to the taste and manners of his age), Dunbar was certainly preeminent. For strength of satire, richness of humour, vivid description of external nature, and characteristic delineations of life and manners, it would be difficult to say which of these poets is entitled to the highest praise. Most of Burns's pieces are essentially lyrical —a style of writing which must be deemed of a less ancient date than the era of the elder poet, who, notwithstanding, is not less remarkable for ease and harmony of versification. This form of composition might perhaps have led Burns to the habitual expression of intense and varied feeling, wherein he greatly exceeded, not only Dunbar, but almost every other poet, whether of ancient or of modern times.[61]

[61] But as in extent of genius, so in their fate, the two Scottish poets might not be unaptly compared. Dunbar's fame was established before he had been brought into immediate connexion with the court of Holyrood; and it is impossible to say how far the idleness and frivolity of such a mode of life, and his continued dependence upon royal favour, which he might have felt as a kind of degradation, must have withdrawn his mind from higher and more noble exertions. It is far more certain, that the distinction and public notoriety attendant upon Burns's first visit to the metropolis, was any thing but fortunate either for his personal happiness, or as a spur to his genius. In his earliest volume, published before that event, we find several—nearly all—of his finest compositions, displaying so much natural purity of taste, and vigour of conception, that it might have been well for him had circumstances never raised him beyond his original sphere

The sentiments, already quoted, of persons so well qualified to pronounce on the merits of our earlier writers, ought to render any thing like minute and detailed criticism, in regard to the general character of Dunbar as a poet, superfluous. But it will be proper now to consider how far his acknowledged compositions may be supposed to bear upon his moral character. From the entire ignorance which has prevailed concerning his personal history, and his own unceasing supplications to James the Fourth for a benefice, it has been rashly concluded that such preferment was withheld in consequence of moral disqualification. It cannot be with truth asserted that Dunbar has, on every occasion, kept his muse within the bounds of decency and propriety—or that he has always exhibited himself in a light consistent with our notions of what was becoming his profession of the priesthood—yet the freedom and levity displayed in some of his verses was not likely to prejudice the mind of such a monarch as James the Fourth against the author; and preferment to the highest dignities

of life. And what was the result? He was flattered for a time by persons of wealth and fashion—he was courted, or rather seduced, by individuals wholly undeserving of his familiarity, into idle and dissipated habits—and at length, his high and manly spirit was bowed down by the necessity of accepting an inadequate, and, in his own estimation, a degrading situation. It may, however, be questioned whether, in the neglect which has obscured Dunbar's personal history, he has not been thus more fortunate than Burns, in escaping the exposure and exaggeration of every failing, as if there were a gratification experienced in degrading the memory of the dead.

in the Church, was not the reward either of personal fitness or of purity of conduct. Accordingly, such admissions do not necessarily infer, on the part of Dunbar, an abandonment of all moral restraint, but rather a charge of depraved taste; for we ought to distinguish between the actual conduct of the Poet, and his delineations of the passions and actions of others. In this point of view, candour must allow, that Dunbar's faults were rather those of the age, than of the individual; nor should he be singled out as peculiarly deserving of reprobation for faults which he had in common with others, perhaps even to a much smaller extent. By far the coarsest of his productions is the Flyting; yet there is every reason to believe that the equal share which Kennedy had in this poetical contest, and in which he at least rivals Dunbar for scurrility, had no effect whatever in lowering his own character, or in preventing him from obtaining preferment in the church. Hence, as we ought not to judge of the manners of Dunbar's age by our own, it would be manifestly unjust were we to sit in judgment upon him by the same standard of morality to which we ourselves may be subjected.

Fortunately, there is no necessity to undertake a defence of our Author for merely presumed inconsistencies of conduct. All we know respecting his mode of life is derived from his own writings, and these furnish us with no substantial proofs wherewith to impeach his moral character. But some apology may be deemed requisite for the publication of his coarser

pieces, wherein will be found the occasional violations of decency and good taste to which we have alluded. Had the present Editor consulted his own inclination, he would have made occasional retrenchments; but the appearance of such a castigated edition might have excited notions far more prejudicial to the Poet's reputation than is likely to attend the actual production of the most objectionable passages. Dunbar is in no respects so outrageously offensive as Chaucer. He is even far less offensive than Lyndsay, and others of a later age, who professed a purer faith, and were instrumental in overthrowing the altars of Popery.

Of all Dunbar's poems, the tale of the Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo, is most liable to the charge of immodest description. The poet pretends to overhear three females, who are seated in a green arbour, drinking rich wines, while they relate to each other their experience of a married life. This they do with all possible freedom, and (as Dr Irving remarks) "the sentiments which they utter, are as profligate as can well be imagined. It is to be hoped (he adds) that Dunbar did not intend this as a general representation of the ladies of his own age and nation." This tale is evidently an early production, and one of the few of his works in which we trace direct imitation, as he must have had in his eye Chaucer's Prologue to the Wife of Bathe's tale. As the Scotish poet presents in it a singular picture of life and manners, interspersed with some beautiful sketches of scenery, we might regret that he should have adopt-

ed an antiquated style, were it not that the subject of the poem is best veiled in such obscurity. Another poem, which has occasioned much of the outcry raised against him, is an address to the Queen, in which he exposes the licentious conduct of some of her servitours on the eve of Lent; indicating very plainly the coarse manners of the age, which could admit of such language being submitted to a personage so exalted. Now, it is obvious, that the poet never would have presumed to write in such a strain, had it been deemed at the time so peculiarly offensive; and this poem only furnishes an additional proof that females, even of the highest rank, at that time, were not remarkable for that sensitive delicacy which belongs to a more refined state of society. Several of his other effusions are mere pleasantries, flowing from a mind alive to the peculiarities of character and situation presented to his view by individuals well known at court, and written without any design of gratifying a spirit of malevolence. Such are his verses on James Doig, his Testament of Andrew Kennedy, his allusions to the King's amours, his ballad of the Freir of Tungland, and his Dance in the Queen's chamber. In this Dance he scruples not to hold himself up to ridicule, by representing himself[62] dancing in no very decorous attitude, and as the avowed lover of Mistress Musgraif, one of the Queen's ladies of ho-

[62] Of Dunbar's personal appearance, no kind of description has been preserved; nor is any portrait of him known to be in existence. I have also searched in vain to discover some specimen of the Poet's handwriting.

nour, who had come in her train from England. But no person, in delineating Dunbar's character from his own writings, would be so absurd as to imagine that he meant to avow himself chargeable with all, or even a tithe of the enormities, contained in his Table of Confession; which is a mere *modus confitendi*, intended, according to the forms of the Romish ritual, to suggest to every class of penitents, the particular points applicable to each individual case in confession. The Flyting with Kennedy, though now the most obscure of all his poems, was probably one of the most popular, and met with several imitators during the sixteenth century.[63] But the delicate reader need fear no great contamination from its perusal, for while it exhibits a remarkable proof of the copiousness and fertility of our language in scurrilous and sarcastic epithets, it requires more than ordinary skill to be fully sensible of the caustic nature of its raillery. His Tournament of the Soutar and Tailor, is also a very coarse, but it is likewise a highly ludicrous picture. It is, however, a pleasure to turn from such a species of vituperative amusement, to consider the grave reflective cast of his moral and devotional poems; nor will the reader among these forbear (in the words of an elegant writer) 'to admire the sweet moral pathos which has given an undying charm to the beautiful stanzas on Winter.'[64]

It has been supposed that the pageants and inter-

[63] See Notes upon the Flyting, in vol. ii.

[64] Drake's Mornings in Spring, vol. ii. p. 8.

ludes of that age must have quickened Dunbar's invention in forming his grotesque groups—but we might enquire who were the writers of such pageants and interludes? Dunbar himself informs us that he was in the constant habit of exercising his fancy in such compositions,—although the exact nature of these plays and interludes cannot be well ascertained, as probably few, if any, of them now exist. They might be short compositions, either for recitation, like 'the Droichis part of the play,'[65] or, written in dialogue, for a species of acting during the intervals of dancing, or in the disguisings, with the exhibition of which the Scottish monarch seems to have been delighted. One of the most striking features, at least, of Dunbar's genius, is his power of allegorical invention. The old poets carried this species of composition to excess, almost every thing being conveyed in the form of abstract or moral personification, with a prolixity not adapted to compensate for the want of interest in such cold and fanciful abstractions. In the Goldyn Terge, Dunbar's most elaborate work of the kind, the poet

[65] This singular poem, in which the Genius of Wealth is represented as a pigmy or dwarf, boasting, however, of his great prowess and strength, although now 'cryned' in through age, undoubtedly belongs to the reign of James IV. It is written in the same measure with the ballad of the Freir of Tungland, and it might have been included in the class of 'Poems attributed to Dunbar.' Having printed it, however, in a previous collection, ("Select Remains," &c., 1822, 4to,) which it is contemplated to republish uniform with the present work, it has not been inserted in these volumes.

has presented a favourable and striking specimen of this style of writing, the characters who are attendants on Lady Beauty, being not incongruous with the personages of heathen mythology who are introduced, while the verses display the greatest richness of description and imagery. It is, notwithstanding, to be regretted, that Dunbar and other contemporary poets should have shown such a marked predilection for allegory, instead of cultivating more assiduously the narrative style of composition, which admitted of vivid and spirited delineations of individual character being blended with scenes drawn from familiar life,—such, for instance, as we find in the admirably managed tale of the Freirs of Berwick.[66]

In conclusion it may be observed, that we ought perhaps to consider those works of Dunbar which have been preserved, more as manifestations of what the author was capable of producing, than as presenting to us the full and matured fruits of his genius. It cannot fail to strike the reader how great a proportion of his poems are of a mere temporary nature, referring to passing events of no permanent interest, or to circumstances of no further importance, except as illustrations of his own personal fortunes. Whether the poet ever applied himself to any great achievement in the walks of literature, cannot be ascertained; but we can easily conceive that some, if not many

[66] See vol. ii. p. 3, and the Notes to the Poem.

of his more valuable productions, might have shared the destructive fate which has deprived us of so much of the coeval literature. Yet although we have no power to

> —— call up him who left half-told
> The story of Cambuscan bold,

there is a possibility that some additional fragments of Chepman's press, or some neglected manuscript collection may yet be discovered, that will increase our present stores. The zeal of our early collectors, unfortunately, was not regulated by the taste and judgment of later times; and while such poems as the Flyting and the Tournament are preserved in various forms, the Thrissil and Rois, the Queen's Reception at Aberdeen, and the Satire on Edinburgh, have severally been discovered in single manuscripts; and the Welcome to Lord Aubigny on his arrival in Scotland, exists only in a mutilated printed form.

We need, however, no proofs in addition to what are furnished by the poems in this volume, to show that Dunbar possessed in no common degree, one peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of every great poet,—a certain transparency or purity of language, which at once conveys to the mind of the reader the exact image or conception that is intended, and which implies energetic brevity of expression. These poems, also, afford a striking proof of the singular variety and diversified nature of our author's compositions, evincing that his genius was of no ordinary kind.

When we reflect, therefore, on the greatness and variety of Dunbar's powers, it is impossible to divine what such a mind as his, under favourable circumstances, was capable of producing. He who could, with the view of enlivening the sports of Holyrood, produce such a living picture as the Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins,—and then pass, without effort, to conjure up in the infernal regions an exhibition of such broad and coarse humour as the mock-tournament between a Tailor and a Soutar, might truly be regarded as a poet, whose imagination was capable of any effort whatever:—at one time, revelling uncontrolled in the fields of allegory;—upon other occasions rising from some homely exhibition of the ordinary events of life, and reaching even 'the brightest heaven of invention.'



THE ROYAL PALACE OF HOLYROOD-HOUSE.—1645.

APPENDIX

TO THE MEMOIRS OF DUNBAR.



APPENDIX.—NO. I.

NOTICES OF THE DUNBARS OF BEILL,

DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



OSPATRICK, Earl of Northumberland, maternal grandson of Ethelred, King of England, settled in Scotland after the Norman Conquest. As stated in the Memoir of the Poet, (p. 6,) he was the ancestor of the EARLS OF DUNBAR and MARCH. In tracing the descent of that ancient and very powerful family, our Peerage writers, Crawfurd, Douglas, and Wood, have varied in several particulars; and considerable difficulty occurs in such an investigation, owing to the persons in succession being often of the same Christian name, and not sufficiently distinguished in the charters of the 13th and 14th centuries. In collecting some detached notices of a particular branch of that family, during the 15th century, it may be sufficient to observe that,

GEORGE, Tenth Earl of DUNBAR and MARCH, married Christian, daughter of Sir William Seton, and died in 1420, aged upwards of 82. In a charter, 20, Rob. III. (1392) Wawan, Colin, Patrick, and John, are mentioned as brothers

of George, afterwards Eleventh Earl. There was also a younger brother, Sir David, who was slain at Perth in 1437. The eldest son, George, Eleventh Earl, was attainted in Jan. 1434, after which, along with his son Patrick, he retired to England; whose descendants, deprived of their titles and hereditary possessions, existed for a time in comparative obscurity, when contrasted with the former splendour of the family.

SIR PATRICK DUNBAR OF BEILL, mentioned in the charter 1392, was fourth son of George, tenth Earl. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Homildon, 1402; was one of the hostages for King James the First, 1424; married previous to 1426, when a safe-conduct was granted to his wife and four servants to repair to him in the Tower of London; and was appointed ambassador to England in 1429. Two charters of Geo. de Dunbar, Earl of March, granted to Sir Patrick Dunbar of Biel, of several lands in Berwickshire, were confirmed, April 24, 1452, by King James the Second. (Reg. Magni Sig. IV. 236.)

GEORGE, WALTER, AND WILLIAM DUNBAR, are described as sons of 'Patrick of Dunbar of Bele,' in an original charter or obligation by George of Dunbar, Earl of March, to Robert of Levingston, burgess of Lythgow, dated August 10, 1440. To another deed, (being a resignation of the lands of Middle Binning, Linlithgowshire,) dated July 3, 1440, The same William Dunbar appears as a witness thus: 'Magistro Willielmo de Dunbar.' (The original deeds are preserved in the charter chest of the Earl of Rosebery, according to information communicated by JOHN RIDDELL, Esq. Advocate.)

David Dunbar of Bele, who is styled "air to umquhile Alexander Dunbar of Bele, his brother," and "Annabella Boid, spous of umquhill Patrik Dunbar, brother of the said umquhile Alexander," are mentioned in a law proceeding regarding part of the lands of Mersinton in Berwickshire, Oct. 10, 1488. (Acta Auditorum, p. 114.)

Hugo de Dunbar de Bele, Sept. 12, 1489; in the following charter: "164. Rex concessit armigero suo Roberto Lauder de Edringtoune et heredibus suis—terras de Bele—Johnesclewche,—et le Clyntis,—cum turri, fortilicio et molendino de Bele,—in baronia de Dunbar, infra constabulariam de Hadingtoune, et vic. de Edinburghe;—necnon terras et molendinum de Mersintoune,—cum superiore et inferiore toftis et pertinen. earundem, infra vic. de Berwik:—quas Hugo de Dunbar de Bele resignavit." (Reg. Magni Sig.)



APPENDIX.—NO. II.

NOTICES OF WILLIAM DUNBAR,

FROM THE PUBLIC RECORDS OF SCOTLAND.

PRIVY SEAL REGISTER, Vol. ii. fol. 9.

1500. Aug. 15. *gratis.* A Lettre maid to Maifter Williame Dunbar of the gift of ten ti. of penfioune to be pait to him of our Souerane Lordis cofferis, be the Thefaurare, for al the dais of his life, or quhil he be promovit be oure Souerane Lord to a benefice of xl ti or abone, &c. de data, xv^to^ Auguftj, et regni Regis xiij, [1500.] Per Signaturam.

ACCOUNTS OF THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

1501. May 23. Item, to Maifter William Dunbar in his penfioun of Mertymes bipaft, be command of ane precept, ... v ti.

July 20. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, his penfioun of the Witfonday terme bipaft, be command of ane precept, ... v ti.

Dec. 20. Item, to Maifter William Dunbar, quhilk was payit to him efter he com furth of Ingland, ... v ti.

1502. July 9. Item, to Maister William Dunbar, fic like, [his penfioun of Witfonday terme bipaft,] v ti.

Date	Entry
1502. Nov. 12.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun of the ſaid terme of Mertymes, . v li.
1503. June 14.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his half ȝeris penſioun of the ſaid terme [of Witſonday laſt], ... v li.
Nov. 12.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun of Mertymes ſic lyke, ... v li.
1503-4. March 17.	Item, the xvij day of March, to the Kingis offerand at Maiſter William Dunbar's first mes, vij fr. cr. . . . Sm. iiij li. xviijs.
1504. May 28.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun ſic like, [of the terme of Witſonday bipaſt,] v li.
Nov. 12.	Item, to Maiſter Dunbar, his penſioun ſiclike, [of the terme of Mertymes bipaſt,] v li.
1505. May 4.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun ſiclike, [of the terme of Witsonday,] v li.
Aug. 11.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, be the Kingis command, ... xlijs.
Nov. 11.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun of Mertymes, ... v li.
1505-6. Jan. 27.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, be the Kingis command, for caus he wantit his goun at ȝule, ... v li.
1506. June 2.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun of terme foreſaid, [of Witſonday,] v li.
Aug. 11.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, be the Kingis command, ... v li.
Nov. 12.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun of the ſaid terme [of Mertymes], . v li.
1506-7. Jan. 4.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, in recompenſation for his goun, . . . v li.
1507. May 23.	Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his half ȝeris penſioun of the said terme [of Witſonday], v li.

1507. Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun of
Nov. 12. the ſaid terme [of Mertymes], . x ti.
& new ekit.

1507-8. Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, be the Kingis
March 15. command, ... v ti. .

1508. Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar, his penſioun
June 15. of the ſaid terme [of Witſonday], . x ti.

26. Item, the xxij day of Junij, to Maiſter William
Dunbar, be the Kingis command, iij ti. x s̃.

The Treasurer's Accounts from August 1508 *to August* 1511, *have not been preserved.*

PRIVY SEAL REGISTER, Vol. iv. fol. 80.

1510. A Lettre maid to Maiſter William Dunbar, of the
Aug. 26. gift of ane ȝeirly penſioun of iiij^{xx} [four-score]
ti. to be pait to him at Mertymes and Witſon-
gratis. day of the Kingis cofferis, be the Theſaurar that
now is, and beis for the tyme, or quhill he be
promouit to [ane] benefice of j^{c} [one hundred] ti. or abone, &c.; with command to the
ſaid Theſaurar to pay the ſamyn, and to the
Auditouris of chekker to allow, &c. At Edinburgh the xxvj day of Auguſt the ȝere forſaid
[anno regni Regis xxiij, 1510.]

Per Signaturam.

ACCOUNTS OF THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

1511, Nov. } Item, to Maiſter William Dunbar takand
1512, May, } termlie fourtj ti. of Martimes and Wit-
ſonday laſt, . . . Sm. lxxx ti.

1511-12. Jan. 23.	Item, to Maifter William Dunbar, for his ȝule leveray, vj elnis ane quartar Parife blak to be hyme ane gowne, price eln xl s̃. Sm. xij ti. x s̃.
	Item, allowit to the faid Maifter William, attour his leveray was tane at ȝule in anno V^{c}xj. [1511], v. quartaris scarlete, price iij ti. ij s̃. vj d.
1512. Dec. 24.	Item, the xxiiij day of December, to Maister William Dunbar his Mertymes fee, be the Kingis command, ... xl ti.
1513. April 1.	Item, the first day of Aprile, to Maifter William Dunbar, ... xlij s̃.
14.	Item, the xiiij day of Aprile, gevin to Maifter William Dunbar, ... xlij s̃.
May 14.	Item, the xiiij day of Maij, to Maifter William Dunbar in his penfioun, . . . lvj s̃.

The Treasurer's Accounts, from Aug. 8, 1513, *to June,* 1515, *have not been preserved. In those of a subsequent date, Dunbar's name does not appear.*



POEMS

BY

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THE THRISSILL AND THE ROIS.

QUHEN Merch wes with variand windis paſt,
  And Appryll had, with hir ſilver ſchouris,
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blaſt,
  And luſty May, that muddir is of flouris,
  Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris 5
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt:

In bed at morrow, ſleiping as I lay,
  Me thocht Aurora, with hir criſtall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day, 10
  And halſit me, with viſage paill and grene;
  On quhois hand a lark ſang fro the ſplene,
Awalk, luvaris, out of your ſlomering,
Sé how the luſty morrow dois up ſpring.

Me thocht freſche May befoir my bed up ſtude, 15
  In weid depaynt of mony diverſs hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of manſuetude,
  In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,
  Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys; 20
Quhyll all the houſe illumynit of hir lemys.

Slugird, ſcho ſaid, awalk annone for ſchame,
  And in my honour ſum thing thow go wryt;
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
  To raiſe up luvaris with confort and delyt; 25
  Yit nocht increſſis thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt ſum tyme hes glaid and bliſfull bene,
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, ſall I up ryſe at morrow,
  For in this May few birdis herd I ſing; 30
Thai haif moir cauſe to weip and plane thair ſorrow;
  Thy air it is nocht holſum nor benyng;
  Lord Eolus dois in thy ſeſſone ring:
So buſteous are the blaſtis of his horne,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne. 35

With that this Lady ſobirly did ſmyle,
  And ſaid, Upryſe, and do thy obſervance;
Thow did promyt, in Mayis luſty quhyle,
  For to diſcryve the Rois of moſt pleſance.
  Go ſé the birdis how thay ſing and dance, 40
Illumynit oure with orient skyis brycht,
Annamyllit richely with new aſûre lycht.

Quhen this wes ſaid, departit ſcho, this Quene,
  And enterit in a luſty gairding gent;
And than me thocht, full heſtely beſene, 45
  In ſerk and mantill [eftir hir] I went
  In to this garth, moſt dulce and redolent,

Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis sueit,
And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid, 50
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,
Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,
To luke upone his fresche and blisfull face, 55
Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

And as the blisfull soune of cherarchy
The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;
The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,
O luvaris fo, away thow dully nycht, 60
And welcum day that confortis every wicht;
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schene,
Haill princes Nature, haill Venus luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
To fers Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld, 65
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no schouris [snell] nor blastis cawld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold:
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,
That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry. 70

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist
Befoir hir Hienes suld annone compeir,

And every flour of vertew, moſt and leiſt,
And every herb be feild fer and neir,
As thay had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir, 75
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
Full law inclynnand with all dew reverens.

With that annone ſcho ſend the ſuiyſt Ro
To bring in beiſtis of all conditioun;
The reſtles Suallow commandit ſcho alſo 80
To feche all foull of ſmall and greit renown;
And to gar flouris compeir of all faſſoun,
Full craftely conjurit ſcho the Yarrow,
Quhilk did furth ſwirk als ſwift as ony arrow.

All preſent wer in twynkling of ane é, 85
Baith beiſt, and bird, and flour, befoir the Quene;
And firſt the Lyone, gretaſt of degré,
Was callit thair, and he, moſt fair to ſene,
With a full hardy contenance and kene,
Befoir dame Nature come, and did inclyne, 90
With viſage bawld, and corage leonyne.

This awfull beiſt full terrible wes of cheir,
Perſing of luke, and ſtout of countenance,
Rycht ſtrong of corpis, of faſſoun fair, but feir,
Luſty of ſchaip, lycht of deliverance, 95
Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance;
On feild of gold he ſtude full mychtely,
With flour-de-lycis ſirculit luſtely.

This Lady liftit up his cluvis cleir,
  And leit him liftly lene upone hir kné, 100
And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
  Off radyous ftonis, moft ryall for to fé;
  Saying, The King of Beiftis mak I thé,
And the cheif protector in woddis and fchawis;
Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis. 105

Exerce juftice with mercy and confcience,
  And lat no fmall beift fuffir fkaith na fcornis,
Of greit beiftis that bene of moir pifcence;
  Do law elyk to aipis and unicornis,
  And lat no bowgle with his bufteous hornis 110
The meik pluch-ox oppres, for all his pryd,
Bot in the yok go peciable him befyd.

Quhen this was faid, with noyis and foun of joy,
  All kynd of beiftis in to thair degré,
Atonis cryit, lawd, Vive le Roy, 115
  And till his feit fell with humilité;
  And all thay maid him homege and fewté;
And he did thame reffaif with princely laitis,
Quhois noble yre is parcere proftratis.

Syne crownit fcho the Egle King of Fowlis, 120
  And as fteill dertis fcherpit fcho his pennis,
And bawd him be als juft to awppis and owlis,
  As unto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis,
  And mak a law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis;

And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay, 125
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit ſcho all flouris that grew on feild,
  Diſcirnyng all thair faſſionis and effeiris:
Upone the awfull Thrissil ſcho beheld,
  And ſaw him kepit with a buſche of ſpeiris; 130
  Conſidering him ſo able for the weiris,
A radius croun of rubeis ſcho him gaif,
And ſaid, In feild go furth, and fend the laif:

And ſen thow art a King, thow be diſcreit;
  Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of ſic pryce
As herb of vertew, and of odour ſueit;
  And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
  Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce;
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheneſs,
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilneſs: 140

Nor hald non udir flour in ſic denty
  As the freſche Rois, of cullour reid and quhyt:
For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honeſty;
  Confiddering that no flour is ſo perfyt,
  So full of vertew, pleſans, and delyt, 145
So full of blisful angeilik bewty,
Imperiall birth, honour and dignité.

Than to the Rois ſcho turnit hir viſage,
  And ſaid, O luſty dochtir moſt benyng,

Aboif the lilly, illuftare of lynnage, 150
  Fro the ftok ryell ryfing frefche and ying,
  Bot ony fpot or macull doing fpring:
Come blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,
For oure the laif thy bewty is renownd.

A coiftly croun, with clarefeid ftonis brycht, 155
  This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclois
Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht;
  Quhairfoir me thocht the flouris did rejois,
  Crying, attonis, Haill be thow richeft Rois!
Haill hairbis Empryce, haill frefcheft Quene of Flouris,
To thé be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis fong with voce on hicht,
  Quhois mirthfull foun wes mervelus to heir;
The mavyis fang, Haill Rois moft riche and richt,
  That dois up flureifs undir Phebus fpeir; 165
  Haill plant of yowth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
Haill blofome breking out of the blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall:

The merle fcho fang, Haill Rois of moft delyt,
  Haill of all flouris quene and foverane: 170
The lark fcho fang, Haill Rois both reid and quhyt,
  Moft plefand flour, of michty cullouris twane:
  The nychtingaill fang, Haill Naturis fuffragane,
In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnefs,
In riche array, renown, and gentilnefs. 175

The commoun voce up raiſe of birdis ſmall,
Apon this wyis, O bliſſit be the hour
That thow wes choſin to be our principall;
Welcome tó be our Princés of honour,
Our perle, our pleſans, and our paramour, 180
Our peax, our play, our plane felicité;
Chryſt thé conſerf frome all adverſité.

Than all the birdis ſong with ſic a ſchout,
That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,
And with a braid I turnyt me about 185
To ſé this court; bot all wer went away:
Then up I lenyt, halflingis in affray,
And thus I wret as ye haif hard to-forrow,
Off luſty May upone the nynt morrow.

THE GOLDYN TARGE.

Bryght as the ftern of day begouth to fchyne,
Quhen gone to bed war Vefper and Lucyne,
I raife, and by a rofere did me reft;
Up fprang the goldyn candill matutyne,
With clere depurit bemes criftallyne, 5
Glading the mery foulis in thair neft;
Or Phebus was in purpur cape reveft
Up raife the lark, the hevyns menftrale fyne
In May, in till a morow myrthfulleft.

Full angellike thir birdis fang thair houris 10
Within thair courtyns grene, in to thair bouris,
Apparalit quhite and red, wyth blomes fuete;
Anamalit was the felde wyth all colouris,
The perly droppis fchuke in filvir fchouris;
Quhill all in balme did branch and levis flete 15
To part fra Phebus, did Aurora grete;
Hir criftall teris I faw hyng on the flouris,
Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his hete.

For mirth of May, wyth fkippis and wyth hoppis,
The birdis fang upon the tender croppis, 20
With curioufe notis, as Venus chapell clerkis:
The rofis yong, new fpreding of thair knoppis,

War powderit brycht with hevinly beriall droppis,
Throu bemes rede, birnyng as ruby ſperkis;
The ſkyes rang for ſchoutyng of the larkis, 25
The purpur hevyn oure ſcailit in ſilvir ſloppis
Ouregilt the treis, branchis, leivis and barkis.

Doun throu the ryce a ryvir ran wyth ſtremys,
So luſtily agayn thai lykand lemys,
That all the lake as lamp did leme of licht, 30
Quhilk ſchadouit all about wyth twynkling glemis;
That bewis bathit war in fecund bemys
Throu the reflex of Phebus viſage brycht;
On every ſyde the hegeis raiſe on hicht,
The bank was grene, the bruke was full of bremys,
The ſtanneris clere as ſternis in froſty nycht.

The criſtall air, the ſapher firmament,
The ruby ſkyes of the orient,
Keſt beriall bemes on emerant bewis grene;
The roſy garth depaynt and redolent, 40
With purpur, azure, gold, and goulis gent
Arayed was, by dame Flora the quene,
So nobily, that joy was for to ſene;
The roch agayn the ryvir resplendent
As low enlumynit all the leves schene. 45

Quhat throu the mery foulys armony,
And throu the ryveris ſoun that ran me by,
On Florais mantill I ſlepit as I lay,
Quhare ſone in to my dremes fantaſy

I ſaw approch agayn the orient ſky, 50
  A ſaill, als quhite as bloſſum upon ſpray,
  Wyth merſe of gold, brycht as the ſtern of day;
Quhilk tendit to the land full luſtily,
  As falcoun ſwift deſyrouſe of hir pray.

And hard on burd unto the blomyt medis, 55
Amang the grene riſpis and the redis,
  Arrivit ſcho, quhar fro anon thare landis
Ane hundreth ladyes, lufty in to wedis,
Als freſch as flouris that in May up ſpredis,
  In kirtillis grene, withoutyn kell or bandis: 60
  Thair brycht hairis hang gletering on the ſtrandis
In treſſis clere, wyppit wyth goldyn thredis,
  With pappis quhite, and mydlis ſmall as wandis.

Diſcrive I wald, bot quho coud wele endyte
How all the feldis wyth thair lilies quhite 65
  Depaynt war brycht, quhilk to the hevyn did glete:
Noucht thou, Homer, als fair as thou coud wryte,
For all thine ornate ſtilis ſo perfyte;
  Nor yit thou, Tullius, quhois lippis ſuete
  Off rethorike did in till termes flete: 70
Your aureate tongis both bene all to lyte,
  For to compile that paradiſe complete.

Thare ſaw I Nature, and als dame Venus quene,
The freſch Aurora, and lady Flora ſchene,
  Juno, [Latona,] and Proſerpyna, 75
Dyane the goddeſſe chaſte of woddis grene,

My lady Cleo, that help of Makaris bene,
Thetes, Pallas, and prudent Minerva,
Fair feynit Fortune, and lemand Lucina,
Thir mychty Quenis in crounis mycht be ſene, 80
Wyth bemys blith, bricht as Lucifera.

There ſaw I May, of myrthfull monethis quene,
Betuix Aprile, and June, her ſiſter ſchene,
Within the gardyng walking up and doun
Quham of the foulis gladdith al be dene; 85
Scho was full tender in hir yeris grene.
Thare ſaw I Nature preſent hir a goun
Rich to behald, and nobil of renoun,
Off eviry hew undir the hevin that bene
Depaynt, and braid be gude proporcioun. 90

Full luſtily thir ladyes all in fere
Enterit within this park of moſt pleſere,
Quhare that I lay oure helit wyth levis ronk;
The mery foulis, blisfulleſt of chere,
Saluſt Nature, me thoucht, on thair manere, 95
And eviry blome on branch, and eke on bonk,
Opnyt and ſpred thair balmy levis donk,
Full low enclynyng to thair Quene ſo clere,
Quham of thair nobill noriſing thay thonk.

Syne to dame Flora, on the ſamyn wyſe, 100
Thay ſaluſe, and thay thank a thouſand ſyſe;
And to dame Venus, luſis mychty quene,
Thay ſang ballettis in luſe, as was the gyſe,

With amorouſe notis luſty to deviſe,
As thay that had lufe in thair hertis grene; 105
Thair hony throtis, opnyt fro the ſplene,
With werblis ſuete did perſe the hevinly ſkyes,
Quhill loud reſownyt the firmament ſerene.

Ane othir court thare ſaw I conſequent,
Cupide the king, wyth bow in hand ybent, 110
And dredefull arowis grundyn ſcharp and ſquare:
Thare ſaw I Mars, the god armypotent,
Aufull and ſterne, ſtrong and corpolent;
Thare ſaw I crabbit Saturn ald and haire,
His luke was lyke for to perturb the aire; 115
Thare was Mercurius, wiſe and eloquent,
Of rethorike that fand the flouris faire;

Thare was the god of gardingis, Priapus;
Thare was the god of wildernes, Phanus;
And Janus, god of entree delytable; 120
Thare was the god of fludis, Neptunus;
Thare was the god of wyndis, Eolus,
With variand luke, rycht lyke a lord unſtable;
Thare was Bachus the gladdir of the table;
Thare was Pluto, the elrich incubus, 125
In cloke of grene, this court uſit no fable.

And eviry one of thir in grene arayit,
On harp or lute full merily thai playit,
And ſang ballettis with michty notis clere:
Ladyes to dance full ſoberly aſſayit, 130

Endlang the lufty ryvir so thai mayit:
Their observance rycht hevynly was to here;
Than crap I throu the levis, and drew nere,
Quhare that I was richt fudaynly affrayit,
All throu a luke, quhilk I have boucht full dere.

And fchortly for to fpeke, be Lufis Quene
I was afpyit, fcho bad hir archearis kene
Go me arreft; and thay no time delayit;
Than ladyes fair lete fall thair mantillis grene,
With bowis big in treffit hairis fchene, 140
All fudaynly thay had a felde arayit;
And yit rycht gretly was I noucht affrayit,
The party was fo plefand for to fene,
A wonder lufty bikkir me affayit.

And firft of all, with bow in hand ybent, 145
Come dame Beautee, rycht as fcho wald me fchent;
Syne folowit all hir damefelis yfere,
With mony diverfe aufull inftrument,
Unto the pres, Fair Having wyth her went,
Fyne Portrature, Plefance, and lufty Chere. 150
Than come Refoun, with fchelde of gold fo clere,
In plate and maille, as Mars armypotent,
Defendit me this nobill chevallere.

Syne tender Youth come wyth hir virgyns ying,
Grene Innocence, and fchamefull Abaifing, 155
And quaking Drede, wyth humble Obedience;
The Goldyn Targe harmyt thay no thing;

Curage in thame was noucht begonne to ſpring;
  Full ſore thay dred to done a violence:
  Suete Womanhede I ſaw cum in preſence, 160
Of artilyé a warld ſcho did in bring,
  Servit wyth ladyes full of reverence.

Scho led wyth hir Nurture and Lawlynes,
Contenence, Pacience, Gude Fame and Stedfaſtnes,
  Diſcretioun, Gentriſe, and Conſiderance, 165
Levefell Company, and Honeſt Beſynes,
  Benigne Luke, Mylde Chere, and Sobirnes:
  All thir bure ganyeis to do me grevance;
But Reſon bure the TARGE wyth ſik conſtance,
Thair ſcharp aſſayes mycht do no dures 170
  To me, for all their aufull ordynance.

Unto the pres perſewit Hie Degree,
Hir folowit ay Eſtate and Dignitee,
  Compariſoun, Honour, and Nobill Array,
Will, Wantonnes, Renoun, and Libertee, 175
Richeſſe, Freedome, and eke Nobilitee:
  Wit ye thay did thair baner hye diſplay;
  A cloud of arowis as hayle ſchour louſit thay,
And ſchot, quhill waſtit was thair artilye,
  Syne went abak reboytit of thair pray. 180

Quhen Venus had perſavit this rebute,
Diſſymulance ſcho bad go mak perſute,
  At all powere to perſe the GOLDYN TARGE;
And ſcho that was of doubilnes the rute,

Askit hir choise of archeris in refute. 185
Venus the best bad hir go wale at large;
Scho tuke Presence plicht ankers of the barge,
And Fair Callyng that wele a flayn coud schute,
And Cherising for to complete hir charge.

Dame Hamelynes scho tuke in company, 190
That hardy was, and hende in archery,
And broucht dame Beautee to the felde agayn;
With all the choise of Venus chevalry
Thay come, and bikkerit unabaisitly:
The schour of arowis rappit on as rayn; 195
Perilouse Presence, that mony syre has slayne,
The bataill broucht on bordour hard us by,
The salt was all the sarar suth to sayn.

Thik was the schote of grundyn dartis kene;
Bot Resoun with the Scheld of Gold so schene, 200
Warily defendit quho so evir assayit;
The aufull stoure he manly did sustene,
Quhill Presence kest a pulder in his ene,
And than as drunkyn man he all forwayit:
Quhen he was blynd the fule wyth hym thay playit,
And banyst hym amang the bewis grene;
That sory sicht me sudaynly affrayit.

Than was I woundit to the deth wele nere,
And yoldyn as a wofull prisonnere
To lady Beautee, in a moment space; 210
Me thoucht scho semyt lustiar of chere,

Efter that Refoun tynt had his eyne clere,
Than of before, and lufliare of face:
Quhy was thou blyndit, Refoun? quhy, allace!
And gert ane hell my paradife appere, 215
And mercy feme, quhare that I fand no grace.

Diffymulance was befy me to file,
And Fair Calling did oft apon me fmyle,
And Cherifing me fed wyth wordis fair;
New Acquayntance enbracit me a quhile, 220
And favouryt mee, quhill men mycht go a myle,
Syne tuk hir leve, I faw hir nevir mare:
Than faw I Dangere toward me repair,
I coud efchew hir prefence be no wyle,
On fyde fcho lukit wyth ane fremyt fare. 225

And at the laft departing coud hir dreffe,
And me delyverit unto Hevyneffe
For to remayne, and fcho in cure me tuke;
Be this the Lord of Wyndis, wyth wodenes,
God Eolus, his bugill blew I geffe; 230
That with the blaft the levis all to fchuke,
And fudaynly, in the fpace of a luke,
All was hyne went, thare was bot wildernes,
Thare was no more bot birdis, bank, and bruke.

In twynkling of ane eye to fchip thay went, 235
And fwyth up faile unto the top thay ftent,
And with fwift courfe atour the flude thay frak;
Thay fyrit gunnis wyth powder violent,

Till that the reke raise to the firmament,
The rochis all resownyt wyth the rak, 240
For reird it semyt that the rayn bow brak;
Wyth spirit affrayde apon my fete I sprent
Amang the clewis, so carefull was the crak.

And as I did awake of my sueving,
The joyfull birdis merily did syng 245
For myrth of Phebus tendir bemes schene;
Suete war the vapouris, soft the morowing,
Halesum the vale, depaynt wyth flouris ying;
The air attemperit, sobir, and amene;
In quhite and rede was all the felde besene, 250
Throu Naturis nobil fresch anamalyng,
In mirthfull May, of eviry moneth Quene.

O reverend Chaucere, rose of rethoris all,
As in oure tong ane flour imperiall,
That raise in Britane evir, quho redis rycht, 255
Thou beris of Makaris the tryumph riall;
Thy fresch anamalit termes celicall
This matir coud illumynit have full brycht:
Was thou noucht of oure Inglisch all the lycht,
Surmounting eviry tong terrestriall, 260
Alls fer as Mayes morow dois mydnycht.

O morall Gower, and Lydgate laureate,
Your sugurit lippis and tongis aureate,
Bene to oure eris cause of grete delyte;
Your angel mouthis most mellifluate 265

Our rude langage has clere illumynate,
  And faire oure gilt our ſpeche, that imperfyte
  Stude, or your goldyn pennis ſchupe to write;
This Ile before was bare, and deſolate
  Off rethorike, or luſty freſch endyte. 270

Thou lytill Quair, be ever obedient,
Humble, ſubject, and ſymple of entent,
  Before the face of every connyng wicht:
I knaw quhat thou of rethorike hes ſpent;
Off all hir luſty roſis redolent 275
  Is none in to thy gerland ſett on hicht;
  Eſchame thar of, and draw thé out of ſicht!
Rude is thy wede, diſteynit, bare, and rent,
  Wele aucht thou be aferit of the licht.

BEWTY AND THE PRESONEIR.

SEN that I am a Presoneir
Till hir that fairest is and best,
I me commend, fra yeir to yeir,
In till hir bandoun for to rest;
I govit on that gudliest, 5
Sa lang to luk I tuik laseir,
Quhill I wes tane withouttin test,
And led furth as a Presoneir.

Hir Sweit Having, and Fresche Bewté,
Hes wondit me but swerd or lance; 10
With hir to go commandit me,
On till the Castell of Pennance.
I said, Is this your govirnance,
To tak men for thair luking heir?
Fresche Bewty sayis, Ya, Schir, perchance
Ye be my Ladeis Presoneir.

Thai had me bundin to the yett,
Quhair Strangenes had bene porteir ay;
And in deliverit me thairat,
And in thir termis can thai say, 20

Do wait, and lat him nocht away.
Quoth Strangenefs unto the porteir,
On till my Lady, I dar lay,
Ye be to pure a Prefoneir.

Thai keft me in a deip dungeoun, 25
And fetterit me but lok or cheyne;
The capitane hecht Comparefone,
To luke on me he thocht greit deyne:
Thocht I was wo, I durft nocht pleyne,
For he had fetterit mony affeir; 30
With peteous voce thus cuth I fene,
Wo is a wofull Prefoneir!

Langour wes weche upon the wall,
That nevir fleipit, bot evir wouke;
[And] Skorne wes bourdour in the hall, 35
And oft on me his babill fchuke;
Lukand with mony a dengerous luke.—
Quhat is he yone, that methis us neir?
Ye be to townage, be this buke,
To be my Ladeis Prefoneir. 40

Gud Howp [then] rownit in my eir,
And bad me baldlie breve a bill;
With Lawlinefs he fuld it beir,
With Fair Schervice fend it hir till:
I wouk and wret hir all my will. 45
Fair Schervice fure withouttin feir,

Sayand till hir, with wirdis ſtill,
Haif pety on your Preſoneir.

Than Lawlineſs to Petie went,
And ſaid till hir, in termis ſchort,— 50
Lat we yone Preſoneir be ſchent
Will no man do to us ſupport;
Gar lay ane ſege unto yone fort!
Than Petie ſaid, I ſall appeir.
Thocht ſayis, I hecht, wun I ourthort, 55
I houp to lowſs the Preſoneir.

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,
And ay the wawart kepit Thocht;
Luſt bure the benner to the wall,
And Biſſineſs the grit gyn brocht. 60
Skorne cryis out, ſayis, Wald ye ocht?
Luſt ſayis, We wald haif entré heir.
Compariſone ſayis, That is for nocht,
Ye will nocht wyn the Preſoneir.

Thai thairin ſchup for to defend, 65
And thai thairfurth ſailyeit ane hour:
Than Biſſineſs the grit gyn bend,
Straik doun the top of the foir tour.
Compariſone began to lour,
And cryit furth, I yow requeir, 70
Soft and fair, and do favour,
And tak to yow the Preſoneir.

Thai fyrit the yettis deliverly
  With faggottis wer grit and huge;
And Strangenefs, quhair that he did ly, 75
  Wes brint in to the porter luge.
  Luftely thay lakit bot a Juge,
Sik ftraikis and ftychling wes on fteir;
  The femelieft wes maid affege,
To quhome that he wes Prefoneir. 80

Thruch Skornes nofe thai put a prik,
  This he wes banift and gat a blek;
Comparifone wes erdit quik,
  And Langour lap and brak his nek;
  Thai failyeit faft all the fek, 85
Luft chafit my Ladeis chalmirleir,
  Gud Fame wes drownit in a fek,
Thus ranfomit thai the Prefoneir.

Fra Sklandir hard Luft had undone
  His ennemeis, him aganis 90
Affemblit ane femely fort full fone,
  And raifs and rowttit all the planis;
  His cufing in the Court remanis,
Bot Jaloufe folkis and Geangleiris,
  And fals Invy that no thing lanis, 95
Blew out on Luvis Prefoneir.

Syne Matremony, that nobill king
  Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit oft,

And all enermit without lefing,
  Cheft Sklander to the Weft Sé coft; 100
  Than was he and his linege loft,
And Matremony, withouttin weir,
  The band of freindfchip hes indoft
Betuix Bewty and the Prefoneir.

Be that of eild wes Gud Famifs air, 105
  And cummyne to continuatioun,
And to the Court maid his repair,
  Quhair Matremony than woir the crowne;
  He gat ane confirmatioun,
All that his Modir aucht but weir: 110
  And baid ftill, as it wes reffone,
With Bewty and the Prefoneir.

TO A LADYE.

SWEIT Rois of vertew and of gentilnefs,
Delytfum Lyllie of everie luftynefs,
  Richeft in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
  And everie vertew that is [held moft] deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercylefs. 5

In to your garthe this day I did perfew,
Thair faw I flowris that frefche wer of hew;
  Baithe quhyte and reid moift lufty wer to feyne,
  And halfum herbis upone ftalkis grene;
Yit leif nor flour fynd could I nane of Rew. 10

I dout that Merche, with his cauld blaftis keyne,
Hes flane this gentill herbe, that I of mene;
  Quhois petewous deithe dois to my heart fic pane
  That I wald mak to plant his rute againe,
So confortand his levis unto me bene. 15

THE VISITATION OF ST FRANCIS.

THIS nycht befoir the dawing cleir
Me thocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
  With ane religioufe abbeit in his hand,
  And faid, In this go cleith thé my fervand,
Refuifs the warld, for thow mon be a Freir. 5

With him and with his abbeit bayth I fkarrit,
Lyk to ane man that with a gaift wes marrit:
  Me thocht on bed he layid it me abone;
  But on the flure delyverly and fone
I lap thair fra, and nevir wald cum nar it. 10

Quoth he, Quhy fkarris thow with this holy weid?
Cleith thé thairin, for weir it thow moft neid;
  Thow that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
  Sall now be freir, and in this abbeit preiche;
Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid. 15

Quoth I, Sanct Francis, loving be thé till,
And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
  To me, that of thy claithis are fo kynd;
  Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd;
Sweit Confeffour, thow tak it nocht in ill. 20

In haly legendis haif I hard allevin,
Ma ſanctis of biſchoppis, nor freiris, be ſic ſèvin;
Off full few freiris that hes bene ſanctis I reid;
Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane biſchoppis weid,
Gife evir thow wald my ſaule yeid unto hevin. 25

My brethir oft hes maid thé ſupplicationis,
Be epiſtillis, ſermonis, and relationis,
To tak this abbeit; bot thow did poſtpone;
But furder proceſs, cum on thairfoir anone
All circumſtance put by and excuſationis. 30

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
The dait thairof is paſt full mony a yèir;
For in to every luſty toun and place,
Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Kalice,
I haif in to thy habeit maid gud cheir. 35

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterberry;
In it I paſt at Dover oure the ferry,
Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit. 40

Als lang as I did beir the freiris ſtyle,
In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
In me wes falſet with every wicht to flatter,
Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
I wes ay reddy all men to begyle. 45

The freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
Ane feind he wes in liknes of ane freir;
He vaneist away with ſtynk and fyrrie ſmowk;
With him me thocht all the houſe end he towk,
And I awoik as wy that wes in weir. 50

DUNBAR'S DREAM.

THIS hinder nycht half-sleiping as I lay,
Me thocht my chalmer in ane new aray
  Was all depaynt with many diverſs hew,
  Of all the nobill ſtoryis ald and new,
Sen oure firſt father formed was of clay. 5

Me thocht the lift all bricht with lampis lycht,
And thair in enterrit many luſtie wicht,
  Sum young, ſum old, in ſindry wyſe arayit,
  Sum ſang, ſum danceit, on inſtrumentis ſum playit,
Sum maid diſportis with hartis glaid and lycht. 10

Than thocht I thus, this is ane felloun phary,
Or ellis my witt rycht wondrouſlie dois varie;
  This ſeimes to me ane guidlie companie,
  And gif it be ane freindlie fantaſie,
Defend me Jheſu, and his moder Marie! 15

Thair pleaſant ſang, nor yett thair pleaſant toun,
Nor yett thair joy did to my heart redoun;
  Me thocht the drerie damieſall Diſtres,
  And eik hir ſorie ſiſter Hevineſs,
Sad as the leid, in bed lay me abone. 20

And Langour fatt up at my beddis heid,
With inftrument full lamentable and deid;
Scho playit fangis fo duilfull to heir,
Me thocht ane houre feimeit ay ane yeir;
Hir hew was wan and wallowed as the leid. 25

Than com the ladyis, danceing in ane trace,
And Nobilnes befoir thame come ane fpace,
Saying, with cheir bening and womanly,
I fé ane heir in bed oppreffit ly,
My fifteris go and help to get him grace. 30

With that anon did ftart out of a dance
Twa fifteris, callit Confort and Pleafance,
And with twa harpis did begin to fing,
Bot I thair of mycht tak na rejofeing,
My Hevinefs oppreft me with fic mifchance. 35

Thay faw that I nocht glaidder wax of cheir,
And thair of had thai winder all but weir,
And faid ane lady that Perfaveing hicht,
Of Hevinefs he feillis fic a wecht,
Your melody he pleiffis nocht till heir. 40

Scho and Diftres hir fifter dois him greve:
Quod Nobilnefs, Quhow fall he thame efchew?
Than fpak Difcretioun, ane lady richt bening,
Wirk eftir me, and I fall gar him fing,
And lang or nicht gar Langour tak hir leve. 45

And then ſaid Witt, Giff thai work nocht be thé,
But onie dout thai ſall not work be me.
  Diſcretioun ſaid, I knaw his malady,
  The ſtrok he feillis of melancholie,
And Nobilneſs, [his] lecheing lyis in thé. 50

Or evir this wicht at heart be haill and feir,
Both thou and I muſt in the court appeir;
  For he hes lang maid ſervice thair in vaine:
  With ſum rewaird we mane him quyt againe,
Now in the honour of this guid new yeir. 55

Weill worth thé, ſiſter, ſaid Confiderance,
And I ſall help for to mantene the dance.
  Than ſpak ane wicht callit Blind Effectioun,
  I ſall befoir yow be, with mine electioun,
Of all the court I have the governance. 60

Than ſpak ane conſtant wycht callit Reſſoun,
And ſaid, I grant yow hes beine lord a ſeſſioun,
  In diſtributioun, bot now the tyme is gone,
  Now I may all diſtribute myne alone;
Thy wrangous deidis did evir man enſcheſoun. 65

For tyme war now that this man had ſum thing,
That lange hes bene ane ſervand to the King,
  And all his tyme nevir flatter couthe nor faine,
  Bot humblie in to ballat wyſe complaine,
And patientlie indure his tormenting. 70

I counfall him be mirrie and jocound;
Be Nobilnefs his help mon firft be found.
Weill fpokin, Reffoun, my brother, quoth Difcretioun,
To fett on deifs with lordis at the ceffioun,
In to this realme yow war worth mony ane pound. 75

Than fpak anone Anoportunitie,
Ye fall nocht all gar him fpeid without me,
For I ftand ay befoir the Kingis face;
I fall him deiff, or ellis my felf mak chace,
Bot gif that I befoir him fervit be. 80

Ane befy afkar foonner fall he fpeid,
Na fall twa befy fervandis out of dreid,
And he that afkis nocht tynes bot his word,
Bot for to tyne lang fervice is no bourd,
Yett thocht I nevir to do fic folie deid. 85

Than com anone ane callit Schir Johne Kirkepakar,
Off many cures ane michtie undertaker,
Quod he, I am poffeft in kirkis fevin,
And yitt I think thai grow fall till ellevin,
Or he be fervit in ane, yone ballet maker. 90

And then fchir Bet-the-kirk, fa mot I thryff,
I haif of bufie fervandis foure or fyve,
And all directit unto findrie fteidis,
Ay ftill awaitting upoun kirk-menes deidis,
Fra quhom my tithingis will I heir belyff. 95

Quod Refoun than, The ballance gois unevin,
That thow allace to ferff hes kirkis fevin,
And fevin als worth kirk, nocht haifand ane,
With gredines I fie this world ourgane,
And fufficience dwellis nocht bot in heavin. 100

I have nocht wyt thairof, quod Temperance,
For thocht I hald him evinlie the ballance;
And, but ane cuir, full [evin] micht till him wey,
Yett will he take ane uther and gar it fuey:
Quha beft can rewll wald maift have governance. 105

Patience to me, My friend, faid, mak guid cheir,
And on the prince depend with hevinely feir,
For I full weill dois knaw his nobill intent;
He wald nocht, for ane bifchopprikis rent,
That yow war unrewairdit half ane yeir. 110

Than as ane fary thai to duir did frak,
And fchot ane gone that did fo radlie rak,
Quhill all the aird did raird the rane bow under,
On Leith fandis me thocht fcho brak in founder,
And I ainon did walkin with the crak. 115

THE BIRTH OF ANTICHRIST.

Lucina ſchynnyng in ſilence of the nycht,
The hevin all being full of ſternis bricht,
To bed I went; bot thair I tuke no reſt,
With hevie thocht ſo ſoir I wes oppreſt,
That ſair I langit eftir the dayis licht. 5

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,
That ſcho to me ſtude ſo contrariouſly;
And at the laſt, quhen I had turnyt oft
For weirines, on me ane ſlummer ſoft
Come, with ane dremyng and a fanteſy. 10

Me thocht deme Fortoun, with ane fremmit cheir,
Stude me beforne, and ſaid on this maneir:
Thow ſuffir me to wirk gif thow do weill,
And preiſs thé nocht to ſtryfe aganis my quheill,
Quhilk every warldly thing dois turne and ſteir. 15

Full mony ane man I turne unto the hicht,
And makis als mony full law down to licht;
Up on my ſtaigis or that thow aſcend,
Treiſt weill thy trouble is neir at ane end, 19
Seing thir takinis, quhairfoir thow mark thame rycht.

Thy trublit gaift fall neir moir be degeft,
Nor thow in to no benifice poffeft,
  Quhill that ane Abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
  And flé up in the air amangis the crennis,
And as ane falcone fair fro eaft to weft. 25

He fall afcend as ane horrible griphoun,
Him meit fall in the air ane fcho dragoun;
  Thir terrible monfteris fall togidder thrift,
  And in the cludis gett the Antechrift,
Quhill all the air infeck of thair puyfoun. 30

Undir Saturnus fyrie regioun
Symone Magus fall meit thame, and Mahoun;
  And Merlyne, at the mone, fall hym be bydand;
  And Jonet the weido, on ane buffome rydand,
Off wichifs with ane wondir garefoun. 35

And fyne thay fall difcend with reik and fyre,
And preiche in erth the Antechryftis impyre;
  Be than it fall be neir this warldis end.
  With that this Lady fone fra me did wend:
Sleipand and walkand wes fruftrat my defyre. 40

Quhen I awoik my dreme it wes fo nyce,
Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;
  Quhill I hard tell, be mony futhfaft wy,
  Flé wald ane Abbot up in to the fky,
And all his fethreme maid wes at devyce. 45

Within my hairt confort I take full sone,
Adew, quoth I, my drery dayis ar done:
  Full weill I wist to me wald never cum thrift,
  Quhill that twa monis wer sene up in the lift,
Or quhill an Abbot flew aboif the mone. 50

OFF THE FENYEIT FREIR
OF TUNGLAND.

As ying Aurora, with hir criftall hale,
In orient fchew hir vifage pale,
A fwevyng fwyth did me affale,
    Off fonnis of Sathanas feid;
Me thocht a Turk of Tartary   5
Come out of the land of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lombardy,
    Full lang in waith-man weid.

Fra baptifing for till efchewe,
Thar a religioufe man he flewe,   10
And cled him in his habit newe,
    For he couth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his diffimilans,
And all his curfit govirnans,
For feir he fled, and come in Fraunce,   15
    With litill of Lombard leid.

To be a leche he feynit him thar,
Quhilk mony a man mycht rew evir mar;
For he left nothir feike nor fair
    Unflane, or he hyne yeid.   20

Vane organis he full clenly kervit;
Quhen of his ftraik fo mony ftervit,
Dreid he had gottin that he defervit,
He fled away gud fpeid.

In Scotland than, the narreft way, 25
He come, his cunnyng till affaye,
To fum man thar it was no play
The preving of his fciens.
In potingary he wrocht gret pyne,
He murdreft in to medicyne; 30
The Jowe was of a gret ingyne,
And generit was of gyans.

In lechecraft he was homocide,
He wald haf for a nycht to byd,
Ane haknay and the hurt mannis hyd, 35
So mekle he was of myans.
His irnis was rude as ony rauchtir,
Quhar he leit blude it was no lauchtir,
Full mony inftrumentis for flauchtir
Was in his gardyvians. 40

He couth gif cure of laxatif,
To gar a wicht horfe want his lyf;
Quha evir affay wald, man or wyf,
Thar hippis yeid hiddy-giddy.
His praktikis nevir war put to preif 45
Bot fudand deid, or gret mifcheif;

He had purgacioun to mak a theif
To dé without a wedye.

Unto no meſs preiſſit the prelat,
For ſound of ſacrying bell nor ſkellat; 50
As blak ſmyth brukit was his pellat,
For battiring at the ſtudy.
Thocht he come hame a newe maid channoun,
He had diſpenſit with matinnis cannoun,
On him come nothir ſtole nor fannoun, 55
For ſmwking of the ſmedye.

Me thocht feir faſſounis he aſſalyeit,
To mak the quinteſſence, and failyeit;
And quhen he ſaw that nocht avalyeit,
A federem on he tuke: 60
And ſchupe in Turky for to flé;
And quhen that he did mont on hie,
All fowlis farlet quhat he ſuld be,
That evir did on him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus, 65
Sum the Mynataur mervaluſs,
Sum Mertis blak ſmyth Vulcanus,
And ſum Saturnus cuk.
And evir the cuchettis at him tuggit,
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit, 70
The huditt crawis his hair furth ruggit,
The hevin he micht nocht bruke.

The Myttane and Sanct Mertynis fowle
Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
Thay ſet upone him with a yowle, 75
And gaif him dynt for dynt.
The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
Beſt him with buffettis quhill he bled;
The ſpar halk to the ſpring him ſped
Als fers as fyre of flynt. 80

The tarſall gaif him tug for tug,
A ſtanchell hang in ilk a lug,
The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
The ſtork ſtraik ay but ſtint;
The biſſart, biſſy but rebuik, 85
Scho was ſo cleverus of hir cluik,
His bawis he micht nocht langer bruik,
Scho held thame at ane hint.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis, 90
That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,
In battell him abowt:
Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
The rerd of thame raiſe to the ſky,
And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy! 95
His lyfe was in to dowt.

The ja him ſkrippit with a ſkryke,
And ſkornit him as it was lyk;

The egill ftrong at him did ftryke,
And rawcht him mony a rout: 100
For feir uncounnandly he cawkit,
Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,
Beneth him with a fpowt.

He fchewre his feddereme that was fchene, 105
And flippit owt of it full clene,
And in a myre, up to the ene,
Amang the glar did glyd.
The fowlis all at the fedderem dang
As at a monfter thame amang, 110
Quhill all the pennis of it owtfprang
In till the air full wyde.

And he lay at the plunge evir mair
Sa lang as any ravin did rair;
The crawis him focht, with cryis of cair, 115
In every fchaw befyde.
Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,
Thay had him revin all with thair cluikis:
Thré dayis in dub amang the dukis
He did with dirt him hyde. 120

The air was dirkit with the fowlis
That come with yawmeris, and with yowlis,
With fkryking, fkrymming, and with fcowlis,
To tak him in the tyde.

I walknit with the noyis and ſchowte, 125
So hiddowis beir was me abowte.
Sen ſyne I curſe that cankerit rowte
Quhair evir I go or ryde.

THE DEVILL'S INQUEST.

THIS nycht in my ſleip I wes agast,
Me thocht the Devill wes tempand faſt
  The people, with aithis of crewaltie;
Sayand, as throw the mercat he paſt,
  Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 5

Me thocht as he went throw the way,
Ane prieſt ſweirit braid, be God verey,
  Quhill at the alter reſſavit he.
Thou art my clerk, the Devill can ſay,
  Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 10

Than ſwoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,
Be Chryſtis woundis bludy and wyd,
  And be his harmes wes rent on tré.
Than ſpak the Devill, hard him beſyd,
  Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 15

Ane merchand, his geir as he did ſell,
Renuncit his pairt of hevin and hell.
  The Devill ſaid, Welcum mot thow be,
Thow ſall be merchand for my ſell,
  Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 20

Ane goldſmyth ſaid, The gold is ſa fyne
That all the workmanſchip I tyne;
The feind reſſaif me gif I lie.
Think on, quoth the Devill, that thow art myne,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 25

Ane tailyour ſaid, In all this toun,
Be thair ane better weil maid goun,
I gif me to the feynd all fre.
Gramercy, tailyour, ſaid Mahoun,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 30

Ane ſowttar ſaid, In gud effek,
Nor I be hangit be the nek,
Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be.
Fy, quoth the feynd, thou ſairis of blek,
Ga clenge thé clene, and cum to me. 35

Ane baxſtar ſayd, I forſaik God,
And all his werkis, evin and od,
Gif fairar ſtuff neidis to be.
The Devill luche, and on him cowth nod,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 40

Ane fleſchour ſwoir be the ſacrament,
And be Chryſtis blud maiſt innocent,
Nevir fatter fleſch ſaw man with é.
The Devill ſaid, Hald on thy intent,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 45

The maltman ſayis, I God forſaik,
And mot the devill of hell me taik,
Gif ony better malt may be,
And of this kill I haif inlaik:
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 50

Ane browſtár ſwoir the malt wes ill,
Baith reid and reikit on the kill,
That it will be na aill for me;
Ane boll will not ſex gallonis fill:
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 55

Be Goddis bluid, quoth the tavernnier,
Thair is ſic wyne in my ſelleir,
Hes never come in this cuntrie.
Tut, quoth the Devill, thou ſellis our deir,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 60

The ſmyth ſwoir be rude and raip,
In till a gallowis mot I gaip,
Gif I ten dayis wan pennyis thré,
For with that craft I can nocht thraip:
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 65

Ane menſtrall ſaid, The feind me ryfe,
Gif I do ocht but drink and ſwyfe;
The Devill ſaid, Than I counſall thé,
Exerſe that craft in all thy lyfe,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 70

Ane dyſour ſaid, with wirdis of ſtryfe,
The devill mot ſtik him with a knyfe,
  Bot he keſt up fair ſyiſis thré;
The Devill ſaid, Endit is thy lyfe,
  Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 75

Ane theif ſaid, God that evir I chaip,
Nor ane ſtark widdy gar me gaip,
  Bot I in hell for geir wald be.
The Devill ſaid, Welcum in a raip,
  Renunce thy God, and cum to me. 80

The fiſche wyffis flett, and ſwoir with granis,
And to the Feind ſaule, fleſche and banis
  Thay gaif thame, with ane ſchowt on hie.
The Devill ſaid, Welcum all attanis,
  Renunce your God, and cum to me. 85

The reſt of craftis grit aithis ſwair,
Thair wark and craft had na compair,
  Ilk ane into thair qualitie.
The Devill ſaid, Than withoutin mair,
  Renunce your God, and cum to me. 90

THE DANCE OF THE SEVIN DEIDLY SYNNIS.

Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,
Full lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay in till a trance;
And than I ſaw baith Hevin and Hell:
Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell, 5
Mahoun gart cry ane Dance
Off Schrewis that wer nevir ſchrevin,
Aganis the feiſt of Faſternis evin,
To mak thair obſervance;
He bad gallandis ga graith a gyiſs, 10
And kaſt up gamountis in the ſkyiſs,
As varlotis dois in France.

. . . .

Heilie Harlottis on hawtane wyiſs,
Come in with mony ſindrie gyiſs,
Bot yit luche nevir Mahoun, 15
Quhill preiſtis come in with bair ſchevin nekkis;
Than all the Feyndis lewche, and maid gekkis,
Blak-belly and Bawſy-Broun.

. . . .

Lat fé, quoth he, now quha begynnis.
With that the fowll Sevin Deidly Synnis 20
Begowth to leip at anis.
And firft of all in Dance wes PRYD,
With hair wyld bak, and bonet on fyd,
Lyk to mak vaiftie wanis;
And round abowt him, as a quheill, 25
Hang all in rumpillis to the heill
His kethat for the nanis:
Mony prowd trumpour with him trippit,
Throw fkaldand fyre, ay as thay fkippit
Thay gyrnd with hyddoufs granis. 30

Than YRE come in with fturt and ftryfe;
His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
He brandeift lyk a beir:
Boftaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
Eftir him paffit in to pairis, 35
All bodin in feir of weir;
In jakkis, and fcryppis, and bonettis of fteill,
Thair leggis wer chenyeit to the heill,
Frawart wes thair affeir:
Sum upoun uder with brandis beft, 40
Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
With knyvis that fcherp cowd fcheir.

Nixt in the Dance followit INVY,
Fild full of feid and felleny,
Hid malyce and difpyte: 45

For pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit;
Him followit mony freik diffymlit,
With fenyeit wordis quhyte:
And flattereris in to menis facis;
And bak-byttaris in fecreit placis, 50
To ley that had delyte;
And rownaris of fals lefingis,
Allace! that courtis of noble kingis
Of thame can nevir be quyte.

Nixt him in Dans come CUVATYCE, 55
Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,
That nevir cowd be content:
Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris,
Hud-pykis, hurdaris, and gadderaris,
All with that warlo went: 60
Out of thair throttis thay fchot on udder
Hett moltin gold, me thecht, a fudder
As fyre-flawcht maift fervent;
Ay as thay tumit thame of fchot,
Feyndis fild thame new up to the thrott 65
With gold of allkin prent.

Syne SWEIRNES, at the fecound bidding,
Come lyk a fow out of a midding,
Full flepy wes his grunyie:
Mony fweir bumbard belly huddroun, 70
Mony flute daw, and flepy duddroun,
Him fervit ay with founyie;

He drew thame furth in till a chenyie,
And Bellial with a brydill renyie,
Evir lafcht thame on the lunyie: 75
In Dance thay war fo flaw of feit,
Thay gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
And maid them quicker of counyie.

Than LICHERY, that lathly corfe,
Came berand lyk a bagit horfe, 80
And Ydilnefs did him leid;
Thair wes with him ane ugly fort,
And mony ftynkand fowll tramort,
That had in fyn bene deid:
Quhen thay wer enterit in the Dance, 85
Thay wer full ftrenge of countenance,
Lyke tortchis byrnand reid;
Ilk ane led uthair be the tarffis;
Suppoifs thay fyleit with thair arffis,
It mycht be no remeid. 90

Than the fowll monftir GLUTTONY,
Off wame unfafiable and gredy,
To Dance he did him drefs:
Him followit mony fowll drunckart,
With can and collep, cop and quart, 95
In furffet and excefs;
Full mony a waiftlefs wally-drag,
With wamis unweildable, did furth wag,
In creifche that did increfs:

Drynk ! ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip, 100
The Feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip,
Thair leveray wes na lefs.

. . . .

Na menftrallis playit to thame but dowt,
For glé-men thair wer haldin owt,
Be day, and eik by nycht; 105
Except a menftrall that flew a man,
Swa till his heretage he wan,
And enterit be breif of richt.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane:
Syne ran a Feynd to feche Makfadyane, 110
Far northwart in a nuke;
Be he the Correnoch had done fchout,
Erfche men fo gadderit him abowt,
In Hell grit roume thay tuke:
Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter, 115
Full lowd in Erfche begowth to clatter,
And rowp lyk revin and ruke.
The Devill fa devit wes with thair yell,
That in the depeft pot of hell
He fmorit thame with fmuke. 120

THE JUSTIS BETUIX THE TAILYEOUR AND SOWTAR.

Nixt at a Tornament was tryit,
That lang before in Hell was cryit,
    In prefens of Mahoune;
Betuix a Tailyeour and a Sowtar,
A prikloufs and a hobbill clowtar, 5
    Thair barrafs was maid boune.
The Tailyeour, baith with fpeir and fcheld,
Convoyit was unto the feld,
    With mony a lymmer lowne;
Of feme bytaris, and beist gnapparis, 10
Of ftomok ftelaris, and clayth knapparis
    A gracelefs garifoun.

His baner borne him was before,
Quharin war cloutis a hundreth fcore,
    Ilk ane of diverfs hew; 15
And all ftollyn owt of fyndry webbis,
For, quhill the fé flude fillis and ebbis,
    Tailyeouris will nevir be trewe.
The buthman on the barrafs blent;
Allace! he tynt all hardyment, 20
    For feir he changit hew:

Mahoune him comfort, and maid him knycht,
No ferly thocht his hart was licht,
That to ſic honour grew.

He hecht hiely before Mahoune, 25
That he ſuld dyng the Sowtar doun,
Thocht he war wicht as maſt;
Bot quhen he on the barraſs blenkit,
The Tailyeouris corage a litill ſchrenkit,
His hart did all oure caſt: 30
And quhen he ſaw the Sowtar cum,
Off all ſic wordis he was dum,
Full ſair he was agaſt;
For he in hart tuke ſic a ſcunnir,
A rak of fartis lyk ony thunnir, 35
Went fra him, blaſt for blaſt.

The Sowtar to the feld him dreſt,
He was convoyit out of the weſt,
As a defendour ſtowt:
Suppois he had no luſty varlot, 40
He had full mony lowſy harlot,
Faſt rynnand him abowt.
His banir was a barkit hyd,
Quharin Sanct Girnyga did glyde,
Before that rebald rowt: 45
Full Sowtar-lyk he was of laitis,
For ay betwene the harnas platis,
The oyly briſtit out.

Apon the Tailyeour quhen he did luke,
His hart a litill dwalmyng tuke, 50
Uneifs he mycht upfit;
In till his ftomok was fic a fteir,
Of all his dyner that coft him deir,
His breft held never a bit.
To comfort him, or he raide forthir, 55
The Devill of knycht-hed gaf him ordir;
For ftynk than he did fpit;
And he about the Devillis nek
Did fpewe agane a quart of blek,
So knychtlie he him quyt. 60

Than forty tymes the Feynd cryit, Fy!
The Sowtar furth affraitlye,
Unto the feld he foucht:
Quhen thai war fervit with thair fperis,
Folk had a feile be thair efferis, 65
Thair hartis was baith on flocht.
Thai fpurrit apon athir fyd,
The horfs attour the grene did glyd,
And tham togiddir brocht;
The Tailyeour was no thing wele fittin, 70
He left the fadill all befchittin,
And to the ground he focht.

His birnes brak and maid a bratill,
The Sowtaris horfe fcarrit with the rattill,
And round about did reile; 75

This beift that was affrayit full evill,
Ran with the Sowtar to the Devill,
    And thar rewardit him wele.
Sum thing fra him the Feynde efchewit,
He trowit agane to be befpewit, 80
    So ftrenyt he was in ftele:
He thocht he wald agane debait him,
He torned his erfs and all bedrait him,
    Quyte our fra nek to hele.

He lowfit it with fic a rerd, 85
Baith horfe and man flawe to the erd,
    He fartit with fic a feir:
Now, haif I quyt thé! quoth Mahoun;
The new maid knycht lay into fwoun,
    And did all armes forfweir. 90
The Devill gart thaim to dungeoun dryf,
And tham of knycht-hed to depryf,
    Difcharging tham all weir;
And maid tham harlotis agane for evir,
Quhilk ftyle to kepe thai had fer levir 95
    Na ony armes beir.

I had mair of thair werkis writtin,
Had nocht the Sowtar bene befchittin,
    With Beliallis arfs unblift;
Bot that fa gud a bourd, me thocht, 100
Sic folace to my hart it wrocht,
    For lauchtir neir I brift.

Quhar throw I walkinnit of my trauns;
To put in to rememberans,
    Micht no man me refift, 105
To dyte how all this thing befell
Before Mahoune, the heir of hell:
    Schirris, trow it gif ye lift.

AMENDIS TO THE TAILYEOURIS AND SOWTARIS.

Betuix twell houris and ellevin,
I dremed ane angell came fra Hevin,
With plesand ftevin, fayand on hie,
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

In Hevin hie ordand is your place, 5
Aboif all Sanctis in grit folace;
Nixt God, gritteft in dignitie:
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

The caufe to yow is nocht unkend,
That God mifmakkis ye do amend, 10
Be craft and grit agilitie:
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, bleft be ye.

Sowtaris, with fchone weill maid and meit,
Ye mend the faltis of ill maid feit;
Quhairfoir to Hevin your faulis will flie: 15
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Is nocht in all this fair a flyrok,
That has upoun his feit a wyrok,

Knowll tais, nor mowlis in no degrie,
But ye can hyd thame : blift be ye. 20

And Tailyeouris with weil maid clais,
Can mend the werft maid man that gaifs,
And mak him femely for to fé :
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht God mak ane miffaffonit man, 25
Ye can him all fchaip new agane,
And faffoun him bettir be fic thré :
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Thocht a man haif a brokin bak,
Haif ye a gude crafty Tailyeour, quhat-rak, 30
That can it cuver with craftis flie !
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

Off God grit kyndnefs may ye claime,
That helpis his peple fra cruke and lame,
Supportand faltis with your fupplie : 35
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye.

In Erd ye kyth fic mirakillis heir,
In Hevin ye fal be Sanctis full cleir,
Thocht ye be knavis in this cuntré :
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blift be ye. 40

THE TUA MARYIT WEMEN AND THE WEDO.

Apon the Midſumer evin, mirrieſt of nichtis,
I muvit furth allane, neir as midnicht wes paſt,
Beſyde ane gudlie grene garth, full of gay flouris,
Hegeit, of ane huge hicht, with hawthorne treis;
Quhairon ane bird, on ane branſche, ſo birſt out hir notis
That never ane blythfullar bird was on the beuche harde:
Quhat through the ſugarat ſound of hir ſang glaid,
And through the ſavour ſanative of the ſueit flouris,
I drew in derne to the dyk to dirkin eftir myrthis;
The dew donkit the daill, and dynarit the foulis. 10
I hard, under ane holyn hevinlie grein hewit,
Ane hie ſpeiche, at my hand, with hautand wourdis;
With that in haiſt to the hege ſo hard I inthrang
That I was heildit with hawthorne, and with heynd leivis:
Throw pykis of the plet thorne I preſandlie luikit, 15
Gif ony perſoun wald approche within that pleſand
garding.
I ſaw Thré gay Ladeis ſit in ane grene arbeir,
All grathit in to garlandis of freſche gudelie flouris;
So glitterit as the gold wer thair glorius gilt treſſis,
Quhill all the greſſis did gleme of the glaid hewis; 20

Kemmit was thair cleir hair, and curiouslie sched
Attour thair schulderis doun schyre, schyning full bricht;
With curches, cassin thame abone, of kirsp cleir and thin:
Thair mantillis grein war as the gress that grew in May
sessoun,
Fetrit with thair quhyt fingaris about thair fair sydis: 25
Off ferliful fyne favour war thair faceis meik,
All full of flurist fairheid, as flouris in June;
Quhyt, seimlie, and soft, as the sweit lillies;
New up spred upon spray, as new spynist rose,
Arrayit ryallie about with mony rich wardour, 30
That Nature, full nobillie, annamalit fine with flouris
Off alkin hewis under hevin, that ony heynd knew;
Fragrant, all full of fresche odour fynest of smell,
Ane marbre tabile coverit wes befoir thai Thré Ladeis,
With ryale cowpis apon rawis full of ryche wynis: 35
And of thir fair Wlonkes, with Tua [that] weddit war
with Lordis,
Ane wes ane Wedow, I wist, wantoun of laitis.
And, as thai talkit at the tabill of mony taill funde,
Thay wauchtit at the wicht wyne, and warit out wourdis;
And syne thai spak more spedelie, and sparit no materis. 40

Bewrie, said the Wedo, ye weddit wemen ying,
Quhat mirth ye fand in maryage, sen ye war menis wyffis;
Reveill gif ye rewit that rakles conditioun?
Or gif that ever ye luffit leyd upone lyf mair
Nor thame that ye your fayth hes festinit for ever? 45
Or gif ye think, had ye chois, that ye wald cheis better?

Think ye it nocht ane blift band that bindis fo faft
That none unto it adew may fay bot the deithe alane?

Than fpak ane lufty belyf, with lufty effeiris;
It, that ye call the blift band that bindis fo faft, 50
Is bair of blis, and bailfull, and greit barrat wirkis.
Ye fpeir, had I fré chois, gif I wald cheis better?
Chenyeis ay ar to efchew; and changeis ar fueit:
Sic curfit chance till efchew, had I my chois anis,
Out of the chenyeis of ane churle I chaip fuld for ever. 55
God gif matrimony were made to mell for ane yeir!
It war bot monftrous to be mair, bot gif our myndis plefit:
It is agane the law of luif, of kynd, and of nature,
Togiddir hartis to ftrene, that ftryveis with uther:
Birdis hes ane better law na bernis be meikill, 60
That ilk yeir, with new joy, joyis ane maik;
And fangis thame ane frefche feyr, unfulyeit, and conftant;
And lattis thair fulyeit feiris flie quhair thai pleis.
Chryft gif fic ane confuetude war in this erth holdin!
Than weill war us wemen, that ever we may be fré; 65
We fuld have feiris as frefche to fang quhen we wald,
And gif all larbaris thair leveis, quhan thai lak curage.
My felf fuld be full femlie with filkis arrayit;
Gymp, jolie, and gent, richt joyus, and gentryce,
I fuld at fairis be found, new faceis to spy; 70
At playis, and preichingis, and pilgrimages greit,
To fchaw my renoun, royaly, quhair preis was of folk;
To manifeft my makdome to multitude of pepill,

And blaw my bewtie on breid, quhair bernis war mony;
That I micht cheis, and be chosin, and change quhen me
lykit: 75
Than suld I waill ane full weill, oure all the wyd realme,
That suld my womanheid weild the lang winter nicht;
And when I gottin had ane grume, ganest of uther,
Yaip, and ying, in the yok ane yeir for to draw;
Fra I had preivit his pith the first plesand moneth, 80
Than suld I cast me to keik in kirk, and in markat,
And all the cuntré about, kyngis court, and uther,
Quhair I ane galland micht get aganis the nixt yeir,
For to perfurneis furth the werk quhen failyeit the tother:
A forky fure, ay furthwart, and forsy in draucht; 85
Nothir febill, nor fant, nor fulyeit in labour;
Bot als fresche of his forme, as flouris in May;
For all the fruit suld I fang thocht he the flour burgeoun.
I have ane wallidrag, ane worme, ane auld wobat carle,
A waistit wolroun, na worth bot wourdis to clatter; 90
Ane bumbart, ane dron bee, ane bag full of flewme,
Ane scabbit skarth, ane scorpioun, ane scutarde behind:
To see him scart his awin skyn grit scunner I think.
Quhen kissis me that carybald, than kyndillis all my sorow;
As birss of ane brym bair, his berd is als stif, 95
Bot soft and soupill as the silk is his sary lwme:
He may weill to the syn assent, bot sakles is his deidis.
With gor is his tua grym ene gladderrit all about,
And gorgeit lyk twa gutaris that wer with glar stoppit;
Bot quhen that glourand gaist grippis me about, 100
Than think I hiddowus Mahoune hes me in armes;

Than ma na fainyne me fave fra that auld Sathane ;
For, thocht I wofe me all cleine, fra the croun doun,
He will my corfe all beclip, and clap to his breift.
Quhen fchaiffyn is that ald fchalk with a fcharp rafiour,
He fchowis on me his fchewill mouth, and fchedis my
lippis ;
And with his hard hurcheone fkyn fa heklis he my chekis,
That as a glemand gleyd glowis my chaftis ;
I fchrenk for the fcharp ftound, bot fchout dar I nought,
For fchore of that auld fchrew, fchame him betide ! 110
The luf blenkis of that bogill, fra his blerde ene,
As Belzebub had on me blent, abafit my fpreit ;
And quhen the fmy on me fmyrkis, with his fmake fmolet,
He fepillis like a farcy aver, that flyrit on a gillot.
Quhen that the found of his faw finkis in my eris, 115
Than ay renewis my noy, or he be neir cumand :
Quhen I heir nemmyt his name, than mak I nyne crocis,
To keip me fra the cummerans of that carll mangit,
That full of eldnyng is, and anger, and all evill thewis .
I dar nought luk to my luf for that lene gib, 120
He is fa full of jelufy, and engyne fals ;
Ever ymagynyng in mynd materis of evill,
Compafand and caftand cacis a thoufand
How he fall tak me, with a trawe, at trift of ane othir :
I dar nought keik to the knaip that the cop fillis, 125
For eldnyng of that ald fchrew that ever on evill thynkis ;
For he is waiftit, and worne fra Venus werkis,
And may nought beit worth a bene in bed of my myftirs.
He trowis that young folk I yerne yeild, for he gane is,

Bot I may yuke all this yeir, or his yerd help. 130
Ay quhen that caribald carll wald clym on my wambe,
Than am I dangerus, and dane, and dour of my will;
Yit leit I never that larbar my leggis ga betueene,
To flyle my flefche, na fumyll me, without a fee gret;
And thoght his pen purly me payis in bed, 135
His purfe pays richely in recompenfe efter:
For, or he clym on my corfe, that carybald forlane,
I have conditioun of a curche of kerfp all ther fyneft;
A goun of engranyt claith, right gaily furrit;
A ring with a ryall ftane, or other riche jowell, 140
Or reft of his roufty raid, thoght he wer rede wod:
For all the buddis of Johne Blunt, quhen he abone clymis,
Me think the baid deir abouch fa bawch ar his werkis;
And thus I fell him folace, thoght I it four think:
Fra fic a fyre, God yow faif, my fueit Sifteris deir! 145

Quhen that the Semely had faid her fentence to end,
Than all thai leuch apon loft, with laitis full mery;
And raucht the cop round about full off riche wynis,
And ralyeft lang, or thai wald reft, with ryatus fpeche.

The Wedo to the tothir Wlonk warpit thir wordis; 150
Now, fair Sifter, fallis yow but fenyeing to tell,
Sen man firft with matrimony yow menkit in kirk,
How haif ye farne be your faith? confefs us the treuth;
That band to blifs, or to ban, quhilk yow beft thinkis?
Or how ye like lif to leid in to leill fpoufage? 155
And fyne my felf ye exeme on the famyn wife,

And I fall fay furth the futh, diffymyland no word.

The Plefand faid, I proteft, the treuth gif I fchaw,
That of your toungis ye be traift: The tothir twa grantit;
With that fprang up hir fpreit be a fpan hechar. 160
To fpeik, quoth fcho, I fall nought fpair; ther is no fpy neir:
I fall a ragment reveil fra the rute of my hert,
A rouft that is fa rankild quhill rifis my ftomok;
Now fall the byle all out brift, that beild has fo lang;
For it to beir on my brift wes burdin our hevy: 165
I fall the venome devoid with a vent large,
And me affuage of the fwalme, that fuellit wes gret.
My hufband wes a hur maifter, the hugeaft in erd,
Tharfoir, I hait him with my hert, fa help me our Lord!
He is a young man ryght yaip, bot nought in youthis flouris;
For he is fadit full far, and feblit of ftrenth:
He wes as flurifing frefche within thir few yeris,
Bot he is fulyeit full far, and falyeid in labour;
He has bene lychour fo lang quhill loft is his natur,
His lume is waxit larbar, and lyis in to fwoune: 175
Wes never fugeorne wer fet na on that fnaill tyrit,
For efter feven oulkis reft, it will nought rap anys;
He has bene waiftit apon wemen, or he me wif cheifit,
And in adultre, in my tyme, I haif him tane oft:
And yit, he is als brankand with bonet on fyde, 180
And blenkand to the brichteft that in the burgh duellis,
Alfe curtly of his clething, and kemmyng of his hair,
As he that is mair valyeand in Venus chalmer;
He femys to be fumthing worth, that fyphyr in bour,

He lukis as he wald luffit be, thocht he be litill of valour;
He dois as dotit dog that damys on all buffis,
And liftis his leg apon loft, thoght he nought lift pifche ;
He has a luke without luft, and lif without curage;
Hé has a forme without force, and feffoun but vertu,
And fair wordis but effect, all frufter of dedis ; 190
He is for ladyis in luf a richt lufty fchadow,
Bot in to derne, at the deid, he falbe drup fundin;
He railyeis, and makis repet with ryatus wordis,
Ay rufing him of his radis, and rageing in chalmer;
Bot God wait quhat I think quhen he fo thra fpekis : 195
And how it fettis him fo fyde to fege of fic materis.
Bot gif him felf, of fum evin, myght ane fay amang thaim,
Bot he nought ane is, bot nane of naturis poffefforis.
Scho that has ane auld man nought all is begylit;
He is at Venus werkis na war na he femys: 200
I wend I jofit a gem, and I haif ane geit gottin;
He had the glemying of gold, and wes bot glafe fundin:
Thought men be ferfe, wele I fynd, fra failye thair curage,
Thar is bot eldnyng, or anger thair hertis within.
Ye fpeik of birdis on beuch : of blife may thai fing, 205
That, on fanct Valentynis day, ar vacandis ilk yeir:
Hed I that plefand prevelege to part quhen me likit,
To change, and ay to cheife agane, than, Chaftité, adew!
Than fuld I haif a frefch feir to fang in myne armes:
To hald a freke, quhill he faynt, may foly be callit. 210
Apone fic materis I mufe, at mydnyght, full oft,
And murnys fo in my mynd, I murdris my felfin;
Than ly I walkand for wa, and walteris about

Wariand off my wickit kyn, that me away caſt,
To ſic a craudoune, but curage, that knyt my clér bewté;
And ther ſo mony kene knyghtis this kenrik within:
Than think I on a ſemelyar, the ſuth for to tell,
Na is our ſyre be ſic ſevin; with that I ſych oft:
Than he ful tenderly dois turne to me his tume perſoun,
And with a yoldin yerd, dois yolk me in armys; 220
And ſays, My ſoverane ſueit thing, quhy ſleip ye no
better?
Me think ther haldin yow a hete, as ye ſum harme ailyt.
Quoth I, My hony, hald abak, and handill me nought ſair;
A hathe is happinit haſtely at my hert rut.
With that I ſeme for to ſwoune, thought I na ſwerf tak; 225
And thus beſwik I that ſwane, with my ſueit wordis:
I caſt on him a crabbit é, quhen cleir day is cummyn,
And leitis it is a luf blenk, quhen he about glemys,
I turne it in a tender luke, that I in tene warit,
And him behaldis hamely, with hertly ſmyling. 230
I wald a tender peronall, that myght na put thole,
That hatit men with hard geir, for hurting of fleſch,
Had my gud man to hir geſt; for I dar God ſuer,
Scho ſuld not ſtert for his ſtraik a ſtray breid of erd.
And ſyne, I wald that ilk band, that ye ſo bliſt call, 235
Had bund him ſo to that bryght, quhill his bak werkit;
And I wer in a bed broght with berne that me likit,
I trow, that bird of my blis ſuld a bourd want.

Onone quhen this Amyable had endit hir ſpeche,
Loudly lauchand the laif allowit hir mekle: 240

Thir gay Wiffis maid game amang the grene leiffis;
Thai drank, and did away dule, under derne bewis;
Thai fwapit of the fueit wyne, thai fwan quhit of hewis,
Bot all the pertlyar in plane thai put out thair vocis.

Than faid the Weido, I wis ther is no way other; 245
Now tydis me for to talk; my taill it is nixt:
God my fpreit now infpir, and my fpeche quykkin,
And fend me fentence to fay, fubftantious, and noble;
Sa, that my preching may pers your perverft hertis,
And mak you mekar to men in maneris and conditiounis.
I fchaw you, Sifteris in fchrift, I wes a fchrew evir,
Bot I wes fchene in my fchrowd, and fchew me innocent;
And thought I dour wes, and dane, difpitois, and bald,
I wes diffymblit futtelly in a fanctis liknes:
I femyt fober, and fueit, and fempill without fraud, 255
Bot I couth fexty diffaif that futtillar wer haldin.
Unto my leffon ye lyth, and leir at me wit,
Gif you nought lift be forleit with lofingeris untrew:
Be conftant in your governance, and counterfeit gud maneris,
Thought ye be kene, and inconftant, and cruell of mynd;
Thought ye as tygris be terne, be tretable in luf;
And be as turtoris in your talk, thought ye haif talis brukill;
Be dragonis baithe and dowis, ay in double forme,
And quhen it nedis you, onone, note baith ther ftranthis;
Be amyable with humble face, as angellis apperand, 265
And with a terrebill tail be ftangand as edderis;

Be of your luke like innocentis, thoght ye haif evill myndis;
Be courtly ay in clething, and coftly arrayit,
That hurtis yow nought worth a hen; your hufband pays
for all.

Twa hufbandis haif I had, thai held me baith deir, 270
Thought I difpytit thaim agane, thai fpyit it na thing:
Ane wes ane hair hogeart, that hoftit out flewme;
I hatit him like a hund, thought I it hid prevé:
With kiffing, and with clapping, I gert the carill fon;
Weil couth I claw his cruke bak, and keme his cowit
noddill, 275
And with a bukky in my cheik bo on him behind;
And with a bek gang about, and bler his ald é;
And with a kyind countenance kys his crynd chekis;
In to my mynd makand mokis at that mad fader,
Trowand me with trew lufe to treit him fo fair: 280
This couth I do without dule, and na difes tak,
Bot ay be mery in my mynd, and myrthfull of cheir.

I had a luffummar leid, my luft for to flokyn,
That couth be fecrete and fure, and ay faif my honour,
And few bot at certayne tymes, and in ficir placis; 285
Ay when the ald did me anger, with akword wordis,
Apon the galland for to goif it gladit me agane.
I had fic wit that for wo weipit I bot litill;
Bot leit the fueit ay the four to gud fefone bring.
Quhen that the chuf wald me chid, with girnand chaftis,
I wald him chuk, cheik and chyn, and cheris him fo mekill;
That his cheif chymys had chevift to my fone,
Suppois the churll wes gane chaift, or the child wes gottin:

As wise woman ay I wrought, and nought as wod fule,
For mair with wylis I wan na wichtnes of handis. 295

Syne maryit I a merchand, myghti of gudis:
He was a man of myd eld, and of mene statur;
Bot we na fallowis wer in frendschip and blud,
In fredome, na furth bering, na fairnes of persoune;
Quhilk ay the fule did foryet, for febilnes of knawlege;
Bot I sa oft thoght him on quhill angrit his hert,
And quhilum I put furth my voce, and Pedder him callit:
I wald ryght tuichandly talk, be I wes tuyse maryit,
For endit wes my innocence with my ald husband:
I wes apperand to be pert within perfit eild; 305
Sa sais the curat of our kirk, that knew me full ying:
He is our famous to be fals, that fair worthy prelot;
I salbe laith to lat him lé, quhill I may luke furth.
I gert the buthman obey, ther wes no bute ellis;
He maid me ryght hie reverens, fra he my rycht knew:
For, thocht I say it my self, the severance was mekle,
Betuix his bastard blude, and my birth noble.
That page wes never of sic price for to presome anys
Unto my persone to be peir, had peté nought grantit.
Bot mercy in to womanheid is a mekle vertu: 315
For never bot in a gentill hert is generit ony ruth.
I held ay grene in to his mynd that I of grace tuk him,
And for he couth ken him self I curtasly him lerit;
He durst not sit anys my summondis; for, or the secund charge,
He wes ay redy for to ryn; so raid he wes for blame. 320

Bot ay my will wes the war of womanly natur;
The mair he loutit for my luf, the les of him I rakit;
And eik, this is a ferly thing, or I him faith gaif,
I had fic favour to that freke, and feid fyne for ever.
Quhen I the cur had all clene, and him our cummyn haill,
I crew abone that craudone, as cok that wer victour;
Quhen I him faw fubject, and fett at myn bydding,
Than I him lichtlyit as a lowne, and lathit his maneris.
Than woxe I fa unmerciable to martir him I thought,
For, as a beift, I broddit him to all boyis laubour: 330
I wald haif ridden him to Rome, with ane raip in his heid,
Wer not ruffill of my renoune, and rumour of pepill.
And yit hatrent I hid within my hert all;
Bot quhilis it hepit fo huge, quhill it behud out:
Yit tuk I nevir the wofp clene out of my wyde throte, 335
Quhill I oucht wantit of my will, or quhat I wald defir.
Bot quhen I feverit had that fyre of fubftance in erd;
And gottin his biggingis to my barne, and his burrow landis;
Than with a ftew ftert out the ftoppell of my hals,
That he all ftynyft throu the ftound, as of a ftele wappin.
Than wald I, efter lang, firft fa fane haif bene wrokin,
That I to flyte wes als fers as a fell dragoun.
I had for flattering of that fule fenyeit fo lang,
Mi evidentis of heritagis or thai wer all felit;
My breift that wes gret beild, bowdyn wes fa huge, 345
That neir my baret out brift or the band makin;
Bot quhen my billis, and my bauthles wes all braid felit,
I wald na langar beir on bridill, bot braid up my heid;

Thar myght na molet mak me moy, na hald my mouth in:
I gert the renyeis rak, and rif in to fondir; 350
I maid that wif carll to werk all womenis werkis,
And laid all manly materis, and menfk in this eird.
Than faid I, to my cumaris, in counfall about,
Sé how I cabeld yone cout with a kene brydill!
The cappill, that the crelis keft in the caf mydding, 355
Sa curtafly the cart drawis, and kennis na plungeing,
He is nought fkeich, na yit fker, na fcippis nought on fyd:
And thus the fcorne and the fcaith fcapit he nothir.
He wes no glaidfum geft for a gay lady,
Tharfoir, I gat him a game that ganyt him bettir; 360
He wes a gret goldit man, and of gudis riche;
I leit him be my lumbart to lous me all mifteris;
And he wes fane for to fang fra me that fair office,
And thoght my favoris to fynd through his feill giftis.
He grathit me in a gay filk, and gudly arrayis; 365
In gownis of engranyt clayth, and gret goldin chenyeis;
In ringis ryally fet with riche ruby ftonis,
Quhill hely raife my renoune amang the rude peple;
Bot I full craftely did keip thai courtly wedis,
Quhill eftir dede of that drupe, that docht nought in
chalmer: 370
Thought he of all my clathis maid coft and expenfe,
Ane othir fall the worfchip haif, that weildis me efter;
And thoght I likit him bot litill, yit for the luf of otheris,
I wald me prunya plefandly; in precius wedis,
That luffaris myght apon me luke, and ying lufty gal-
landis, 375

That I held more in daynté, and derer be ful mekill,
Ne him that dreſſit me ſo dink: full dotit wes his heyd.
Quhen he wes heryit out of hand, to hie up my honoris,
And payntit me as pako, proudeſt of fedderis,
I him miſkennyt, be Chriſt; and cukkald him maid; 380
I him forleit as a lad, and lathlyit him mekle:
I thoght my ſelf a papingay, and him a plukit herle;
All thus enforſit he his fa, and fortifyit in ſtrenth,
And maid a ſtalwart ſtaff to ſtrik him ſelfe doune.
  Bot of ane bowrd in to bed I ſall yow breif yit: 385
Quhen he ane hail year wes hanyt, and him behuffit rage,
And I wes laith to be loppin with ſic a lob avoir,
Alſe lang as he wes on loft, I lukit on him never;
Na leit never enter in my thought that he my thing perſit.
Bot ay in mynd ane other man ymagynit that I haid; 390
Or ellis had I never mery bene at that myrthles raid.
Quhen I that grome geldit had of gudis, and of natur,
Me thought him gracelefe on to goif, ſa me God help:
Quhen he had warit all on me his welth, and his ſubſtance,
Me thought his wit wes all went away with the laif; 395
And ſo I did him diſpiſe, I ſpittit quhen I ſaw
That ſuper ſpendit evill ſpreit, ſpulyeit of all vertu.
For, weill ye wait, Wiffis, that he that wantes riches,
And valyeandnes in Venus play, is ful vile haldin:
Full fruſter is his freſch array, and fairnes of perſoune, 400
All is bot frutleſe his effeir, and falyeis at the up with.
  I buſkit up my barnis like baronis ſonnis,
And maid bot fulis of the fry of his firſt wif:
I banyſt fra my boundis his brether ilkane;

His frendis as my fais I held at feid ever; 405
Be this, ye beleif may, I luffit nought him self,
For never I likit a leid that langit till his blude:
And yit thir wifemen, thai wait that all wiffis evill
Ar kend with thair conditionis, and knawin with the famin.

Deid is now that dyvour, and dollin in erd: 410
With him deit all my dule, and my drery thoghtis;
Now done is my dolly nyght, my day is upfpringin,
Adew dolour, adew! my daynté now begynis:
Now am I a wedow, I wis, and weill am at efe;
I weip as I wer woful, bot wel is me for ever; 415
I bufk as I wer bailfull; bot blith is my hert;
My mouth it makis murnyng, and my mynd lauchis;
My clokis thai ar cairfull in colour of fabill;
Bot courtly and ryght curyus my corfe is ther undir:
I drup with a ded luke, in my dule habit, 420
As with manis daill I had done for dayis of my lif.

Quhen that I go to the kirk, cled in cair weidis,
As foxe in a lambis fleife fenyé I my cheir;
Than lay I furth my bright buke on breid on my kné,
With mony lufty letter ellummynit with gold; 425
And drawis my clok forthwart our my face quhit,
That I may fpy, unafpyit, a fpace me befide;
Full oft I blenk by my buke, and blynis of devotioun,
To fé quhat berne is beft brand, or bredeft in fchulderis,
Or forgeit is maift forcely, to furnyfe a bancat 430
In Venus chalmer, valyeandly, withoutin vane rufe:
And, as the new mone, all pale, oppreffit with change,

Kythis quhilis her cleir face, through cluddis of ſable,
So keik I through my clokis, and caſtis kynd lukis
To knychtis, and to cleirkis, and courtly perſonis. 435
 Quhen frendis of my huſbandis behaldis me on fer,
I haif a water ſpunge for wa, within my wyde clokis,
Than wring I it full wylely, and wettis my chekis;
With that watteris myn ene, and welteris doune teris.
Than ſay thai all, that ſittis about, Sé ye nought, allace!
Yone luſtleſe leid ſo lelely ſcho luffit hir huſband:
Yone is a peté to enprent in a princis hert,
That ſic a perle of pleſance ſuld yone pane dré!
I ſane me as I war ane ſanct, and ſemys ane angell;
At langage of lichory I leit as I war crabit: 445
I ſich, without ſair hert, or ſeiknes in body;
According to my ſable weid I mon haif ſad maneris,
Or thai will ſé all the ſuth; for certis, we women
We ſet us all fra the ſyght to ſyle men of treuth:
We dule for na evill deid, ſa it be derne haldin. 450
 Wiſe women has wayis, and wonderfull gydingis
With gret engyne to bejaip ther jelyus huſbandis;
And quyetly, with ſic craft, convoyis our materis
That, under Chriſt, no creatur kennis of our doingis.
Bot folk a cury may miſcuke, that knawledge wantis, 455
And has na colouris for to cover thair awne kindly fautis;
As dois thir damyſellis, for derne dotit lufe,
That dogonis haldis in dainté, and delis with thaim ſo lang,
Quhill all the cuntré knaw ther kyndnes, and faith:
Faith has a fair name, bot falſheid faris better: 460
Fy on hir that can nought feyne her fame for to ſaif!

Yet am I wife in fic werk, and wes all my tyme;
Thoght I want wit in warldlynes, I wylis haif in luf,
As ony happy woman has that is of hie blude:
Hutit be the halok lafe a hunder yeir of eild! 465
I have ane fecrete fervand, rycht fobir of his toung,
That me fupportis of fic nedis, quhen I a fyne mak:
Thoght he be fympill to the ficht, he has a tong fickir;
Full mony femelyar fege wer fervice dois mak:
Thought I haif cair, under cloke, the cleir day quhill nyght, 470
Yit haif I folace, under ferk, quhill the fone ryfe.
Yit, am I haldin a haly wif our all the haill fchyre,
I am fa peteoufe to the pur, quhen thair is perfonis mony
In paffing of pilgrymage I pride me full mekle,
Mair for the prefe of peple, na ony perdoun wynyng. 475
Bot yit, me think, the beft bourd, quhen baronis and knychtis,
And othir bachilleris, blyth blumyng in youth,
And all my luffaris lele, my lugeing perfewis;
And fillis me wyne wantonly, with weilfair and joy:
Sum rownis; and fum ralyeis; and fum redis ballatis; 480
Sum raiffis furth rudly with riatus fpeche;
Sum plenis, and fum prayis; fum praifis my bewté,
Sum kiffis me; fum clappis me; fum kyndnes me proferis;
Sum kerffis to me curtaffi; fum me the cop giffis;
Sum ftalwardly fteppis ben, with a ftout curage, 485
And a ftif ftandand thing ftaiffis in my neiff;
And mony blenkis ben our, that but full fer fittis,
That mai nought, for the thik thrang, thrif as thai wald.

Bot, with my fair calling, I comfort thaim all:
For he that fittis me nixt, I nip on his finger; 490
I ferf him on the totħir fyde on the famin faffon;
And he that behind me fittis, I hard on him lene;
And him befor, with my fut faft on his I ftramp;
And to the bernis far but fueit blenkis I caft:
To every man in fpeciall fpeke I fum wordis, 495
So wifly, and fo womanly, quhill warmys thair hertis.
Thar is no liffand leid fo law of degré
That fall me luf unluffit, I am fo loik hertit;
And gif his luft fo be lent, into my lyre quhit,
That he be loft or with me lig, his lif fall nocht haif
danger; 500
I am fo mercifull in mynd, and menys all wichtis,
My fely faull, falbe faif, quhen fa bot all jugis.
Ladyis leir thir leffonis, and be no laffis fundin:
This is the Legeand of my lif, thought Latyne it be nane.

Quhen endit had her ornat fpeche this eloquent Wedow,
Lowd thai leuch all the laif, and loiffit hir mekle;
And faid, thai fuld exampill tak of her foverane teching,
And wirk efter hir wordis, that woman wes fo prudent.
Than culit thai thair mouthis with confortable drinkis;
And carpit full cummerlik, with cop going round. 510

Thus draif thai our that deir night, with danceis full noble,
Quhill that the day did up daw, and dew donkit the flouris;
The morow myld wes and meik, the mavis did fing,
And all remuffit the myft, and the meid fmellit;

Silver ſchouris doune ſchuke, as the ſchene criſtall, 515
And birdis ſchoutit in ſchaw, with thair ſchill notis;
The goldin glitterand gleme, ſo gladit thair hertis,
Thai maid a glorius glé amang the grene bewis.
The ſoft ſouch of the ſwyr, and ſoune of the ſtremys,
The ſueit ſavour of the ſward, and ſinging of foulis, 520
Myght confort ony creatur of the kyn of Adam;
And kindill agane his curage thocht it wer cald ſloknyt.
Than rais thir ryall roiſis, in thair riche wedis,
And rakit hame to thair reſt, through the riſe blumys;
And I all prevely paſt to a pleſand arber, 525
And with my pen did report thair paſtance moſt mery.

Ye Auditoris, moſt honorable, that eris has gevin
Onto this uncouth Aventur, quhilk airly me happinnit;
Of thir Thré Wantoun Wiffis, that I haif writtin heir,
Quhilk wald ye waill to your Wif, gif ye ſuld wed one?

THE TWA CUMMERIS.

Rycht airlie on Afh Weddinfday,
Drynkand the wyne fatt Cummeris Tway:
  The tane cowth to the tother complene;
Graneand, and fuppand cowth fcho fay,
  This lang Lentren makis me lene. 5

On cowth, befyd the fyre fcho fatt,
God wait gif fcho wes grit and fatt,
  Yit to be feble fcho did hir fene;
And ay fcho faid, Latt preif of that:
  This lang Lentren makis me lene. 10

My fair fweit Cummer, quoth the tuther,
Ye tak that nigirtnefs of your muther;
  All wyne to teft fcho wald difdane
But mavafy, fcho bad nane uther:
  This lang Lentren makis me lene. 15

Cummer, be glaid, both even and morrow,
Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow;
  Fra our lang fafting ye yow refrene,
And latt your hufband dré the forrow:
  This lang Lentren makis me lene. 20

Your counfale, Cummer, is gud, quoth fcho,
All is to tene him that I do;
  In bed he is nocht wirth a bene:
Fill fow the glafs, and drynk me to:
  This lang Lentren makis me lene. 25

Off wyne, out of ane choppyne ftowp,
Thay drank twa quartis, fowp and fowp;
  Off drowth fic excefs did thame conftrene;
Be than to mend thay had gud howp:
  That Lentren fuld nocht mak thame lene. 30

THE TOD AND THE LAMB.

THIS hindir nycht in Dumfermeling,
To me wes tawld ane windir thing,
That lait ane Tod wes with ane Lame,
And with hir playit, and maid gud game;
  Syne till his breift did hir imbrace, 5
And wald haif riddin hir lyk ane Rame;
  And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He braifit hir bony body fweit,
And halfit hir with [his] fordir feit,
Syne fchuk his taill, with quhinge and yelp; 10
And todlit with hir lyk ane quhelp;
  Syne lowrit on growfe, and afkit grace.
And ay the Lame cryd, Lady, help!
  And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The Tod wes nowder lene nor fkowry, 15
He wes ane lufty reid-haird lowry,
Ane lang taild beift, and grit withall;
The filly Lame wes all to fmall,
  To fic ane tribbill to hald ane bace:
Scho fled him nocht; fair mot hir fall! 20
  And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The Tod was reid, the Lame wes quhyte,
Scho wes ane morſall of delyte;
He lovit na yowis auld, teuch and ſklender:
Becaus this Lame wes yung and tender; 25
He ran upoun hir with a race,
And ſcho ſchup nevir for till defend hir:
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He grippit hir abowt the weſt,
And handlit hir as he had heſt; 30
This innocent that nevir treſpaſt,
Tuke hert that ſcho wes handlit faſt,
And lute him kiſs hir luſty face:
His girnand gamis hir nocht agaſt;
And that me thocht ane ferly cace. 35

He held hir till him be the hals,
And ſpak full fair, thocht he wes falſs;
Syne ſaid, and ſwoir to hir be God,
That he ſuld nocht twich hir prene-cod.
The ſilly thing trowd him, allace! 40
The Lame gaif creddence to the Tod;
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

I will no leſingis put in verſe,
Lyk as thir jangleris dois reherſs;
Bot be quhat maner thay war mard, 45
Quhen licht wes owt, and durris wes bard,
I wait nocht gif he gaif hir grace;

Bot all the hollis wes ſtoppit hard;
  And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen men dois fleit in joy maiſt far, 50
Sone cumis wo or thay be war;
Quhen carpand wer thir two moſt crowſe,
The Wolf he ombeſett the houſe,
  Upoun the Tod to mak ane chace:
The Lamb than cheipit lyk ane mowſe; 55
  And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Throw hiddowis yowling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plat doun on growf;
And in the ſilly Lambis ſkin,
He crap als far as he micht win; 60
  And hid him thair ane weill lang ſpace;
The yowis beſyd thay maid na din,
  And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen of the Tod wes hard no peip,
The Wowf went all had bene on ſleip; 65
And quhill the Tod had ſtrikkin ten,
The Wowf hes dreſt him to his den,
  Proteſtand for the ſecound place:
And this report I with my pen,
  How at Dumfermling fell the cace. 70

DUNBAR'S DIRIGE
TO THE KING AT STIRLING.

We that ar heir in Hevins glory,
To yow that ar in Purgatory,
Commendis us on our hairtly wyifs,—
I mene we folk in Parradyifs,
In Edinburgh with all mirrinefs, 5
To yow in Strivilling in diftrefs,
Quhair nowdir plefance nor delyt is,
For pety thus ane Apoftill wrytis.

O Ye Heremeitis, and Hankerfaidillis,
That takis your pennance at your tabillis, 10
And eitis nocht meit reftorative,
Nor drynkis no wyne confortative,
Bot aill, and that is thyn and fmall;
With few courfis in to your hall,
But cumpany of Lordis or Knychtis, 15
Or ony uder gudly wichtis,
Solitar walkand your allone,
Seing no thing but ftok and ftone;
Out of your panefull Purgatory,
To bring yow to the blifs of glory, 20

Off Edinburgh, the mirry toun,
We fall begyn ane cairfull foun;
Ane Dirige devoit and meik,
The Lord of blifs doing befeik
Yow to delyver out of your noy, 25
And bring yow fone to Edinburgh joy,
For to be mirry amang us:
And fa the Dirige begynis thus.

Lectio Prima.

The Fader, the Sone, and Haly Gaift,
The mirthfull Mary, virgene chaift, 30
Of Angellis all the ordouris nyne,
And all the Hevinly Court devyne,
Sone bring yow fra the pyne and wo
Of Strivilling, every court manis fo,
Agane to Edinburghs joy and blifs, 35
Quhair wirfchep, walth, and weilfair is,
Play, plefance, and eik honefty:
Say ye, Amen, for Cheritie.

Responsio.

Tak confolatioun in your pane,
In tribulatioun tak confolatioun, 40
Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,
Tak confolatioun in your paine.
Out of diftrefs of Strivilling toun
To Edinburghs blifs, God mak yow boun!

LECTIO SECUNDA.

Patriarchis, Profeitis, and Appoſtillis deir, 45
Confeſſouris, Virgynis, and Marteris cleir,
And all the Saitt Celeſtiall,
Devotely we upoun thame call,
That ſone out of your panis fell,
Ye may in Hevin heir with us dwell; 50
To eit ſwan, cran, pertrik, and plever,
And every fiſche that ſwymis in rever;
To drynk with us the new freſche wyne,
That grew upoun the rever of Ryne;
Freſche fragrant Clairettis out of France, 55
Of Angerſs, and of Orliance,
With mony ane courſe of grit dyntie:
Say ye Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

God and Sanct Jeill, heir yow convoy
Baith ſone and weill, God and Sanct Jeill, 60
To ſonce and ſeill, ſolace and joy,
God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy.
Out of Strivilling panis fell,
In Edinburghs joy, ſon mot ye dwell!

LECTIO TERTIA.

We pray to all the Sanctis of Hevin, 65
That are aboif the ſterris ſevin,
Yow to deliver out of your pennance,

That ye may ſone play, ſing, and dance
Heir in to Edinburgh, and mak gud cheir.
Quhair welth and weilfair is but weir, 70
And I, that dois your panis diſcryve,
Thinkis for to viſſy yow belyve;
Nocht in deſert with yow to dwell,
Bot as the angell Sanct Gabriell,
Dois go betwene, fra Hevinis glory, 75
To thame that ar in Purgatory,
And in thair tribulatioun,
To gif thame conſolatioun,
And ſchaw thame quhen thair panis ar paſt
Thay ſall till Hevin cum at laſt; 80
And how nane deſervis to haif ſweitneſs,
That nevir taiſtit bitterneſs:
And thairfoir, how ſuld ye conſiddir
Of Edinburghs bliſs, quhen ye cum hiddir,
But gif ye taiſtit had befoir 85
Of Strivilling toun, the panis ſoir?
And thairfoir, tak in patience
Your pennance, and your abſtinence,
And ye ſall cum, or Yule begin,
In to the bliſs that we ar in: 90
Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie!
Say ye, Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

Cum hame, and dwell no moir in Strivilling,
Frome hyddouſs Hell cum hame and dwell,

Quhair fifche to fell is non bot fpirling, 95
Cum hame, and dwell no moir in Strivilling.

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Strivilling:
Sed libera nos a malo ejufdem.
Requiem Edinburgi dona eis, Domine,
Et lux ipfius luceat eis.
A porta triftitiæ de Strivilling,
Erue, Domine, animas et corpora eorum.
Credo guftare vinum Edinburgi,
In villa vinentium.
Requiefcant statim in Edinburgo. Amen.
Domine, exaudi orationem meam:
Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

OREMUS.

Deus qui juftos et corde humiles ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es, libera famulos tuos apud villam de Strivilling verfantes a pœnis et triftitiis ejufdem, et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas. Amen.

NEW YEARS GIFT TO THE KING.

My Prince in God gif thé guid grace,
Joy, glaidnes, confort, and ſolace,
Play, pleaſance, myrth, and mirrie cheir,
  In hanſell of this guid New Yeir.

God gif to thé ane bliſſed chance, 5
And of all vertew aboundance,
And grace ay for to perſeveir,
  In hanſell of this guid New Yeir.

God give thé guid proſperitie,
Fair fortoun and felicitie, 10
Evir mair in earth quhill thow ar heir,
  In hanſell of this guid New Yeir.

The heavinlie Lord his help thé ſend,
Thy realme to reull and to defend,
In peace and juſtice it to ſteir, 15
  In hanſell of this guid [New] Yeir.

God gif thé blis quhair evir thow bownes,
And ſend thé many Fraunce crownes,
Hie liberall heart, and handis nocht ſwear,
  In hanſell of this guid New Yeir. 20

OF THE LADYIS SOLISTARIS AT COURT.

THIR Ladyis fair,
That makis repair,
And in the Court ar kend,
Thré dayis thair,
Thay will do mair, 5
Ane mater for till end,
Than thair gud men
Will do in ten,
For ony craft thay can;
So weill thay ken, 10
Quhat tyme and quhen,
Thair menes thay sowld mak than.

With littill noy
Thay can convoy
Ane mater fynaly, 15
Richt myld and moy,
And keip it coy,
On evyns quyetly;
Thay do not mifs,
Bot gif thay kifs, 20
And keipis collatioun,

Quhat rek of this ?
Thair mater is
Brocht to conclusioun.

Ye may wit weill, 25
Thay haif grit feill
Ane mater to folift;
Treft as the fteill,
Syne nevir a deill
Quhen thay cum hame ar mift. 30
Thir lairdis ar
Me think richt far
Sic Ladyis behaldin to,
That fa weill dar
Go to the bar, 35
Quhen thair is ocht ado.

Thairfoir I reid,
Gif ye haif pleid,
Or mater in to pley,
To mak remeid, 40
Send in your fteid
Your Ladyis graithit up gay:
Thay can defend,
Evin to the end,
Ane mater furth exprefs; 45
Suppois thay fpend,
It is unkend,
Thair geir is nocht the lefs.

In quyet place,
Thocht thay haif ſpace, 50
Within leſs nor twa howris,
Thay can, percaice,
Purcheſs ſum grace
At the compoſitouris;
Thair compoſitioun, 55
Without ſuſpitioun,
Thair fynallie is endit,
With expeditioun,
And full remiſſioun,
And thair ſeilis to ar pendit. 60

Alhaill almoiſt,
Thay mak the coiſt,
With ſobir recompens;
Richt littill loſt,
Thay get indoiſt, 65
Alhaill thair evidens;—
Sic Ladyis wyſe,
Thay ar to pryis,
To ſay the veretie,
Swa can devyiſs, 70
And nocht ſuppryiſs
Thame, nor thair Honeſtie.

IN PRAIS OF WEMEN.

Now of Wemen this I ſay for me,
Off erthly thingis nane may bettir be:
Thay ſuld haif wirſchep and grit honoring
Off men, aboif all uthir erthly thing;
Rycht grit diſhonour upoun himſelf he takkis 5
In word or deid quha evir Wemen lakkis;
Sen that of Wemen cumin all ar we,
Wemen ar Wemen, and ſa will end and dé:
Wo wirth the fruct wald put the tré to nocht!
And wo wirth him rycht ſo that ſayis ocht 10
Off Womanheid, that may be ony lak,
Or ſic grit ſchame upone him for to tak!
Thay us conſaif with pane, and be thame fed,
Within thair breiſtis thair we boun to bed:
Grit pane, and wo, and murnyng mervelluſs, 15
Into thair birth thay ſuffir ſair for us;
Than, meit and drynk, to feid us get we nane,
Bot that we ſowk out of thair breiſtis bane:
Thay ar the confort that we all haif heir,
Thair may no man be till us half ſo deir: 20
Thay ar our verry neſt of nurriſſing.
In lak of thame, quha can ſay ony thing,
That fowll his neſt he fylis! and for thy
Exylit he ſuld be of all gud cumpany;

Thair ſuld na wyiſs man gif audience, 25
To ſic ane without intelligence.
Chryſt to his Fader, he had nocht ane man:
Sé quhat wirſchep Wemen ſuld haif than!
That Sone is Lord, that Sone is King of Kingis,
In Hevin and Erth his Majeſtie ay ringis! 30
Sen ſcho hes borne him in hir halines,
And he is well and grund of all gudnes,
All Wemen of us ſuld haif honoring,
Service, and lufe aboif all uthir thing!

TO THE MERCHANTIS OF EDINBURGH.

QUHY will ye, MERCHANTIS of renoun,
Lat EDINBURGH, your nobill toun,
For laik of reformatioun
The commone proffeitt tyne and fame?
 Think ye nocht fchame, 5
That ony uther regioun
Sall with difhonour hurt your Name!

May nane pas throw your principall Gaittis,
For ftink of haddockis and of fcaittis;
For cryis of carlingis and debaittis; 10
For fenfum flyttingis of defame:
 Think ye nocht fchame,
Befoir ftrangeris of all eftaittis
That fic difhonour hurt your Name!

Your ftinkand Scule that ftandis dirk, 15
Haldis the lycht fra your Parroche Kirk;
Your foirftairis makis your houffes mirk,
Lyk na cuntray bot heir at hame:
 Think ye nocht fchame,

Sa litill polesie to work 20
In hurt and sklander of your Name!

At your hie Croce, quhair gold and silk
Sould be, thair is bot crudis and milk;
And at your Trone but cokill and wilk,
Panſches, pudingis of Jok and Jame: 25
Think ye nocht ſchame,
Sen as the world ſayis that ilk
In hurt and ſclander of your Name!

Your commone Menſtrallis hes no tone,
Bot Now the day dawis, and Into Joun; 30
Cuningar men man ſcherve Sanct Cloun,
And nevir to uther craftis clame:
Think ye nocht ſchame,
To hald ſic mowaris on the moune,
In hurt and ſclander of your Name! 35

Tailyouris, Soutteris, and craftis vyll,
The faireſt of your ſtreitis dois fyll;
And merchandis at the ſtinkand Styll
Ar hamperit in ane hony came:
Think ye nocht ſchame, 40
That ye have nether witt nor wyll
To win your ſelff ane bettir Name!

Your Burgh of beggaris is ane neſt,
To ſchout thai ſwenyouris will nocht reſt;

All houeft folk they do moleft, 45
Sa piteuſlie thai cry and rame:
  Think ye nocht ſchame,
That for the poore hes no thing dreft,
In hurt and ſclander of your Name!

Your proffeit daylie dois increſs 50
Your godlie workis leſs and leſs;
Through ſtreittis nane may mak progreſs,
For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame:
  Think ye nocht ſchame,
That ye ſic ſubſtance dois poſſeſs, 55
And will nocht win ane bettir Name!

Sen for the Court and the Seſſioun,
The great repair of this regioun
Is in your Burgh, thairfoir be boun
To mend all faultis that ar to blame, 60
  And eſchew ſchame;
Gif thai pas to ane uther Toun
Ye will decay, and your great Name!

Thairfoir ſtrangeris and leigis treit,
Tak nocht ouer meikle for thair meit, 65
And gar your Merchandis be diſcreit,
That na extortiounnes be proclaime,
  Awfrand ane ſchame:
Keip ordour, and poore nychtbouris beit,
That ye may gett ane bettir Name! 70

Singular proffeit ſo dois yow blind,
The common proffeit gois behind:
I pray that Lord remeid to fynd
That deit into Jeruſalem;
And gar yow ſchame! 75
That ſum tyme reſſoun may yow bind,
For to [reconqueis] yow guid Name.

OF SOLISTARIS AT COURT.

Be dyvers wayis and operatiounis
Men makis in Court thair foliftationis:
Sum be fervice, and diligence;
Sum be continewale refidence;
Sum on his fubftance dois abyde, 5
Quhill Fortoun do for him provyde;
Sum fingis; fum dancis; fum tellis ftoryis;
Sum lait at evin bringis in the moreis;
Sum flyrdis; fum fenyeis; and fum flattiris;
Sum playis the fulle, and all owt clattiris; 10
Sum man, mufand with the wa,
Luikis as he mycht nocht do with à;
Sum ftandis into a nuike, and rownis;
For covatyce ane uther neir fwownis;
Sum beiris as he wald ga wod 15
For heit defyir off warldis guid;
Sum at the mefs leivis all devotioun,
And befy labouris for promotioun;
Sum hes thair advocattis in chamir,
And takis thame felffe thairoff no glamir. 20
My fympilnes, amang the laiff,
Wait of na way, fa God me faiff!
Bot, with ane humbill cheir and face,
Referris me to the Kyngis grace:
Me thinkis his gracious countenance, 25
In ryches is my fufficence.

TYDINGIS FRA THE SESSIOUN.

ANE Murlandis Man of uplandis mak,
At hame thus to his Nychtbour ſpak,
Quhat Tydingis, Goſſep, peax or weir?
The tother rownit in his eir,
  I tell yow this undir confeſſioun, 5
Bot laitly lichtit of my meir,
  I come of Edinburgh fra the Seſſioun.

Quhat Tythingis hard ye thair, I pray yow?
The tother anſwerit, I ſall ſay yow:
Keip this all ſecreit, gentill brother, 10
Is na man thair that treſtis ane uther:
  Ane commoun doar of tranſgreſſioun,
Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher:
  Sic Tydingis hard I at the Seſſioun.

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleiſs 15
That wald for invy byt of his neiſs;
His fa ſum by the oxſtar leidis;
Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis,
  That hes his mynd all on oppreſſioun;
Sum beckis full law, and ſchawis bair heidis, 20
  Wald luke full heich war nocht the Seſſioun.

Sum bydand the law, layis land in wed;
Sum ſuper expendit gois to his bed;
Sum ſpeidis, for he in court hes menis;
Sum of parcialitie complenis, 25
  How feid and favour flemis diſcretioun;
Sum ſpeikis full fair, and falſly fenis:
  Sic Tythingis hard I at the Seſſioun.

Sum caſtis ſummondis, and ſum exceptis;
Sum ſtandis beſyd, and ſkaild law keppis; 30
Sum is continwit; ſum wynnis; ſum tynis;
Sum makis him mirry at the wynis;
  Sum is put owt of his poſſeſſioun;
Sum herreit, and on creddens dynis:
  Sic Tydingis hard I at the Seſſioun. 35

Sum ſweiris, and [ſum] forſaikis God;
Sum in ane lamb-ſkin is ane tod;
Sum in his toung his kyndnes turſis;
Sum cuttis throttis, and ſum pykis purſis;
  Sum gois to gallouſs with proceſſioun; 40
Sum ſanis the ſait, and ſum thame curſis:
  Sic Tydingis hard I at the Seſſioun.

Religious men of diverſs placis
Cummis thair to wow, and ſé fair facis;
Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris 45
Cummis thair to genner and get ma freiris,
  And ar unmindfull of thair profeſſioun;

The yungar at the eldar leiris:
  Sic Tydingis hard I at the Seffioun.

Thair cummis yung monkis of hé complexioun, 50
Of devoit mynd, luve, and affectioun;
And in the Courte thair hait flefche dantis,
Full fader-lyk, with pechis and pantis;
  Thay ar fo hummill of intercessioun,
All mercyfull women thair errandis grantis: 55
  Sic Tydingis hard I at the Seffioun.

WELCOME
TO THE LORD TREASURER.

I thocht lang quhile ſum Lord come hame,
Fra whom faine kyndneſs I wald clame;
His name of confort I will declair,
  Welcom, my awin Lord Theſaurair!

Befoir all raik of this regioun, 5
Under our Roy of moſt renoun,
Of all my mycht, thocht it war mair,
  Welcom, my awin Lord Theſaurair.

Your nobill payment I did aſſay,
And ye hecht ſone without delay, 10
Againe in Edinburgh till repair;
  Welcom, my awin Lord Theſaurair!

Ye keipit tryſt ſo winder weill,
I hald you trew as ony ſteill;
Neidis nane your payment till diſpair; 15
  Welcom, my awin Lord Theſaurair!

Yett in a pairt I was agaſt,
Or ye the narreſt way had paſt,

Fra town of Stirling to the air:
  Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair! 20

Thane had my dyt beine all in duill,
Had I my wage wantit quhill Yuill;
Quhair now I sing with heart on fair,
  Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

Welcum, my benefice, and my rent, 25
And all the lysfett to me lent;
Welcum, my pensioun most preclair;
  Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

Welcum, als heartlie as I can,
My awin dear maister to your man; 30
And to your servand singulair,
  Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

ANE HIS AWIN ENNEMY.

He that hes gold and grit richefs,
And may be into mirrynefs,
  And dois glaidnefs fra him expell,
And levis in to wretchitnefs,
  He wirkis forrow to him fell. 5

He that may be but fturt or ftryfe,
And leif ane lufty plefand lyfe,
  And fyne with mariege dois him mell,
And bindis him with ane wicket wyfe,
  He wirkis forrow to him fell. 10

He that hes for his awin genyie
Ane plefand prop, bot mank or menyie,
  And fchuttis fyne at ane uncow fchell,
And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenyie,
  He wirkis forrow to him fell. 15

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
But varians or uder flewth,
  Dois evir mair with ane maifter dwell,
That nevir of him will haif no rewth,
  He wirkis forrow to him fell. 20

Now all this tyme lat us be mirry,
And ſet nocht by this warld a chirry:
  Now quhill thair is gude wyne to ſell,
He that dois on dry breid wirry,
  I gif him to the Devill of Hell. 25

TO THE LORDIS OF THE KINGIS CHACKER.

My Lordis of Chacker, pleis yow to heir
My coumpt, I ſall it mak yow cleir,
But ony circumſtance or ſonyie;
For left is neither corce nor cunyie
Off all that I tuik in the yeir. 5

For rekkynning of my rentis and roumes,
Ye neid nocht for to tyre your thowmes;
Na, for to gar your countaris clink,
Nor paper for to ſpend, nor ink,
In the reſſaveing of my ſoumes. 10

I tuik fra my Lord Theſaurair
Ane ſoume of money for to wair:
I can nocht tell yow how it is ſpendit,
Bot weill I waitt that it is endit;
And that me think ane coumpt our ſair! 15

I trowit, in tyme, quhen that I tuik it,
That lang in burgh I ſould have bruikit,
Now the remanes are eith to turſs;
I haif na preiff heir, bot my purſs,
Quhilk wald nocht lie, and it war luikit. 20

OF JAMES DOIG, KEIPER OF THE QUENIS WARDROP.

TO THE QUENE.

The Wardraipper of Venus boure,
To giff a dowblett he is als doure,
As it war off ane fute ſyd frog:
  Madame, ye heff a dangerouſs Dog!

Quhen that I ſchawe to him your markis, 5
He turnis to me again, and barkis,
As he war wirriand ane hog:
  Madame, ye heff a dangerouſs Dog!

Quhen that I ſchawe to him your writing,
He girnis that I am red for byting; 10
I wald he had ane havye clog:
  Madame, ye heff a dangerouſs Dog!

Quhen that I ſpeik till him freindlyk,
He barkis lyk ane midding tyk,
War chaiſſand cattell through a bog: 15
  Madame, ye heff a dangerouſs Dog!

He is ane maſtyf, mekle of mycht,
To keip your wardroippe over nycht,

Fra the grytt Sowdan Gog-ma-gog:
  Madame, ye heff a dangerouſs Dog! 20

He is owre mekle to be your meſſan,
Madame, I reid you get a leſs ane,
His gang garis all your chalmeris ſchog:
  Madame, ye heff a dangerouſs Dog!

OF THE SAID JAMES,

QUHEN HE HAD PLEISIT HIM.

O GRACIOUS Princes, guid and fair!
Do weill to James your Wardraipair;
Quhais faithfull bruder maiſt freind I am:
  He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

Thocht I in ballat did with him bourde, 5
In malice ſpak I nevir ane word,
Bot all, my Dame, to do you game:
  He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

Your Hienes can nocht get ane meter,
To keip your wordrope, nor diſcreter, 10

To rule your robbis, and dreſs the ſame:
He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

The wyff, that he had in this innys,
That with the tangis wald break his ſchynnis,
I wald ſcho drownit war in a dam: 15
He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

The wyff that wald him kuckold mak,
I wald ſcho war, bayth ſyd and bak,
Weill batteret with ane barrow tram:
He is na Dog; he is a Lam. 20

He hes ſa weill doin me obey
In till all thing, thairfoir I pray,
That nevir dolour mak him dram:
He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

TO THE KING.

THAT HE WAR JOHNE THOMSOUNIS MAN.

Schir, for your Grace bayth nicht and day,
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,
With all devotioun that I can,
God gif ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

For war it ſo, than weill war me, 5
Bot benifice I wald nocht be;
My hard fortoun war endit than:
God gif ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

Than wald ſum reuth within you reſt,
For ſaik of hir faireſt and beſt, 10
In Bartane, ſyn hir tyme began;
God gif ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

For it micht hurt in no degré,
That one, ſo fair and gude as ſche,
Throw hir virtew ſic wirſchip wan, 15
As you to mak Johne Thomſounis man.

I wald gif all that evir I haif
To that conditioun, ſo God me ſaif,

That ye had vowit to the Swan,
Ane yeir to be Johne Thomſounis man. 20

The merſy of that ſweit meik Rois,
Suld ſofft yow Thriſill, I ſuppois,
Quhois pykis throw me ſo reuthles ran;
God gif ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

My advocat, bayth fair and ſweit, 25
The hale rejoſing of my ſpreit,
Wald ſpeid in to my errandis than;
And ye war anis Johne Thomſounis man.

Ever quhen I think yow harde or dour,
Or mercyles in my ſuccour, 30
Than pray I God, and ſweit Sanct An,
Gif that ye war Johne Thomſounis man!

TO THE QUENE.

Madame, your Men ſaid thai wald ryd,
And latt this Faſtrennis evin ower ſlyd:
  Bot than thair Wyffis come furth in flockis,
And baid thame betteis ſoun abyd
  At hame, and lib thame of the pockis. 5

Now propoifs thai, ſen ye dwell ſtill,
Off Venus feiſt to fang ane fill,
  Bot in the felde preiv thai na cockis;
For till haif riddin had been leſs ill
  Nor latt thair wyffis breid the pockis. 10

Sum of your men ſic curage had,
Dame Venus fyre ſa hard thame ſted,
  Thai brak up durris, and raiff up lockis,
To gett ane pamphelet on ane pled,
  That thai mycht lib thame of the pockis. 15

Sum, that war ryatouſs as rammis
Ar now maid tame lyk ony lammis,
  And ſettin doun lyk ſarye crockis;
And hes forſaikin all ſic gammis,
  That men call libbing of the pockis. 20

Sum, thocht thame felffis ftark, lyk gyandis,
Ar now maid weak lyk willing wandis;
  With fchinnis fcharp, and fmall lyk rockis;
And gottin thair bak in bayth thair handis,
  For ower off libbing of the pockis. 25

I faw cow-clinkis me befyd
The young men to thair howffis gyd,
  Had better liggit in the ftockis;
Sum fra the bordell wald nocht byd,
  Quhill that thai gatt the Spanyie pockis. 30

Thairfor, all young men, I yow pray,
Keip yow fra harlottis nycht and day;
  Thay fall repent quha with thame yockis:
And be war with that perrellouſs play,
  That men callis libbing of the pockis. 35

COMPLAINT AGANIS MURE.

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, I complane of injuris:
A ryſeing ſone of rakyng MURIS
Hes mangellit my makking, throw his maliſs,
And preſent it in to your Paliſs:
  Bot, ſen he pleſis with me to pleid, 5
I ſall him knawin mak hyne to Caliſs,
  Bot giff your Hieneſs it remeid.

That fulle diſmemberit hes my meter,
And poyſound it with ſtrang ſaltpeter,
With rycht defamouſs ſpeiche off Lordis, 10
Quhilk with my collouris all diſcordis:
  Quhois crewall ſclanderis ſerviſs deid;
And in my name all leis recordis,
  Your Grace beſeik I of remeid.

He hes indorſit myn indytting 15
With verſis off his [awin] hand writting;
Quhairin baith ſclander is and treſſoun:
Off ane wod fuill far owt off ſeſsoun,
  He wanttis nocht bot a roundit heid,
For he hes tynt baith wit and reſſoun: 20
  Your Grace beſeik I off remeid.

Puneiſs him for his deid culpabill;
Or gar deliver him ane babill,
That Cuddy Ring the Drumfreſs fuill,
May him reſave agane this Yuill, 25
  All roundit into yallow and reid;
That laddis may baitt him lyk a buill:
  For that to me war ſum remeid.

OF A DANCE

IN THE QUENIS CHALMER.

SCHIR JHON SINCLAIR begowthe to dance,
For he was new cum out of France;
For ony thing that he do mycht,
The ane futt yeid ay unrycht,
And to the tother wald not gree. 5
Quoth ane, Tak up the Quenis knycht:
A mirrear Dance mycht na man see.

Than cam in Maister ROBERT SCHAW:
He luikit as he culd lern tham a;
Bot ay his ane futt did waver, 10
He stakkerit lyke ane strummell aver,
That hap schakkellit abone the kné:
To seik fra Strivilling to Stranaver,
A mirrear Daunce mycht na man see.

Than cam in the Maister ALMASER, 15
Ane hommelty-jommelty juffeller,
Lyk a stirk stackarand in the ry;
His hippis gaff mony hiddouss cry.
JOHN BUTE the Fule said, Wa is me!
He is bedirtin,—Fy! fy! 20
A mirrear Dance mycht na man see.

Than cam in DUNBAR the Makkar;
On all the flure thair was nane frakkar,
And thair he daunfit the Dirrye dantoun;
He hoppet lyk a pillie wantoun, 25
For luiff of Mufgraiffe, men tellis me;
He trippet, quhill he tint his pantoun:
A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

Than cam in Maiftrifs MUSGRAIFFE;
Scho mycht haiff lernit all the laiffe; 30
Quhen I faw hir fa trimlye dance,
Hir guid convoy and countenance,
Than, for hir faik, I wiffit to be
The grytaft erle, or duik, in France:
A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee. 35

Than cam in Dame DAUTIEBOUR;
God waitt giff that fcho loukit four!
Scho maid fic morgeounis with hir hippis,
For lauchter nane mycht hald thair lippis;
Quhen fcho was danceand biffelye, 40
Ane blaft of wind foun fra hir flippis:
A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

Quhen thair was come in fyve or fax,
The Quenis DOG begowthe to rax;
And of his band he maid a bred, 45
And to the danceing foun he him med;
Quhow maftive lyk about yeid he!
He ftinckit lyk a tyk, fum faid:
A mirrear Dance mycht na man fee.

TO A LADYE.

QUHEN HE LIST TO FAYNE.

MY Hartis Trefure, and fwete affured fo,
  The finale endar of my lyfe for ever;
The creuell brekar of my hart in tuo,
  To go to deathe, this I defervit never:
  O man flayar! quhill faule and life diffever; 5
Stynt of your flauchter; Allace! your man am I,
A thowfand tymes that dois you mercy cry.

Have mercie, Luif! have mercie, Ladie bricht!
  Quhat have I wrocht aganis your womanheid,
That ye [fuld] murder me, a faiklefs wicht, 10
  Trefpaffing never to yow in word nor deid?
  That ye confent thairto, O God forbid!
Leif creuelté, and faif your man for fchame,
  Or throucht the warld quyte lofit is your name.

My deathe chafis my lyfe fo befalie 15
  That wery is my goift to flé fo faft;
Sic deidlie dwawmes fo mifcheifaiflie
  Ane hundrethe tymes hes my hairt ovirpaft;
  Me think my fpireit rynnis away full gaft,
Befeikand grace, on kneis yow befoir, 20
Or that your man be loft for ever moir.

Behald my wod intollerable pane,
  For ever moir quhilk salbe my dampnage!
Quhy, undir traift, your man thus have ye flane?
  Lo! deithe is in my breift, with furious rage, 25
  Quhilk may no balme, nor tryacle affuage,
But your mercie, for laik of quhilk I dé:
Allace! quhair is your womanlie pitie!

Behald my deidlie paffioun dolorous!
  Behald my hiddowfs hew, and wo, allace! 30
Behald my mayne, and murning mervalous,
  Withe forrowfull teris falling from my face!
  Rewthe, Luif, is nocht, helpe ye nocht in this cace,
For how fould ony gentill hart indure
To fé this fycht on ony creature! 35

Quhyte Dow, quhair is your fobir humilnes?
  Swete gentill Turtour, quhair is your peté went?
Quhair is your rewthe? the frute of nobilnes,
  Off womanheid the trefour, and the rent;
  Vertue is never put out of meik intent, 40
Nor out of gentill hart is fundin petie;
Sen mercyles may no wycht nobill be.

In to my mynd I fall yow mercy cry,
  Quhill that my toung sall faill me to speik;
And quhill that Nature me in fycht deny; 45
  And quhill my ene for pane inclufe and fteik;
  And quhill the Dethe my hart in sowndir breik;
And quhill my mynd may think, and towng may steir;
And syne, Fair weill, my hartis Ladie deir!

OF ANE BLAK-MOIR.

LANG haif I maid of Ladyes Quhytt,
Now of ane Blak I will indytt,
  That landit furth of the laft fchippis;
Quhowe fain wald I defcryve perfytt,
  My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 5

Quhow fcho is tute mowitt lyk an aip,
And lyk a gangarall unto graip;
  And quhow hir fchort catt nois up fkippis;
And quhow fcho fchynes lyk ony faip;
  My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 10

Quhen fcho is clad in reche apparrall,
Scho blinkis as brycht as ane tar barrell;
  Quhen fcho was born, the fone tholit clippis,
The nycht be fain faucht in hir quarrell:
  My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 15

Quhai for hir faik, with fpeir and fcheild,
Preiffis maift mychtelye in the feild,
  Sall kifs, and withe hir go in grippis;
And fra thyne furth hir luiff fall weild:
  My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 20

And quhai in feilde receavis ſchame,
And tynis thair his knychtlie name,
Sall cum behind and kiſs hir hippis;
And nevir to other confort clame:
My Ladye with the mekle lippis. 25

OF SIR THOMAS NORRAY.

Now lythis of ane gentill Knycht,
Schir Thomas Norray, wyſe and wicht,
And full of chivalrie;
Quhais Father was ane Grand Keine,
His Mother was ane Farie Queine, 5
Gottin be ſoſſery.

Ane fairer Knycht nor he was ane,
On ground may nether ryd nor gang,
Na beir bucklar nor brand;
Or cum in this Court but dreid; 10
He did full mony valyeant deid
In Roſs, and Murray land.

Full many Catherein hes he cheiſt,
And cummered many Helland gaiſt,
Amang thai dully glennis: 15
Off the Glen Quhettane twenti ſcoir
He drave as oxin him befoir;
This deid thocht na man kennis.

At feiſtis and brydallis up-aland,
He wan the grie, and the garland; 20

Danceit non ſo on deiſs:
He hes at warſlingis beine ane hunder,
Yett lay his body nevir at under:
He knawis gif this be leis.

Was never weild Robeine under Bewch, 25
Nor yitt Roger of Clekkinſklewch,
So bauld a bairne as he;
Gy of Gyſburne, na Allane Bell,
Na Simones ſonnes of Quhynfell,
At schot war nevir ſo ſlie. 30

This anterous Knycht, quhaire ever he went,
At juſtinge, and at tornament,
Evir moir he wan the gree;
Was never of halff ſo great renoun
Schir Bewis the knycht of South Hamptoun: 35
I ſchrew him gif I lie.

Thairfoir Quhentyne was bot ane lurdane,
That callit him ane full plum Jurdane,
This wyſe and worthie knycht;
He callit him foullar than ane fule, 40
He said, He was ane licheruſs bull,
That crooned bayth day and nycht.

He wald have maid him Curries knaiff;
I pray God better his honour ſaiff,
Na to be lichtleit ſua! 45

Yett this far furth I dar him prais,
He fyld never fadell in his dayis ;
And Currie befyld twa.

Quhairfoir, ever at Pafche and Yule,
I cry him Lord of everie fuill, 50
That in this regioun dwellis ;
And, verralie, it war great rycht :
For, of ane hie renowned knycht,
He wantis no thing bot bellis.

ON HIS HEID-AKE.

TO THE KING.

My heid did yak yefternicht,
This day to mak that I na micht,
  So fair the magryme dois me menyie,
  Perfeing my brow as ony ganyie,
That fcant I luik may on the licht. 5

And now, Schir, laitlie, eftir Mefs,
To dyt, thocht I begowthe to drefs,
  The fentence lay full evill till find,
  Unfleipit in my heid behind,
Dullit in dulnefs and diftrefs. 10

Full oft at morrow I upryfe,
Quhen that my curage fleipeing lyis,
  For mirth, for menftrallie and play,
  For din, nor danceing, nor deray,
It will nocht walkin me no wife. 15

WELCUM TO BERNARD STEWART, LORD OF AUBIGNY.

RENOWNIT, ryall, right reverend and ferene,
 Lord hie tryumphing in wirfchip and valoure,
Fro kyngis downe moft Criftin knight, and kene,
 Moft wyfe, moft valyeand, moft laureat hie victour,
 Unto the fterris upheyt is thyne honour; 5
In Scotland Welcum be thyne Excellence
 To King, Queyne, lord, clerk, knight and fervatour,
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum in ftour moft ftrong, incomparable knight,
 The fame of armys, and floure of vaffalage; 10
Welcum in weir mofte worthy, wyfe and wight;
 Welcum the foun of Mars of mofte curage;
 Welcum mofte luftybranche of our linnage,
In every realme our fcheild, and our defence;
 Welcum our tendir blude of hie parage, 15
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum in weir the fecund Julius,
 The prince of knightheyd, and flour of chevalry;
Welcum moft valyeant and victorius;
 Welcum invincible victour mofte wourthy; 20

Welcum our Scottis chiftane moſt dughty;
Wyth ſowne of clarioun, organe, ſong and ſence,
To thé atonis, Lord, Welcum all we cry;
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Welcum our indeficient adjutorie, 25
That evir our Natioun helpit in thare neyd;
That never ſaw Scot yit indigent nor ſory,
Bot thou did hym ſupport, with thy gud deid;
Welcum, therfor, abufe all livand leyd,
Withe us to live, and to maik recidence, 30
Quhilk never ſall ſunyhé for thy ſaik to bleid:
To quham be honour, lawde and reverence.

Is none of Scotland borne faithfull and kynde,
Bot he of naturall inclinacioune
Dois favour thé, withe all his hert and mynde, 35
Withe fervent, tendir, trew intencioun;
And wald of inwart hie effectioun,
But dreyd of danger, dé in thy defence,
Or dethe, or ſchame, war done to thy perſoun;
To quham be honour, lawde and reverence. 40

Welcum thow knight, moſte fortunable in feild;
Welcum in armis moſte aunterus and able,
Undir the ſoun that beris helme or ſcheild;
Welcum thou campioun, in feght unourcumable;
Welcum moſt dughty, digne, and honorable, 45
And moiſt of lawde, and hie magnificence,

Nixt undir kingis to ſtand incomparable;
To quham be honour, lawde and reverence.

Throw Scotland, Ingland, France, and Lumbardy,
Fleyis on wyng thy fame, and thy renoune; 50
And oure all cuntreis, undirnethe the ſky,
And oure all ſtrandis, fro the ſterris doune;
In every province, land, and regioun,
Proclamit is thy name of excellence,
In every cеté, village, and in toune, 55
Withe gloire and honour, lawd and reverence.

O feyrſe Achill, in furius hie curage!
O ſtrong invincible Hector, undir ſcheild!
O vailyeant Arthur, in knyghtly vaſſalage!
Agamemnon, in governance of feild! 60
Bold Henniball, in batáll to do beild!
Julius, in jupert, in wiſdom and expence!
Moſt fortunable chiftane, bothe in yhouth and eild,
To thé be honour, lawde and reverence!

At parlament thow ſuld be hye renownit, 65
That did ſo mony victoryſe opteyn;
Thy criſtall helme with lawry ſuld be crownyt,
And in thy hand a branche of olyve greyn;
The ſueird of conquis, and of knyghtheid keyn,
Be borne ſuld highe before thé in preſence, 70
To repreſent ſic man as thou has beyn;
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence.

Hie furius Mars, the god armipotent,
  Rong in the hevin at thyne nativité;
Saturnus doune, with fyry eyn, did blent, 75
  Throw bludy visar, men menasing to gar dé;
  On thé fresche Venus keist hir amourouse é;
On thé Marcurius furtheyet his eloquence;
  Fortuna Major did turn hir face on thé;
With glorie and honour, lawde and reverence. 80

Prynce of fredom, and flour of gentilnes,
  Sweyrd of knightheid, and choise of chevalry,
This tyme I lefe, for grete prolixitnes,
  To tell quhat feildis thou wan in Pikkardy,
  In France, in Bertan, in Naplis, and Lumbardy; 85
As I think eftir, withe all my diligence,
  Or thow departe, at lenthe for to discry;
With glorie and honour, lawd and reverence.

B, in thy name, betaknis batalrus;
  A, able in feild; R, right renoune most hie; 90
N, nobilnes; and A, for aunterus;
  R, ryall blude; for dughtines, is D;
  V, valyeantnes; S, for strenewité;
Quhoise knyghtly name, so schynyng in clemence,
  For wourthines in gold suld writtin be; 95
With glorie and honour, lawd and reverence.

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ELEGY ON THE

DEATH OF BERNARD STEWART, LORD OF AUBIGNY.

Illuster Lodovick, of France moſt Criſtin King,
Thow may complain with ſighis lamentable,
The death of Bernard Stewart, nobill and ding,
In deid of armis moſt anterous and abill;
Moſt mychty, wyſe, worthie, and confortable, 5
Thy men of weir to governe and to gy:
Fortun, allace! now may thow weir the ſabill,
Sen he is gone, the Flour of Chevalrie.

Complaine ſould everie nobill valiant Knycht
The Death of him that douchtie was in deid; 10
That many ane ſo in feild hes put to flycht,
In weiris wicht, be wiſdome and manheid;
To the Turk ſey all land did his name dreid,
Quhois force all France in fame did magnifie;
Of ſo hie price ſall nane his place poſſeid, 15
For he is gone, the Flour of Chevalrie.

O duilfull Death! O Dragon dolorous;
Quhy hes thow done ſo dulfullie devoir
The prince of knychtheid, nobill and chevalrous,
The witt of weiris, of armes and honour, 20

The cropt of curage, the ſtrenth of armes in ſtour,
The fame of France, the fame of Lumbardy,
The choiſs of cheiftanes, moſt awfull in armour,
The charbuckell cheif of every Chevalrie!

Pray now for him, all that him loveit heir! 25
And for his ſaull mak interceſſioun
Unto the Lord, that hes him bocht ſo deir,
To gif him mercie and remiſſioun;
And namelie We of Scottis natioun,
In till his lyff quhom moſt he did affy, 30
Foryett we nevir in to our Oriſoun
To pray for him, the Flour of Chevalrie

AGANIS TREASON.

ANE EPITAPH FOR DONALD OWRE.

In vice moſt vicius he excellis
That with the vice of Treſſone mellis ;
Thocht he remiſſioun
Haif for prodiſſioun,
Schame and ſuſpiſſioun Ay with him dwellis. 5

And he evir odious as ane owle,
The falt ſa filthy is and fowle ;
Horrible to Natour
Is ane tratour,
As feind infratour Undir a cowle. 10

Quha is a tratour, or ane theiff,
Upoun him ſelff turnis the miſcheiff ;
His frawdfull wylis
Him ſelf begylis
As in the Ilis Is now a preiff. 15

The fell ſtrong Tratour Donald Owyir,
Mair falſett had nor udir fowyr ;
Rownd Ylis and Seyis
In his ſuppleis,
On gallow treis, Yitt dois he glowir. 20

Falſett no feit hes, nor deffence,
Be power, practik, nor puſcence,
Thocht it fra licht
Be ſmord with ſlicht,
God ſchawis the richt, With ſoir vengence ! 25

Off the falis fox diſſimulatour,
Kynd hes every theiff and tratour,
Eftir reſpyt
To wirk diſpyt,
Mair appetyt He hes of Natour. 30

War the fox tane a thowſand fald,
And grace him gevin ay quhen he wald ;
War he on plane,
All war in vane,
Frome hennis agane Micht non him hald. 35

The murtherer ay murthour mais,
And evir, quhill he be ſlane he ſlais ;
Wyvis thus makis mokkis,
Spynnand on rokkis,
Ay rynnis the fox Quhill he fute hes. 40

THE TESTAMENT
OF MR ANDRO KENNEDY.

I Maister Andro Kennedy,
  Curro quando ſum vocatus,
Gottin with ſum incuby,
  Or with ſum freir infatuatus;
In faith I can nought tell redly, 5
  Unde aut ubi fui natus,
Bot in trewth I trow trewly,
  Quod ſum diabolus incarnatus.

Cum nichill ſit certius morte,
  We mon all dé, quhen we haif done, 10
Neſcimus quando, vel qua ſorte,
  Na blind Allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
  This nyght I myght nocht ſleip a wink;
Licet æger in corpore, 15
  Yit wald my mouth be wet with drink.

Nunc condo teſtamentum meum,
  I leiff my ſaull for evermair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
  In to my Lordis wyne cellair; 20

Semper ibi ad remanendum,
  Quhill domifday, without diffever,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
  With fueit Cuthbert that luffit me never.

Ipfe eft dulcis ad amandum, 25
  He wald oft ban me in his breith,
Det michi modo ad potandum,
  And I forgif him laith and wraith:
Quia in cellario cum cervifia,
  I had lever lye baith air and lait, 30
Nudus folus in camifia,
  Na in my Lordis bed of ftait.

A barrell bung ay at my bofum,
  Of warldis gud I had na mair;
Et corpus meum ebriofum, 35
  I leif in to the toune of Air;
In a draff mydding for ever and ay
  Ut ibi fepeliri queam,
Quhar drink and draff may ilka day
  Be caffyne fuper faciem meam: 40

I leif my hert that never wes fickir,
  Sed femper variabile,
That never mair wald flow nor flickir,
  Conforti meo Jacobe:
Thought I wald bynd it with a wickir, 45
  Verum Deum renui;

Bot and I hecht to teme a bicker,
 Hoc pactum femper tenui.

Syne leif I the beft aucht I bocht,
 Quod eft Latinum propter caupe, 50
To hede of kyn, bot I wait nought
 Quis eft ille, than I fchrew my fcawpe:
I callit my Lord my heid, but hiddill,
 Sed nulli alii hoc dixerunt,
We wer als fib as feve and riddill, 55
 In una filva quæ creverunt.

Omnia mea folatia
 Thay wer bot lefingis all and ane,
Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
 I leif the maifter of Sanct Antane; 60
Willelmo Gray, fine gratia,
 Myne awne deir cufing, as I wene,
Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
 But quhen the holyne growis grène.

My fenyeing, and my fals wynnyng, 65
 Relinquo falfis fratribus;
For that is Goddis awne bidding,
 Difperfit, dedit pauperibus.
For menis faulis thay fay and fing,
 Mentientes pro muneribus; 70
Now God gif thaim ane evill ending,
 Pro fuis pravis operibus.

To Jok Fule, my foly fré
  Lego poft corpus fepultum;
In faith I am mair fule than he, 75
  Licet oftendit bonum vultum:
Of corne and catall, gold and fé,
  Ipfe habet valdè multum,
And yit he bleris my Lordis é
  Fingendo eum fore ftultum. 80

To Mafter Johne Clerk fyne,
  Do et lego intimè,
Goddis [braid] malifone and myne:
  Ipfe eft caufa mortis meæ.
War I a dog and he a fwyne, 85
  Multi mirantur fuper me,
Bot I fuld ger that lurdane quhryne,
  Scribendo dentes fine de.

Refiduum omnium bonorum
  For to difpone my Lord fall haif, 90
Cum tutela puerorum,
  Adé, Kytté, and all the laif.
In faith I will na langar raif:
  Pro fepultura ordino
On the new gys, fa God me faif, 95
  Non ficut more folito.

In die meæ fepulturæ
  I will nane haif bot our awne gyng,

Et duos rufticos de rure
  Berand a barell on a ftyng; 100
Drynkand and playand cop out, evin,
  Sicut egomet folebam;
Singand and gretand with hie ftevin,
  Potum meum cum fletu mifcebam.

I will na Preiftis for me fing, 105
  Dies illa, Dies iræ;
Na yit na bellis for me ring,
  Sicut femper folet fieri;
Bot a bag pipe to play a fpryng,
  Et unum ail wofp ante me; 110
In ftayd of baneris for to bring
  Quatuor lagenas cervifiæ:
Within the graif to fet fic thing,
  In modum crucis juxta me.
To flé the feyndis, than hardely fing 115
  De terra plafmafti me.

DUNBAR'S COMPLAINT.

TO THE KING.

Complaine I wald, wift I quhom till,
Or unto quhom direct my bill;
Quhidder to God, that all thing fteiris,
All thing feis, and all thing heiris,
And all thingis wrocht in dayis fevin; 5
Or till his Mothir, Quein of Heaven;
Or unto Worldlie Prince heir doun,
That dois for juftice weir a crown;
Off wrangis, and of great injures
That nobillis in thair dayis indures, 10
And men of vertew, and cunning,
Of witt, and wifdom in gyding,
That nocht can in this Court conqueifs
For lawtie, love, or lang fchervice.
Bot fowll, jow-jowrdane-yhedit jevellis, 15
Cowkin-kenfeis, and culroun kevellis;
Stuffettis, ftrekouris, and ftafifche ftrummellis;
Wyld hafchbaldis, haggerbaldis, and hummellis;
Druncardis, dyfouris, dyouris, drevellis,
Mifgydit memberis of the divellis; 20
Mifmaid mandragis of maftyf ftrynd,
Crawdones, couartis, and theiffis of kynd;

Blait mowit blaidyeanes, with bleddir cheikis,
Club-faceit cluccanes, with cloutit breikis,
Chuff-midding churllis, cuming off cart fillaris, 25
Great glafchew-heidit gorge millaris,
Evill horrible monftouris, fals and foull;
Sum caufles cleikis till him ane cowll,
Ane gryt convent fra fyn to tyce;
And he him felff example of vyce: 30
Enterand for geire, and no devotioun,
The divell is glaid of his promotioun;
Sum ramyis ane rokkat fra the Roy,
And dois ane daftart deftroy;
And fum that gettis ane perfonage, 35
Thinkis it ane prefent for a page;
And on na wayis content is he,
My Lord quhill that he callit be.
Bot how is he contentit, or nocht,
Deme ye about in to your thocht! 40
The lerit fone of Erll or Lord,
Upoun this ruffie to remord,
That with ald caftingis hes him claid,
His errandis for to ryn and red?
And he is maifter native borne, 45
And all his eldaris him beforne;
And mekle mair cunning be fic thrie,
Hes to poffeid ane dignitie,
Saying his odius ignorance
Panting ane prelottis countenance, 50
Sa far abone him fett at table

That wont was for to muk the ftable:
Ane pyk-thank in ane prelottis claifs,
With his wauld feitt, aud wirrok taifs,
With hopper hippis, and henches narrow, 55
And baufy handis to beir ane barrow;
With lut fchulderis, and luttaird bak,
Quhilk nature maid to beir ane pak;
With gryddy mynd, and glafchand game,
Mell heidit lyk ane mortar ftane, 60
Fenyeing the feiris of ane Lord,
And he ane ftrumbell, I ftand ford;
And evir moir as he dois ryfe,
And nobillis of bluid he dois difpyfe,
And helpis for to hald tham downe, 65
That they ryfe nevir to his renowne.
Thairfoir, O PRINCE, maift honorable!
Be in this mater merciable,
And to thy old fchervandis have an é,
That lang hes lippinit into Thé; 70
Gif I be ane of thay my fell,
Throw all Regiounes hes tein hard tell,
Of quhilk my wryting witnes beiris;
And yett thy danger ay me deiris:
Bot eftir danger cummis grace, 75
As hes bein herd in mony place.

DUNBAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

TO THE KING.

SCHIR, ye have mony fervitouris,
And officiaris of dyvers curis;
Kirkmen, courtmen, and craftifmen fyne;
Doctouris in jure, and medicyne;
Divinouris, rethoris, and philofophouris, 5
Aftrologis, artiftis, and oratouris;
Men of armes, and vailyeand knychtis,
And mony uther gudlie wichtis;
Muficianis, menftralis, and mirrie fingaris;
Chevalouris, callandaris, and [Frenfhe] flingaris;
Cunyouris, carvouris, and carpentaris,
Beildaris of barkis, and ballingaris;
Mafounis, lyand upon the land,
And fchip wrichtis hewand upone the ftrand;
Glafing wrichtis, goldfmythis, and lapidaris, 15
Pryntouris, payntouris, and potingaris;
And all of thair craft cumming,
And all at anis lawboring,
Quhilk pleifand ar and honorable;
And to your Hienes profitable; 20
And richt convenient for to be,
With your hie regale Majeftie;

Defferving of your Grace moft ding
Bayth thank, rewarde, and cheriffing.
And thocht that I, amang the laif, 25
Unworthy be ane place to have,
Or in thair nummer to be tald,
Als lang in mynd my wark fall hald!
Als haill in everie circumftance,
In forme, in mater, and fubftance, 30
But wering, or confumptioun,
Rouft, cankar, or corruptioun,
As ony of thair werkis all,
Suppois that my rewarde be fmall!
Bot ye fa gracious ar, and meik, 35
That on your Hienes followis eik
Ane uthir fort, more miferabill,
Thocht thay be nocht fa profitable:
Fenyeouris, fleichouris, and flatteraris;
Cryaris, craikaris, and clatteraris; 40
Sonkaris, gronkaris, gledaris, gunnaris;
Monfouris of France, gud clarat cunnaris;
Innopportoun afkaris of Yrland kynd;
And meit revaris, lyk out of mynd;
Scaffaris, and fcamleris in the nuke, 45
And hall huntaris of draik and duik;
Thrimlaris and thriftaris, as thay war woid,
Kokenis, and kennis na man of gude;
Schulderaris, and fchowaris, that hes no fchame,
And to no cunning that can clame; 50
And can non uthir craft nor curis

Bot to mak thrang, Schir, in Your duris,
And rusche in quhair thay counsale heir,
And will at na man nurtir leyr:
In quintiscence, eik, ingynouris joly, 55
That far can multiplie in folie;
Fantastik fulis, bayth fals and gredy,
Off toung untrew, and hand evill dredie:
Few dar of all this last additioun,
Cum in tolbuyth, without remissioun. 60
And thocht this nobill cunning sort,
Quhom of befoir I did report,
Rewardit be, it war bot ressoun,
Thairat suld no man mak enchessoun:
Bot quhen, the uthir fulis nyce, 65
That feistit at Cokelbeis gryce,
Ar all rewardit, and nocht I,
Than on this fals warld I cry, Fy!
My hart neir bristis than for teyne,
Quhilk may nocht suffer nor sustene 70
So grit abusioun for to sé,
Daylie in Court befoir my é!
And yit, more panence wald I have,
Had I rewarde amang the laif;
It wald me sum thing satissie, 75
And less of [my] malancolie
And gar me mony falt ouersé,
That now is brayd befoir myn é:
My mynd so fer is set to flyt,
That of nocht ellis I can indyt; 80

For owther mane my hart to breik;
Or with my pen I man me wreik;
And fen the tane moft nedis be,
In to malancolie to dé,
Or lat the vennim ifche all out,— 85
Be war, anone, for it will fpout,
Gif that the tryackill cum nocht tyt
To fwage the fwalme of my dispyt!

TO THE KING.

THE PETITION OF THE GRAY HORSE,

AULD DUNBAR.

Now Lufferis cummis with largefs lowd,
Quhy fould not Palfrayis thane be prowd,
Quhen Gillettis wilbe fchomd and fchroud,
That ridden ar baith with lord and lawd?
  Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald, 5
  That I fould be ane Yuillis yald!

Quhen I was young and into ply,
And wald caft gammaldis to the fky,
I had beine bocht in Realmes by,
Had I confentit to be fauld. 10
  Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
  That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!

With gentill horfs quhen I wald knyp,
Thane is thair laid on me ane quhip,
To colleveris than man I fkip, 15
That fcabbit ar hes cruik and cald.
  Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
  That I fould be ane Yuillis yald!

Thocht in the ftall I be nocht clappit,

As curſouris that in ſilk beine trappit, 20
With ane new houſs I wald be happit,
Aganis this Cryſtinmes for the cald.
  Schir lett it nevir in town be tald,
  That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald!

Suppois I war ane auld yaid aver, 25
Schott furth our clewchis to pull the claver,
And had the ſtrenth off all Stranaver,
I wald at Yuill be houſit and ſtald.
  Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
  That I ſuld be ane Yuillis yald! 30

I am ane Auld Horſe, as ye knaw,
That evir in duill dois dring and draw;
Great court horſe puttis me fra the ſtaw,
To fang the fog be frith and fald.
  Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald, 35
  That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald!

I haif run lang furth in the feild,
On paſtouris that ar plane and peild;
I mycht be now tane in for eild,
My beikis ar spruning hé, and bauld. 40
  Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
  That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald!

My mane is turned in to quhytt,
And thair of ye have all the wytt!

Quhen uther horſe had bran to bytt 45
I gat bot griſs, knip gif I wald.
Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald!

I was nevir dautit into ſtable,
My lyf hes bene ſo miſerable, 50
My hyd to offer I am able,
For evill ſchom ſtrae that I reive wald.
Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald!

And yitt, ſuppois my thrift be thyne, 55
Gif that I die your aucht within,
Latt nevir the Soutteris have my ſkin,
With uglie gumes to be gnawin.
Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald! 60

The Court hes done my curage cuill,
And maid me [ane] forriddin Muill;
Yett, to weir Trappouris at this Yuill,
I wald be ſpurrit at everie ſpald.
Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald, 65
That I ſould be ane Yuillis yald!

RESPONSIO REGIS.

EFTIR OUR WRETTINGIS, TREASURER,
TAK IN THIS GRAY HORSE, AULD DUNBAR,
QUHILK IN MY AUCHT, WITH SCHERVICE TREW,
IN LYART CHANGEIT IS HIS HEW;
GAR HOWSE HIM NOW AGANIS THIS YUILL,
AND BUSK HIM LYK ANE BISCHOPPIS MUILL:
FOR, WITH MY HAND, I HAVE INDOST
TO PAY QUHAT EVIR HIS TRAPPOURIS COST.

THE QUEINIS RECEPTION AT ABERDEIN.

Blyth Aberdene, thow beriall of all tounis,
  The lamp of bewtie, bountie, and blythnes;
Unto the heaven [afcendit] thy renown is,
  Off vertew, wifdome, and of worthines;
  Hé nottit is thy name of nobilnes, 5
In to the Cumming of Oure Luftie Quein,
  The wall of welth, guid cheir, and mirrines:
Be blyth, and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

And firft Hir mett the burgefs of the toun,
  Richelie arrayit as become thame to be, 10
Of quhom they chefit four men of renoun,
  In gounes of velvot, young, abill, and luftie,
  To beir the paill of velvet cramafé
Abone Hir heid, as the cuftome hes bein;
  Gryt was the found of the artelerie: 15
Be blyth, and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

Ane fair proceffioun mett hir at the Port,
  In a cap of gold and filk, full pleafantlie,
Syne at hir Entrie, with many fair difport,
  Reffavit hir on ftreittis luftilie; 20

Quhair firſt the Salutatioun honorabilly
Of the ſweitt Virgin, guidlie mycht be ſeine;
The ſound of menſtrallis blawing to the ſky:
Be blyth and bliſſull, burgh of Aberdein.

And ſyne thow gart the Orient Kingis thrie 25
Offer to Chryſt, with benyng reverence,
Gold, ſence, and mir, with all humilitie,
Schawand him King with moſt magnificence;
Syne quhow the Angill, with ſword of violence,
Furth of the joy of Paradice putt clein 30
Adame and Eve for innobedience:
Be blyth and bliſſull, burgh of Aberdein.

And ſyne the Bruce, that evir was bold in ſtour,
Thow gart as Roy cum rydand under croun,
Richt awfull, ſtrang, and large of portratour, 35
As nobill, dreidfull, michtie campioun:
The [nobill Stewarts] ſyne, of great renoun,
Thow gart upſpring, with branches new and greine,
Sa gloriouſlie, quhill glaided all the toun:
Be blyth and bliſſull, burgh of Aberdein. 40

Syne come thair four and twentie madinis ying,
All claid in greine of mervelous bewtie,
With hair detreſſit, as threidis of gold did hing,
With quhyt hattis all browderit rycht bravelie,
Playand on timberallis, and ſyngand rycht ſweitlie;
That ſeimlie ſort, in ordour weill beſein,

Did meit the QUEIN, hir faluand reverentlie :
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

The ftreittis war all hung with tapeftrie,
Great was the prefs of peopill dwelt about, 50
And pleafant padyheanes playit prattelie;
The legeifs all did to thair Lady loutt,
Quha was convoyed with ane royall routt
Off gryt barrounes and luftie ladyis [fchene];
Welcum, Our QUEIN! the commons gaif ane fchout:
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

At Hir cumming great was the mirth and joy,
For at thair Croce aboundantlie rane wyne;
Untill hir ludgeing the Toun did hir convoy;
Hir for to treit thay fett thair haill ingyne, 60
Ane riche prefent thay did till hir propyne;
Ane coftlie coup that large thing wald contene,
Coverit and full of cunyeitt gold rycht fyne:
Be blyth and bliffull, burgh of Aberdein.

O potent PRINCESS, pleafant, and preclair, 65
Great caus Thow hes to thank this nobill Toun,
That for to do Thé honour, did nocht fpair
Thair geir, riches, fubftance, and perfoun,
Thé to reffave on maift fair fafoun;
Thé for to pleis thay focht all way and mein; 70
Thairfoir, fa lang as QUEIN thow beiris Croun,
Be thankfull to this burgh of Aberdein.

TO THE KING.

QUHEN MONY BENEFICES VAKIT.

SCHIR, at this feift of benefyce,
Think that fmall partis makis gryt fervice,
    And equall diftributioun,
    Makis thame content that hes reffoun;
And quha hes nane ar plefit na wyfs.   5

Schir, quhidder is it almefs mair
To gif him drink that thriftis fair;
    Or fyll ane full man quhyll he brift;
    And latt his fallow die for thrift
Quhylk wyne to drink als worthie wer?   10

It is no glaid collatioun
Quhair ane makis mirrie, ane uther lukis downe;
    Ane thriftis, ane uthair playis cope out:
    Lat anis the cope go round about,
And wein the covanis bennifoun.   15

TO THE KING.

Sanct Salvatour fend filver forrow;
It grevis me both evin and morrow,
  Chafing fra me all cheritie;
It makis me all blythnes to borrow;
  My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 5

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis brief,
Langour thairto givis me no leif;
  War nocht gud howp my hart uphie,
My verry corps for cair wald cleif;
  My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 10

Quhen I fett me to fing or dance,
Or go to plefand paftance,
  Than panfing of penuritie,
Revis that fra my remembrance;
  My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 15

Quhen men that hes purfis in tone,
Paffis to drynk or to difjone,
  Than mon I keip ane gravetie,
And fay, That I will faft quhill none;
  My panefull purs fo prikillis me. 20

My purs is maid of sic ane skyn,
Thair will na corses byd it within;
  Strait as fra the Feynd thay flé,
Quha evir tyne, quha evir win;
  My panefull purs so prikillis me. 25

Had I ane man of ony natioun,
Could mak on it ane conjuratioun,
  To gar silver aye in it be,
The Devill suld haif no dominatioun,
  With pyne to gar it prikill me. 30

I haif inquyrit in mony a place,
For help and confort in this cace,
  And all men sayis, My Lord, that ye
Can best remeid for this mal-eiss,
  That with sic panis prikillis me. 35

TO THE KING.

Off benefyce, Schir, at everie feist,
Quha monyeſt hes makis maiſt requeiſt:
 Get thay nocht all, thay think ye wrang thame;
Ay is the ouer-word of the gaiſt,
 Giff thame the pelf to part amang thame. 5

Sum ſwaillis ſwan, ſum ſwaillis duik,
And I ſtand faſtand in a nuike,
Quhill the effect off all thay fang thame:
Bot, Lord! how petewouſlie I luike,
 Quhen all the pelf thay pairt amang thame. 10

Off ſic hie feiſtis of Sanctis in glorie,
Baithe off commoun and proper ſtorie,
 Quhair lordis war patronis, oft I ſang thame
Caritas pro Dei amore;
 And yit, I gat na thing amang thame. 15

This blynd warld ever ſo payis his dett,
Ryche befoir puir ſpraidis ay thair net,
 To fiſche all wateris dois belang thame:
Quha na thing hes can na thing get,
 Bot ay as ſypher ſett amang thame. 20

Ay fareſt faderis hes farreſt Fowlis;
Suppois thay haif no ſang bot youlis,
In ſilver caigis thay ſit at cheif;
Kynd natyve neſt dois clek bot Owlis:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 25

O gentill Egill, how may this be,
That of all fowlis dois heeſt flé!
Your leigis quhy will ye nocht releif,
And chereiſs eftir thair degré?
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 30

Quhen ſervit is all uthir man,
Gentill and ſempill off every clan,
Kyne of RAUF COLYEAR, and JOHNE THE REIF,
Na thing I get, nor conqueis can:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 35

Thocht I in court be maid refuſs,
And haif few vertewis for to ruſs;
Yit am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
And fane wald leif as utheris dois:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 40

Or I ſuld leif in ſic miſchance,
Gife it to God war no grevance,
To be a pyk-thank I wald preif,
For thay in warld wantis no pleſans:
Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 45

In ſum parte on my ſelf I plenyé;
Quhen uthir folkis dois flattir and fenyé,
  Allace! I can bot Ballattis breif;
Sic bairneheid biddis my brydill renye:
  Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 50

I grant my ſervice is bot licht;
Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,
  I aſk yow, Schir, no man to greif,
Sum medecyne gife that ye micht:
  Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 55

May nane remeid my malady
Sa weill as ye, Schir, veraly;
  For with a Benefice ye may preif,
And gif I mend nocht heſtely:
  Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 60

I wes in yowth on nureiſs kné,
Dandely! Biſchop, dandely!
  And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
Ane ſempill Vicar I can nocht be:
  Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 65

Jok that wes wont to keip the ſtirkis,
Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
  With ane fals cairt in to his ſleif,
Worth all my Ballattis undir the birkis:
  Exceſs of thocht dois me miſcheif. 70

Twa curis or thré hes upolandis Michell,
With dispensationis bund in a knitchell;
  Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
He playis with totum, and I with nichell!
  Excess of thocht dois me mischeif. 75

How suld I leif that is nocht landit,
Nor yit with Benefice am I blandit,
  I say nocht, Schir, yow to repreif!
Bot doutless I ga rycht neir hand it:
  Excess of thocht dois me mischeif. 80

As saule is heir in Purgatory,
Leving in pane and houp of glory;
  So is my self ye may beleif,
In howp, Schir, of your adjutory:
  Excess of thocht dois me mischeif. 85



OF DISCRETIOUN IN ASKING.

Of every Aſking followis nocht
Rewaird, bot gif ſum cauſe war wrocht;
  And quhair cauſe is, men weill may ſie,
And quhair nane is, it wilbe thocht
  In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 5

Ane fule, thocht he haif cauſs or nane,
Cryis ay, Gif me, in to a drene;
  And he that dronis ay as ane bee
Sowld haif ane heirar dull as ſtane:
  In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 10

Sum aſkis mair than he deſervis;
Sum aſkis far les than he ſervis;
  Sum ſchames to aſk, and braidis of me,
And all withowt reward he ſtervis:
  In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 15

To aſk but ſervice hurtis gud fame,
To aſk for ſervice is nocht to blame;
  To ſerve and leif in beggartie,
To man and maiſter is baith ſchame:
  In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 20

He that dois all his beſt ſervyiſs,
May ſpill it all with crakkis and cryis,
Be fowll inoportunitie;
Few wordis may ſuffyis the wyiſs;
In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 25

Nocht neidfull is men ſowld be dum,
Na thing is gottin but wordis ſum,
Nocht ſpeid but diligence we ſé;
For na thing it allane will cum:
In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 30

Aſking wald haif convenient place,
Convenient tyme, laſour, and ſpace;
But haiſt or preiſs of grit menyie,
But hairt abaſit, but toung rekleſs:
In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 35

Sum micht haif Yea, with littill cure,
That hés oft Nay, with grit labour;
All for that tyme nocht byd can he,
He tynis baith errand and honour:
In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 40

Suppois the ſervand be lang unquit,
The Lord ſum tyme rewaird will it!
Gif he dois nocht, quhat remedy?
To fecht with Fortoun is no witt:
In Aſking ſowld Diſcretioun be. 45

OF DISCRETIOUN IN GEVING.

To ſpeik of Giftis or almouſs deidis:
Sum gevis for mereit, and ſum for meidis;
  Sum wardly honour to uphie;
Sum gevis to thame that no thing neidis;
  In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 5

Sum gevis for pryd, and glory vane;
Sum gevis with grugeing and with pane;
  Sum gevis on prattik for ſupplé;
Sum gevis for twyiſs als gud agane:
  In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 10

Sum gevis for thank, and ſum for threit;
Sum gevis money, and ſum gevis meit;
  Sum gevis wordis fair and ſlé;
And giftis fra ſum ma na man treit:
  In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 15

Sum is for gift ſa lang requyred,
Quhill that the crevar be ſo tyred,
  That or the gift deliverit be,
The thank is fruſtrat and expyred:
  In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 20

Sum gevis ſo littill full wretchitly,
That all his giftis ar nocht ſet by,
And for a huid-pyk haldin is he,
That all the warld cryis on him Fy!
In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 25

Sum in his geving is ſo large,
That all our-laidin is his barge;
Than vyce and prodigalitie,
Thair off his honour dois diſchairge:
In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 30

Sum to the riche gevis his geir,
That micht his giftis weill forbeir;
And thocht the peur for falt ſould dé,
His cry nocht enteris in his eir:
In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 35

Sum gevis to ſtrangeris with face new,
That yiſterday fra Flanderis flew;
And to auld ſervandis liſt nocht ſé,
War thay nevir of ſa grit vertew:
In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 40

Sum gevis to thame can aſk and plenyie;
Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie;
Sum gevis to men of honeſtie,
And haldis all janglaris at diſdenyie:
In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 45

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis
To ſweir all that his maiſter ſayis,
  Thocht all the contrair weill knawis he;
Ar mony ſic now in thir dayis:
  In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 50

Sum gevis to gud men for thair thewis;
Sum gevis to trumpouris and to ſchrewis;
  Sum gevis to knaw his awtoritie;
Bot in thair office gude fundin few is:
  In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 55

Sum gevis parrochynnis full wyd,
Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,
  The people to teiche, and to owirſie,
Thocht he na wit hes thame to gyd:
  In Geving ſowld Diſcretioun be. 60

OF DISCRETIOUN IN TAKING.

Eftir Geving I fpeik of Taking,
Bot littill of ony gud forfaiking;
  Sum takkis our littill awtoritie,
And fum our-mekill, and that is glaiking:
  In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 5

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
Sum of Sanct Petir, and fum of Sanct Paullis;
  Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,
Suppois the Devill tak all thair fawlis:
  In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 10

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure,
All fruitt that growis on the feure,
  In mailis and gerfomes raifit ouir hie,
And garris thame beg fra dure to dure:
  In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 15

Sum merchandis takis unleiffum win,
Quhilk makis thair pakis oft tymes full thin;
  Be thair fucceffioun as ye may fie,
That ill win geir riches nocht the kin:
  In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 20

Sum takis uthir mennis takkis,
And on the peure oppreffioun makkis,
And nevir rememberis that he mon die,
Quhyll that the gallowis gar him rax:
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 25

Sum takis be fie, and fum be land,
And nevir fra taking can hald thair hand,
Quhill he be tyit up to ane tré;
And fyne thay gar him undirftand,
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 30

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir;
Had he of man als littill feir
As he hes dreid that God him fee;
To tak than fowld he nevir forbeir:
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 35

Sum wald tak all this warld on breid;
And yit nocht fatisfeit of thair neid,
Throw hairt unfatiable and gredie;
Sum wald tak littill, and can nocht fpeid;
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 40

Grit men for taking and oppreffioun
Ar fet full famous at the Seffioun,
And peur takaris are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir, and thair fucceffioun:
In Taking fowld Difcretioun be. 45

INCONSTANCY OF LUVE.

QUHA will behald of Luve the chance,
With fueit diffavyng countenance,
In quhais fair diffimulance,
May none affure:
Quhilk is begun with inconftance, 5
And endis nocht but variance;
Scho haldis with continewance
No ferviture.
Difcretioun and Confiderance
Ar both out of hir governance; 10
Quhairfoir, of it the fchort plefance
May nocht indure.
Scho is fo new of acquentance,
The auld gais fra remembrance;
Thus I gife our the obfervans 15
Of Luvis cure.
It is ane point of ignorance
To lufe in fic diftemperance,
Sen tyme mifpendit may avance
No creature: 20
In Luve to keip allegiance,
It war als nyfe an ordinance
As quha wald bid ane deid man dance,
In fepulture.

OF MEN EVILL TO PLEIS.

FOUR maner of folkis ar evill to pleis;
Ane is, that riches hes and eifs,
Gold, filver, corne, cattell, and ky,
  And wald haif part fra utheris by.

Ane uther is of land and rent, 5
So great ane lord, and fo potent,
That he may nother it rewill nor gy;
  And yit wald haif fra utheris by.

Ane is that hes of nobill bluid
Ane lufty lady, fair and gude, 10
Boith verteous, wyfe, and womanly;
  And yit wald haif ane uther by.

Ane uther dois fo dourlie drink,
And aill and wyne within him fink,
Quhill in his wame no roume be dry; 15
  And yit wald haif fra utheris by.

In earth no wicht I can perfaif,
Of gud fo great aboundance haif,
Nor in this world fo welthfull wy,
  Yit he wald haif frome utheris by. 20

Bot yitt of all this gold and guid,
Or uther cunyie, to conclude,
Quha evir it haif, it is nocht I;
It gois frome me to utheris by.

And namelie at this Chryftis mefs, 25
Quhair evir Schir Gold maid his regrefs,
Off him I will no Largefs cry;
He yeid fra me till utheris by.

OF COVETYCE.

Fredome, honour, and nobilnefs,
Meid, manheid, mirth, and gentilnefs,
Ar now in court reput as vyce,
  And all for caufs of Cuvetice.

All weilfair, welth and wantonefs, 5
Ar chengeit into wretchitnefs,
And play is fett at littill pryce;
  And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Halking, hunting, and fwift horfe rynning,
Ar chengeit all in wrangus wynnyng; 10
Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce,
  And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Honorable houfe-haldis ar all laid doun;
Ane laird hes with him bot a loun,
That leidis him eftir his devyce; 15
  And all for caufs of Covetyce.

In burghis to landwart and to fie,
Quhair was plefour and grit plentie,
Vennefoun, wyld-fowill, wyne, and fpice,
  Ar now decayid thruch Covetyce. 20

Hufbandis that grangis had full grete,
Cattell and corne to fell and ete,
Hes now no beift bot cattis and myce;
  And all thruch caufs of Covetyce.

Honeft yemen in every toun, 25
War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce;
  And all thruch caufs of Covetyce.

And lairdis in filk harlis to the dill,
For quhilk thair tennentis fauld fommer meill, 30
And leivis on rutis undir the ryce;
  And all for caufs of Covetyce.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,
And leivis in pece and cheretie,
Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce; 35
  And all for caufs of Covetyce.

And quha can reive uthir menis rowmis,
And upoun peur men gadder fowmis,
Is now ane active man and wyice;
  And all for caufs of Covetyce. 40

Man, pleifs thy Makar, and be mirry,
And fett nocht by this warld a chirry;
Wirk for the place of Paradyce,
  For thairin ringis na Covetyce.

GUDE COUNSALE.

Be ye ane luvar, Think ye nocht ye ſuld
  Be weill advyſit in your governing?
Be ye nocht ſa, it will on yow be tauld;
  Be war thairwith for dreid of miſ-demyng: [5
  Be nocht a wreche, nor ſkerche in your ſpending;
Be layth alway to do amiſs or ſchame;
  Be rewlit rycht, and keip [weill] this doctring,
Be ſecreit, trew, increſſing of your name.

Be ye ane lear, that is werſt of all;
  Be ye ane tratlar, that I hald als evill; 10
Be ye ane janglar, and ye fra vertew fall,
  Be nevir mair on to thir vicis thrall;
  Be now and ay the maiſtir of your will;
Be nevir he that leiſing ſall proclame;
  Be nocht of langage quhair ye ſuld be ſtill; 15
Be ſecreit, trew, increſſing of your name.

Be nocht abaſit for no wicket tung;
  Be nocht ſa ſet as I haif ſaid yow heir;
Be nocht ſa large unto thir ſaw is ſung;
  Be nocht our prowd, thinkand ye haif no peir, 20

Be ye ſo wyiſs that utheris at yow leir;
Be nevir he to ſklander, nor defame;
Be of your lufe nor preichour as a freir;
Be ſecreit, trew, increſſing of your name.

REWL OF ANIS SELF.

To dwell in court, my freind, gife that thow lift,
  For gift of Fortoun invy thow no degré;
Behold and heir, and lat thy tung tak reft,
  In mekle speich is part of vanitie;
  And for no malyce preifs thé nevir to lie: 5
Als trubill nevir thy felf foir be no tyd,
  Uthiris to rewill, that will nocht rewlit be:
He rewlis weill, that weill him felf can gyd.

Be war quhome to thy counfale thou difcure,
  For trewth dwellis nocht ay for that trewth appeiris; 10
Put nocht thyne honour in to aventeure,
  Ane freind may be thy fo as Fortoun fteiris;
  In cumpany cheifs honourable feiris,
And fra vyld folkis draw thé far on fyd,
  The Pfalme fayis, Cum fancto fanctus eris; 15
He rewlis weill, that weill him felf can gyd.

Haif pacience thocht thow no lordfchip poffeid,
  For hie vertew may ftand in law eftait;
Be thow content, of mair thow hes no neid,
  And be thow nocht, defyre fall mak debait; 20
  Evirmoir till deth fay to thé than chakmait,
Thocht all war thyne this warld within fo wyd,

Quha can refift the ferpent of difpyt?
He rewlis weill, that weill him felf can gyd.

Flé from the fallowfchip of fic as ar defamit, 25
And fra all fals tungis fullfild with flattry,
Als fra all fchrewis, or ellis thow art efchamit;
Sic art thow callit as is thy cumpany:
Flé perrellus taillis foundit of invy;
With wilfull men fon argown thow no tyd, 30
Quhome no reffone may feis nor pacify:
He rewlis weill, that weill him felf can gyd.

And be thow nocht ane roundar in the nuke,
For gif thow be, men will hald thé fufpect;
Be nocht in countenance ane fkornar, nor by luke, 35
Bot dowt ficlyk fall ftryk thé in the neck:
Be war alfo to counfal or coreck
Him that extold hes far him felf in pryd,
Quhair parrell is but proffeit or effeck;
He rewlis weill, that weill him felf can gyd. 40

And fen thow feyis mony thingis variand,
With all thy hart treit biffinefs and cure;
Hald God thy friend, evir ftabill be him ftand,
He will thé confort in all mifaventeur;
And be no wayis difpytfull to the peure 45
Nor to no man do wrang at ony tyd;
Quho fo dois, this ficker I yow affure,
He rewlis weill, that fa weill him can gyd.

OF DEMING.

Musing allone this hinder nicht,
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
  Within ane garth undir a tré,
I hard ane voce, that ſaid on hicht,
  Ma na man now Undemit be: 5

For thocht I be ane crownit King,
Yit ſall I nocht eſchew Deming;
  Sum callis me guid, ſum ſayis thay lie,
Sum cravis of God to end my ring,
  So ſall I nocht Undemit me. 10

Be I ane Lord, and nocht lord-lyk,
Than every pelour and purſ-pyk
  Sayis, Landis war bettir warit on me;
Thocht he dow nocht to leid a tyk,
  Yit can he nocht lat Deming be. 15

Be I ane lady freſche and fair,
With gentill men makand repair,
  Than will thay ſay, baith ſcho and hie,
That I am jaipit lait and air;
  Thus ſall I nocht Undemit be. 20

Be I ane courtman, or ane knycht,
Honeſtly cled eftir my mycht,
  Ane prydfull man than call thay me;
Bot God ſend thame a widdy wicht,
  That can nocht lat ſic Deming be. 25

Be I bot littill of ſtature,
Thay call me catyve createure;
  And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monſtrowis of nature;
  Thus can thay nocht lat Deming be. 30

And be I ornat in my ſpeiche,
Than Towſy ſayis, I am ſa ſtreiche,
  I ſpeik nocht lyk thair houſs menyie;
Suppois her mowth miſteris a leiche,
  Yit can ſcho nocht lat Deming be. 35

Bot wiſt thir folkis that uthir Demis,
How that thair ſawis to uthir ſemis,
  Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,
Thair tratling tungis that all furth tumis,
  Sum [tyme] wald lat thair Deming be. 40

War nocht the mater wald grow the mair,
To wirk vengeance on ane Demar,
  But dout I wald caus mony dé;
And mony cative end in cair,
  Or ſum tyme lat thair Deming be. 45

Gude JAMES THE FERD, our nobill King,
Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
  In fentens faid full fubtillie,
Do WEILL, AND SETT NOCHT BY DEMING,
  FOR NO MAN SALL UNDEMIT BE. 50

And fo I fall with Goddis grace,
Keip his command in to that cace,
  Befeiking ay the TRINITIE,
In Hevin that I may haif ane place,
  For thair fall no man Demit be. 55

HOW SALL I GOVERNE ME!

How ſowld I rewill me, or quhat wyiſs,
I wald ſum wyiſs man wald devyiſs;
  I can nocht leif in no degré,
Bot ſum will my maneris diſpyis;
  Lord God, how ſall I governe me! 5

Gif I be galland, luſty and blyth,
Than will thay ſay on me full ſwyth,
  That out of mynd yone man is he,
Or ſum hes done him confort kyth:
  Lord God, how ſall I governe me! 10

Gife I be ſorrowfull and ſad,
Than will thay ſay that I am mad,
  I do bot drowp as I wold die;
Thus will they ſay baith man and lad:
  Lord God, how ſall I governe me! 15

Be I liberall, gentill, and kynd
Thocht I it tak of nobill ſtrynd,
  Yit will thay ſay, baith he and ſche,
Yon man is lyk out of his mind:
  Lord God, how ſall I governe me! 20

Gife I be lufty in array,
Than luve I paramouris thay fay,
Or in my hairt is prowd and hie,
Or ellis I haif it fum wrang way;
Lord God, how fall I governe me! 25

Gife I be nocht weill als befene,
Than twa and twa fayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man, trewlie;
Lo! be his claithis it may be fene:
Lord God, how fall I governe me! 30

Gife I be fene in court ouir lang,
Than will thay murmour thame amang,
My frends ar nocht worth a flé,
That I fa lang but guerdon gang:
Lord God, how fall I governe me! 35

In court rewaird than purchefs I,
Than haif thay malyce and invy,
And fecreitly thay on me lie,
And dois me fclander prevely:
Lord God, how fall I governe me! 40

I wald my gyding war devyfit;
Gife I fpend littill I am difpyfit,
Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fré,
A prodigall man I am fo pryfit:
Lord God, how fall I governe me! 45

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
And I may no manis tung hald ftill,
To do the beft my mynd falbe;
Latt every man fay quhat he will,
The gracious God mot governe me! 50

BEST TO BE BLYTH.

Full oft I muſe, and hes in thocht,
How this fals Warld is ay on flocht,
  Quhair no thing ferme is nor degeſt;
And when I haif my mynd all ſocht,
  For to be blyth me think it beſt. 5

This warld evir dois flicht and wary,
Fortoun ſa faſt hir quheill dois cary;
  Na tyme but turning can tak reſt,
For quhois fals change ſuld none be ſary;
  For to be blyth me think it beſt. 10

Wald men conſiddir in mynd rycht weill,
Or Fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
  That erdly honour may nocht leſt,
His fall leſs panefull he ſuld feill;
  For to be blyth me think it beſt. 15

Quha with this warld dois warſill and ſtryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
  Thocht he in lordſchip be poſſeſt,
He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe:
  For to be blyth me think it beſt. 20

Off warldis gud and grit richefs,
Quhat fruct hes man but mirrinefs?
  Thocht he this warld had eift and weft,
All wer povertie but glaidnefs:
  For to be blyth me think it beft. 25

Quho fuld for tynfall drowp or dé,
For thyng that is bot vanitië;
  Sen to the lyfe that evir dois left,
Heir is bot twynklyng of an ee:
  For to be blyth me think it beft. 30

Had I for warldis unkyndnefs
In hairt tane ony havinefs,
  Or fro my plefans bene oppreft,
I had bene deid lang fyne dowtlefs:
  For to be blyth me think it beft. 35

How evir this warld do change and vary,
Lat us in hairt nevir moir be fary,
  Bot evir be reddy and addreft,
To pafs out of this frawfull fary:
  For to be blyth me think it beft. 40

OF CONTENT.

Quho thinkis he hes fufficience,
And of gudis hes no indigence;
 Thocht he have nowthir land nor rent,
Great mycht, nor hie magnificence,
 He hes anewch that is content. 5

Quho had all the riches unto Ynd,
And wer nocht fatisfeit in mynd,
 With povertie I hald him fchent;
Off covatyce fic is the kynd:
 He hes anewch that is content. 10

Thairfoir I pray yow, breider deir,
Nocht to delyt in daynteis feir;
 Thank God of it is to thé fent,
And of it glaidlie mak gud cheir:
 He hes anewch that is content. 15

Defy the warld, fenyeit and fals,
With gall in hart, and hunyit hals:
 Quha maift it fervis fall fonaft repent:
Off quhais fubchettis four is the fals:
 He hes anewch that is content. 20

Gif thow hes mycht, be gentill and fré;
And gif thow ftandis in povertie,
  Off thine awin will to it confent;
And riches fall return to thé:
  He hes anewch that is content. 25

And ye and I, my bredir all,
That in this lyfe hes lordfchip fmall,
  Lat languour nocht in us imprent;
Gif we nocht clym we tak no fall:
  He hes anewch that is content. 30

For quho in warld moft covatus is
In world is puireft man, I wys,
  And moift neidy of his intent;
For of all gudis no thing is his,
  That of no thing can be content. 35

ADVICE

TO SPEND ANIS AWIN GUDE.

Man, ſen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
And deid is evir drawand neir,
Thy tyme unſicker and the place,
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

Gif it be thyne, thy ſelf it uſis, 5
Gif it be nocht, thé it refuſis;
Ane uthir of it the proffeit hes;
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

Thow may to day haif gude to ſpend,
And heſtely to morne fra it wend, 10
And leif ane uthir thy baggis to braiſs;
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

Quhill thow hes ſpace, ſé thow diſpone,
That for thy geir, quhen thou art gone,
No wicht ane uther ſlay nor chace; 15
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
Ay gadderand geir with ſorrow and pane,

And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paiſs;
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace. 20

Syne cumis ane uther glaid of his ſorrow,
That for him prayit nowthir evin nor morrow,
And ſangis it all with mirrynais;
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it ſpairis, 25
And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,
That his auld thrift ſettis on an ace;
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

It is all thyne that thow heir ſpendis,
And nocht all that on thé dependis, 30
Bot his to ſpend it that hes grace;
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

Treſt nocht ane uther will do thé to,
It that thy ſelf wald nevir do;
For gife thow dois, ſtrenge is thy cace; 35
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace.

Luke how the bairne dois to the muther,
And tak example be nane uther,
That it nocht eftir be thy cace;
  Thyne awin gude ſpend quhill thow hes ſpace. 40

NO TRESSOUR AVAILIS WITHOUT GLAIDNES.

BE mirry, Man, and tak nocht far in mynd
  The wavering of this wrechit Warld of sorrow;
To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
  And with thy nychtbouris glaidly len and borrow;
  His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow;
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
  For oft with wyse men it hes bene said aforrow,
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

Mak thé gud cheir of it that God thé sendis,
  For Warldis wrak but weilfair nocht availis; 10
Na gude is thyne, saif only [that] thow spendis,
  Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis:
  Seik to solace quhen sadnes thé assailis;
In dolour lang thy lyfe may nocht indure,
  Quhairfoir of confort set up all thy sailis; 15
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

Follow on petie, flé truble and debait,
  With famous folkis hald thy cumpany;
Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
  For Warldly honour lestis bot a cry; 20

For truble in erd tak no mallancoly;
Be riche in pacience, gif thow in gudis be pure,
Quho levis mirry he levis michtely;
Without Glaidnés availis no Treſſour.

Thow ſeis thir wrechis ſett with ſorrow and cair, 25
To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis ſpace;
And quhen thair baggis ar full thair ſelfis ar bair,
And of thair riches bot the keping hes:
Quhill uthiris cum to ſpend it that hes grace,
Quhilk of thy wynning no labour had nor cure, 30
Tak thow example, and ſpend with mirrineſs;
Without Glaidnés availis no Treſſour.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,
Bot meit, drynk, clais, and of the laif a ficht, 35
Yit to the Juge thow ſall gif compt of all;
Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment ſmall:
Be juſt and joyus, and do to none injure,
And Trewth ſall mak thé ſtrang as ony wall;
Without Glaidnés availis no Treſſour. 40

NONE MAY ASSURE IN THIS WARLD.

Quhome to fall I complene my wo,
And kyth my kairis ane or mo?
  I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,
Quha is my freynd, quha is my fo;
  For in this Warld may none assure. 5

Lord! how fall I my dayis dispone,
For lang fervice rewarde is none;
  And schort my lyfe may heir indure;
And lossit is my tyme bygone:
  In to this Warld may none assure. 10

Oft Falsett rydis with ane rowt,
Quhen Trewth gois on his fute abowt,
  And lak of spending dois him spur;
Thus what to do I am in dowt:
  In to this Warld may none assure. 15

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,
And bot pure men ar pluckit doun;
  And nane bot just men tholis injure,
Sa Wit is blindit and Ressoun:
  In to this Warld may none assure. 20

Vertew the Court hes done difpyifs;
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryifs,
And cairlis of nobillis hes the cure,
And bumbardis brukis the benifyifs:
In to this Warld may none affure. 25

All Gentrice and Nobilitie
Ar paffit out of hé degré;
On Fredome is laid foirfaltour;
In Princes is thair no pety;
For in this Warld may none affure. 30

Is none fo armit in to plait,
That can fra truble him debait;
May no man lang in welth indure,
For wo that evir lyis at the wait:
In to this Warld may none affure. 35

Flattery weiris ane furrit goun,
And Falfett with the Lordis dois roun;
And Trewth ftandis barrit at the dure;
And Honour exul is of the toun:
In to this Warld may none affure. 40

Fra everilk mowth fair wirdis proceidis,
In every hairt difceptioun breidis,
Fra everilk é gois luke demure,
Bot fra the handis gois few gud deidis:
In to this Warld may none affure. 45

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhaill bone,
And hairtis ar maid of hard flynt ſtone;
  And ene of amiable blyth aſure,
And handis of adamant laith to diſpone:
  In to this Warld may nane aſſure. 50

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
Mon anſwer Deth quhen he dois call,
  To compt befoir the Juge future;
Sen all ar deid, or than dé ſall,
  Quha ſuld in to this Warld aſſure? 55

No thing bot Deth this ſchortly cravis,
Quhair Fortoun evir as ſo diſſavis,
  With freyndly ſmylingis of ane hure,
Quhais fals behechtis as wynd hyne wavis:
  In to this Warld may none aſſure. 6

O! quha ſall weild the wrang poſſeſſioun,
Or the gold gatherit with oppreſſioun,
  Quhen the Angell blawis his bugill ſture?
Quhilk unreſtorit helpis no confeſſioun:
  In to this Warld may none aſſure. 65

Quhat help is thair in lordſchippis ſevin,
Quhen na houſs is bot Hell and Hevin,
  Palice of licht, or Pitt obſcure,
Quhair youlis ar hard with horreble ſtevin.
  In to this Warld may none aſſure. 70

Ubi ardentes Animæ,
Semper dicentes Væ! Væ!
  Sall cry, Allace! that women thame bure;
O quantæ ſunt iſtæ tenebræ!
  In to this Warld may none aſſure. 75

Than quho ſall wirk for Warldis wrak,
Quhen flude and fyre ſall our it frak,
  And frely fruſtir feild and fure,
With tempeſt kene and hiddous crak?
  In to this Warld may none aſſure. 80

Lord! ſen in tyme ſa ſone to cum,
De terra ſurrecturus ſum,
  Reward me with non erdly cure,
Bot me receave in regnum tuum:
  In to this Warld may none aſſure. 85

LEARNING VAIN WITHOUT GUID LYFE.

WRITTEN AT OXINFURDE.

To ſpeik of ſcience, craft, or ſapience,
Off vertew, morall cunnyng, or doctryne;
Off jure, of wiſdome, or intelligence;
Off everie ſtudy, lair, or diſcipline;
All is bot tynt, or reddie for to tyne, 5
Nocht uſing it as it ſhould uſit be;
The craift exerceing, conſiddering nocht the fyne:
Ane paralous ſeiknes is Vain Proſperité.

The curious probatioun logicall;
The eloquence of ornat rethorie; 10
The naturall ſcience philoſophicall;
The dirk apperance of Aſtronomie;
The Theologis ſermoun; the fablis of Poetrie;
Without Guid Lyfe all in the ſelf dois dé,
As Mayis flouris dois in September dry: 15
A paralous lyfe is Vain Proſperitie.

Quhairfoir, ye Clerkis griteſt of conſtance,
Fulleſt of ſcience and of knawlegeing,
To us be myrroris in your governance;

And in our darknefs be lampis in fchyning: 20
Or thane in fruftar is all your lang learning;
Gif to your fawis your deidis contrair be,
Your maift accufar falbe your awin cunning:
A peralous feiknes is Vaine Profperitie.

OF THE WARLDIS VANITY.

O Wreche, be war! this Warld will wend thé fro,
Quhilk hes begylit mony greit eſtait;
Turne to thy freynd, beleif nocht in thy fo,
Sen thow mon go, be grathing to thy gait;
Remeid in tyme, and rew nocht all to lait; 5
Provyde thy place, for thow away mon paſs
Out of this vaill of trubbill and diſſait:
Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

Walk furth Palgrime, quhill thow hes dayis lycht,
Dreſs fro deſert, draw to thy dwelling place; 10
Speid home, for quhy? anone cummis the nycht
Quhilk dois thé follow with ane ythand chaiſe!
Bend up thy ſaill, and win thy port of grace;
For and the Deith ourtak thé in treſpas,
Then may thow ſay thir wourdis with Allace! 15
Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

Heir nocht abydis, heir ſtandis no thing ſtabill,
[For] this fals Warld ay flittis to and fro;
Now day up bricht, now nycht als blak as ſabill,
Now eb, now flude, now freynd, now cruell fo; 20

Now glaid, now ſad, now weill, now in to wo;
Now cled in gold, diſſolvit now in aſs;
So dois this Warld [ay] tranſitorie go:
Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

OF THE CHANGES OF LYFE.

I SEIK about this Warld unftabill,
To find ane fentence conveneabill;
  Bot I can nocht in all my wit,
  Sa trew ane fentence find of it,
As fay it is diffaveabill. 5

For yeftirday, I did declair
Quhow that the tym was faft and fair,
  Come in als frefche as pacock feddar;
  This day it ftangis lyk ane eddar,
Concluding all in my contrair. 10

Yeftirday fair up fprang the flouris,
This day thay ar all flane with fchouris;
  And fowlis in forreft that fang cleir,
  Now weipis with ane dreirie cheir,
Full cauld ar bayth thair bedis and bouris. 15

So nixt to Symmer, Wynter bein;
Nixt eftir confort, cairis kein;
  Nixt eftir dark nycht, the mirthfull morrow;
  Nixt eftir joy, ay cummis forrow:
So is this Warld, and ay hes bein. 20

OF THE WARLDIS INSTABILITIE.

TO THE KING.

THIS waverand Warldis wretchednefs,
The failyeand and fruitlefs biffinefs,
The mifpent tyme, the fervice vaine,
 For to confidder is ane pane.

The flydand joy, the glaidnefs fchort, 5
The feinyeid luif, the fals confort,
The fweit abayd, the flichtfull trane,
 For to confidder is ane pane.

The fugurit mouthis, with myndis thairfra,
The figurit fpeiche, with faceis tua, 10
The plefand toungis, with hartis unplane,
 For to confidder is ane pane.

The leill labour loft, and leill fervice,
The lang availl on humill wyfe,
And the lytill rewarde agane, 15
 For to confidder is ane pane.

Nocht I fay all be this Cuntré,

France, Ingland, Ireland, Almané,
Bot all be Italie and Spane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 20

The change of Warld fra weill to wo,
The honourable ufe is all ago,
In hall, in bour, in burgh and plane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Beleif dois hoip, traift dois nocht tarie, 25
Office dois flit, and courtis dois varie,
Purpois dois change, as wynd or rane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Gude rewll is banifchit our the Bordour,
And rangat ringis bot ony ordour, 30
With reird of rebaldis, and of fwane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The pepill fo wickit ar of feiris,
The frutlefs erde all witnefs beiris,
The ayr infectit and prophane; 35
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

The temporall ftait to gryp and gather,
The fone difheris wald the father,
And as ane dyvour wald him demane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 40

Kirkmen ſo halie ar and gude,
That on thair conſcience, rowne and rude,
May turn aucht oxin and ane wane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

I knaw nocht how the Kirk is gydit, 45
Bot Beneficis ar nocht leill devydit;
Sum men hes ſevin, and I nocht ane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

And ſum, unworthy to brouk ane ſtall,
Wald clym to be ane Cardinall, 50
Ane Biſchoprik may nocht him gane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

Unworthie I, amang the laif,
Ane Kirk dois craif, and nane can haif;
Sum with ane thraif playis paſſage plane; 55
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

It cumis be King, it cumis be Quene,
Bot ay ſic ſpace is us betwene,
That nane can ſchut it with ane ſlane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane. 60

It micht have cummin in ſchortar quhyll
Fra Calyecot and the new-fund Yle,
The partis of Tranſmeridiane;
Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

It micht, be this, had it bein kynd, 65
Cummin out of the defertis of Ynde,
Our all the grit fé Oceane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It micht have cummin out of all airtis,
Fra Paris, and the Orient partis, 70
And fra the Ylis of Aphrycane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

It is fo lang in cuming me till,
I dreid that it be quyt gane will,
Or bakwart is turnit agane; 75
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Upon the heid of it is hecht
Bayth unicornis, and crownis of wecht,
Quhen it dois cum all men dois frane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane. 80

I wait [it] is for me provydit,
Bot fa done tyrefum it is to byd it,
It brekis my hairt, and briftis my brane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

Greit Abbais grayth I nill to gather, 85
Bot ane Kirk fcant coverit with hadder;
For I of lytill wald be fane;
Quhilk to confidder is ane pane.

And for my Curis in ſindrie place,
With help, Schir, of your nobill Grace, 90
My ſillie ſaule ſall never be ſlane;
  Na for ſic ſyn to ſuffer pane.

Experience dois me so inſpyre,
Of this fals failyeand Warld I tyre,
That ever moir flittis lyk ane phane; 95
  Quhilk to conſidder is ane pane.

The formest hoip yit that I have
In all this Warld, ſa God me ſave,
Is in Your Grace, bayth crop and grayne,
  Quhilk is ane leſſoun of my pane. 100

ERDLY JOY RETURNIS IN PANE.

Off Lentren in the first mornyng,
Airly as did the day up spring,
Thus sang ane bird with voce upplane,
   All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

O Man! haif mynd that thow mon pass; 5
Remembir that thow art bot ass,
And sall in ass return agane:
   All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,
Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth, 10
Devoring fruct and flowring grane:
   All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,
Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
Ourcovered with flouris laid in ane trane: 15
   All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,
Bot Januar come als wod and kene;

Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane:
All Erdly joy returnis in pane. 20

Evermair unto this Warldis joy,
As nerrest air succeidis noy;
Thairfoir quhen joy may nocht remane,
His verry air succeidis pane;

Heir Helth returnis in Seiknes; 25
And Mirth returnis in Havines;
Toun in desert, forrest in plane:
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Fredome returnis in Wrechitnes,
And Trewth returnis in Dowbilnes, 30
With fenyeit wirdis to mak men fane;
All Erdly joy returnis in pane.

Vertew returnis into Vyce,
And Honour into Avaryce;
With Cuvatyce is Consciens slane; 35
All Erdly joy returnis in paine.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
Wirk for the joy that lestis evir;
For uther joy is all bot vane:
All Erdly joy returnis in pane. 40

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS.

QUHEN HE WES SEIK.

I THAT in heill wes and glaidnefs,
Am trublit now with gret feiknefs,
And feblit with infirmitie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Our plefance heir is all vane glory, 5
This fals Warld is bot tranfitory,
The flefche is brukle, the Feynd is flé;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The ftait of Man dois change and vary,
Now found, now feik, now blyth, now fary, 10
Now danfand mirry, now like to die;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

No Stait in Erd heir ftandis ficker;
As with the wynd wavis the wickir,
So wavis this Warldis vanité; 15
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Unto the Deid gois all Eſtaitis,
Princis, Prellattis, and Poteſtaitis,
Baith riche and puire of all degré;
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 20

He takis the Knychtis in to feild,
Anarmit under helme and ſcheild;
Victour he is at all mellie:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That ſtrang unmercifull tyrand 25
Takis on the Mutheris breiſt ſowkand
The Bab, full of benignité:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takis the Campioun in the ſtour,
The Capitane cloſit in the tour, 30
The Lady in bour full of bewtie:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He ſpairis no Lord for his piſcence,
Nor Clerk for his intelligence;
His awfull ſtraik may no man flé; 35
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Art Magicianis, and Aſtrologgis,
Rethoris, Logicianis, Theologgis,
Thame helpis no concluſionis ſlé;
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 40

In Medicyne the moſt Practicianis,
Leichis, Surrigianis, and Phiſicianis,
Thame ſelf fra Deth may nocht ſupplé;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

I ſee that MAKARIS amang the laif 45
Playis heir thair padyanis, ſyne gois to graif;
Spairit is nocht thair faculté:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes done peteouſlie devour,
The noble CHAWCER of Makaris flouir, 50
The MONK OF BERY, and GOWER, all thré;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

The gude Schir HEW OF EGLINTOUN,
ETRIK, HERYOT, and WYNTOUN,
He hes tane out of this Cuntré; 55
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

That Scorpioun fell hes done infek
Maiſter JOHNE CLERK, and JAMES AFFLEK,
Fra ballat making and tragedé;
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 60

HOLLAND and BARBOUR he has berevit;
Allace! that he nocht with us levit
Schir MUNGO LOKERT of the Lé:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane, 65
That maid the awnteris of Gawane;
Schir Gilbert Hay endit hes he:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes Blind Hary, and Sandy Traill
Slaine with his ſchot of mortall haill, 70
Quhilk Patrik Johnestoun mycht nocht flé;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes reft Merseir his endyte,
That did in luve ſo lifly write,
So ſchort, ſo quyk, of ſentence hie: 75
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane Roull of Abirdene,
And gentill Roull of Corſtorphine;
Two bettir fallowis did no man ſé:
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 80

In Dumfermelyne he hes tane Broun,
With Maiſter Robert Henrisoun;
Schir Johne the Ross embraiſt hes hé:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

And he hes now tane, laſt of aw, 85
Gud gentill Stobo and Quintyne Schaw,
Of quhome all wichtis hes petie:
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Gud Maister WALTER KENNEDY,
In poynt of dede lyis veraly, 90
Gret reuth it wer that so suld be;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen he hes all my Brether tane,
He will nocht lat me leif alane,
On forse I mon his nyxt pray be; 95
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the Deid remeid is non,
Best is that we for deid dispone.
Eftir our deid that leif may we
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 100

THE MERLE AND THE NYCHTINGAILL.

In May, as that Aurora did up ſpring,
  With criſtall ene chaſing the cluddis ſable,
I hard a Merle, with mirry notis, ſing
  A ſang of luve, with voce rycht confortable,
  Agane the Orient bemis amiable, 5
Upone a bliſsful brenche of lawryr grene;
  This wes hir ſentens ſueit and delectable,
A luſty lyfe in Luvis ſervice bene.

Undir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,
  Of balmy liquour, criſtallyne of hew, 10
Agane the hevinly aiſure ſkyis licht;
  Quhair did, upone the tothir ſyd, perſew
  A Nychtingaill, with ſuggurit notis new,
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok ſchone:
  This wes hir ſong, and of a ſentens trew, 15
All Luve is loſt bot upone God allone.

With notis glaid, and glorious armony,
  This joyfull Merle ſo ſaluſt ſcho the day,
Quhill rong the woddis of hir melody,
  Saying, Awalk, ye luvaris of this May; 20

Lo frefche Flora hes flureft every fpray,
As Nature hes hir taucht, the noble Quene,
The feild bene clothit in a new array:
A lufty lyfe in Luvis fervice bene.

Nevir fuetar noys wes hard with levand man 25
Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill,
Hir found went with the rever as it ran
Out throw the frefche and flureift lufty vaill:
O Merle! quoth fcho, O fule! ftynt of thy taill,
For in thy fong gud fentens is thair none, 30
For boith is tynt, the tyme and the travaill
Of every Luve bot upone God allone.

Seifs, quoth the Merle, thy preching, Nychtingaill:
Sall folk thair yowth fpend in to holinefs?
Of yung fanctis growis auld feyndis but fable. 35
Fy! Ypocreit, in yeiris tendirnefs,
Agane the law of kynd thow gois exprefs,
That crukit aige makis one with yowth ferene,
Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyverfs:
A lufty lyfe in Luvis fervice bene. 40

The Nychtingaill faid, Fule, remembir thé,
That both in yowth and eild, and every hour,
The luve of God moft deir to man fuld be;
That him, of nocht, wrocht lyk his awin figour,
And deit him felf fro deid him to fuccour; 45
O quhithir wes kythit thair trew luve or none?

He is moſt trew and ſteidfaſt paramour,
And Luve is loſt bot upone him allone.

The Merle ſaid, Quhy put God ſo grit bewté
In ladeis, with ſic womanly having, 50
Bot gif he wald that thay ſuld luvit be?
To luve eik Natur gaif thame inclynnyng;
And He of Natur that wirker wes and king,
Wald no thing fruſtir put, nor lat be ſene,
In to his creature of his awin making: 55
A luſty lyfe in Luvis ſervice bene.

The Nychtingaill ſaid, Nocht to that behufe
Put God ſic bewty in a ladeis face,
That ſcho ſuld haif the thank thairfoir, or lufe,
Bot He the wirker, that put in hir ſic grace; 60
Off bewty, bontie, richeſs, tyme, or ſpace,
And every gudneſs that bene to cum or gone,
The thank redoundis to Him in every place:
All Luve is loſt bot upone God allone.

O Nichtingaill! it wer a ſtory nyce 65
That luve ſuld nocht depend on cherité;
And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,
Than luve mon be a vertew, as thinkis me;
For ay to luve invy mone contrair be:
God bad eik luve thy nichtbour fro the ſplene, 70
And quho than ladeis ſuetar nychtbouris be?
A luſty lyfe in Luvis ſervice bene.

The Nychtingaill ſaid, Bird, quhy dois thow raif?
  Man may tak in his lady ſic delyt,
Him to foryet that hir ſic vertew gaif, 75
  And for his hevin raſſaif hir cullour quhyt:
  Hir goldin treſſit hairis redomyt,
Lyk to Appollois bemis thocht thay ſchone,
  Suld nocht him blind fro luve that is perfyt;
All Luve is loſt bot upone God allone. 80

The Merle ſaid, Luve is cauſe of honour ay,
  Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchaſe,
Luve makis knychtis hardy at aſſey,
  Luve makis wrechis full of lergeneſs,
  Luve makis ſueir folkis full of biſſineſs, 85
Luve makis ſluggirdis freſche and weill beſene,
  Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilneſs;
A luſty lyfe in Luvis ſervice bene.

The Nychtingaill ſaid, Trew is the contrary;
  Sic fruſtir luve it blindis men ſo far, 90
In to thair myndis it makis thame to vary;
  In fals vane glory thai ſo drunkin ar,
  Thair wit is went, of wo thai ar nocht war,
Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
  Fame, guddis, and ſtrenth: quhairfoir weill ſay I dar, 95
And Luve is loſt bot upone God allone.

Than ſaid the Merle, Myne errour I confeſs;
  This fruſtir luve all is bot vanité;

Blind Ignorance me gaif fic hardiness,
To argone fo agane the varité: 100
Quhairfoir I counfall every man, that he
With luve nocht in the feindis net be tone,
Bot luve the Luve that did for his luve dé:
All Luve is loft bot upone God allone.

Than fang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir: 105
The Merle fang, Man, luve God that hes thé wrocht.
The Nychtingaill fang, Man, luve the Lord moft deir,
That thé and all this warld maid of nocht.
The Merle faid, Luve him that thy lufe hes focht,
Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flefche and bone. 110
The Nychtingaill fang, And with his deid thé bocht:
All Luve is loft but upone Him allone.

Thane flew thir birdis our the bewis fchene,
Singing of luve amang the levis fmall;
Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene, 115
Bothe fleping, walking, in reft, and in travaill:
Me to reconfort moft it dois availl
Agane for luve, quhen luve I can find none,
To think how fong this Merle and Nychtingaill,
All Luve is loft bot upone God allone. 120

OF LUVE ERDLY AND DIVINE.

Now culit is Dame Venus brand;
Trew Luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
And I begyn to undirſtand,
In feynit luve quhat foly bene:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 5
  And true Luve ryſis fro the splene.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
Trew luvis fyre nevir birnis bauld;
So as the ta luve waxis auld,
The tothir dois increſs moir kene: 10
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
  And true Luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

No man hes curege for to wryte,
Quhat pleſans is in luve perfyte,
That hes in fenyeit luve delyt, 15
Thair kyndnes is ſo contrair clene:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
  And trew Luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
Or ony wayis his hairt conſent, 20

To turne to trew luve his intent,
And ftill the quarrell to fufteine:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
  And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

I haif experience by my fell; 25
In Luvis court anis did I dwell,
Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
I culd of truble tell fyftene:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
  And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene. 30

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
Now haif I confort for to fpeid;
Quhair I had maugré to my meid,
I treft rewaird and thankis betwene:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 35
  And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

Quhair luve wes wont me to difpleis,
Now find I in to luve grit eis;
Quhair I had denger and difeis,
My breift all confort dois contene: 40
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
  And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelofy,
And wald no luver wer bot I;
Now quhair I luve I wald all wy 45

Als weill as I luvit I wene:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
  And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

Befoir quhair I durft nocht for fchame
My luve defcrive, nor tell hir name; 50
Now think I wirfchep wer and fame,
To all the warld that it war fene:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
  And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

Befoir no wicht I did complene, 55
So did her denger me derene;
And now I fett nocht by a bene
Hir bewty, nor hir twa fair ene:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
  And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene. 60

I have a luve fairar of face,
Quhom in no denger may haif place,
Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,
And mercy ay quhen I me mene:
  Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene, 65
  And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

Unquyt I do no thing nor fane,
Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane;
I falbe als weill luvit agane,
Thair may no jangler me prevene: 70

Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

Ane luve fo fare, fo gud, fo fueit,
So riche, fo rewthfull, and difcreit,
And for the kynd of man fo meit, 75
Nevir moir falbe, nor yit hes bene:
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

Is none fa trew a luve as he,
That for trew luve of us did dé; 80
He fuld be luvit agane, think me,
That wald fa fane our luve obtene:
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene.

Is none but grace of God I wis, 85
That can in Yowth confiddir this;
This fals diffavand Warldis blifs,
So gydis Man in flouris grene:
Now cumis Aige quhair Yowth hes bene,
And trew Luve ryfis fro the fplene. 90

THE MANER OF PASSYNG TO CONFESSIOUN.

O synfull Man, thir ar the fourty dayis
  That every man ſuld wilfull pennence dré;
Oure Lorde Jheſu, as haly writ ſayis,
  Faſtit him ſelf oure exampill to be,—
  Sen ſic ane michty King and Lorde as he, 5
To faſt and pray was ſo obedient,
We ſynfull folk ſulde be more deligent.

I reid thé, Man, of thi tranſgreſſioun,
  With all thi hert, that thow be penitent;
Thow ſchrive thé clene, and mak confeſſioun, 10
  And ſé thairto [that] thow be deligent,
  With all thi ſynnes into thi mynde preſent,
That every ſyn be the ſelfe beſchawin,
To thyne confeſſioun it ma be kend and knawin.

Apon thi body gif thow hes ane wounde 15
  That cauſſis thé gret panis for to feill,
Thair is no leiche ma mak thé haill and ſounde,
  Quhill it be ſene, and clengit every deill;
  Richt ſua thi ſchrift, bot it beſchawin weill,

Thow art nocht abill remiffioun for to get, 20
Wittandlie and thow [fuld] ane fyn foryet.

Off tuenty woundis, and ane be left unhelit
  Quhat avalis thé leiching of the laif?
Rycht fua thi fchrift, and thair be oucht concelit,
  It avalis nocht thi fely faule to faif; 25
  Nor yit of God remiffioun for to haif:
Of fyn gif thow wald have deliverance,
Thow fulde it tell with all the circumftance.

Sa that thi Confeffour be wyfs and difcreit,
  Than can thé difcharge of every doute and weir, 30
And power hes of thy fynnes compleit:
  Gif thow can nocht fchaw furth thi fynnes perqueir,
  And he be blynde, and can nocht at thé fpeir,
Thow ma rycht weill in thi mynde confydder
That ane blynde man is led furth be ane uther. 35

And fa I halde, that ye ar baith begylde;
  He can nocht fpeir, nor thow can nocht him tell,
Quhen, nor how, thi confcience thow hes fylde;
  Thairfor, I reid, that thow excufe thi fell,
  And rype thi mynde how every thing befell, 40
The tyme, the place, and how, and in quhat wyis,
So that thi confeffioun ma thi fynnes pryce.

Avyfs thé weill, or thou cum to the Preift,
  Off all thi fynnes, and namelie of the maift,

That thai be reddy prentit in thi breift; 45
Thow fulde nocht cum to fchryfe thé in [gret] haift,
And fyne fit doun abafit as ane beift:
With humyll [hairt] and fad contrytioun,
Thow fuld cum to [mak] thine confeffioun.

With thine awin mouth thi fynnes thow fuld tell; 50
Bot fit and heir the Preift hes nocht ado,
Quha kennes thi fynnes better na thi fell?
Thairfor, I reid thé, tak gude tent thairto;
Thow knawis beft quhair bindis thé thi fcho;
Thairfor, be wyfe afor or thow thair cum, 55
That thow fchaw furth thi fynnes all and fum.

Quhair feldin compt is tane, and hes a hevy charge,
And fyne is reklefs in his governance,
And on his confcience he takis all to large,
And on the end hes no rememberance, 60
That man is abill to fall ane gret mifchance:
The fynfull man that all the yeir our fettis,
Fra Pafche to Pafche, rycht mony a thing foryettis.

I reid thé, Man, quhill thow art ftark and young,
With pith and ftrenth into thi yeiris grene, 65
Quhill thow art abill baith in mynde and toung,
Repent thé, Man, and kepe thi confcience clene;
Till byde till age is mony perrell fene:
Small merit is of fynnes for to irke
Quhen thow art ald, and ma na wrangis wyrke. 70

THE TABILL OF CONFESSIOUN.

To Thé, O mercifull Salviour, Jhefus,
  My King, my Lord, and my Redemar fweit,
Befoir thy bludy figour dolorus,
  I fchir me cleyne, with humill heart contreit,
  That evir I did unto this hour compleit, 5
Baith in werk, in word, and eik in entent;
  Falling on face, full law befoir thy feit,
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

To Thé, my meik fweit Salviour, I me fchryve,
  And dois me in thy mercy maift excelling, 10
Off the wrang fpending of my Wittis Fyve,—
  In Hering, Seeing, Gufting, Twitching, and Smelling,
  Ganeftanding, greving, offending, and rebelling
Aganis my God and Lord omnipotent;
  With teiris of forrow from my ene diftilling, 15
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

I wretchit fynner vyle, and full of vyce,
  Off the Sevin Deidly Synnys dois me fchryve,—
Off Pryde, off Yre, Invy, and Covetyce,
  Off Lichery, Gluttony, with Slewth ay till our dryve,

Exercing vycis evir in all my lyve,
For quhilk, allace! I fervit to be fchent:
Rew on me, Jhefu, for thy woundis fyve!
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

I fchryve me, Lord! that I abufit haif 25
The Sevin Deidis of Mercy Corporall,—
The hungry meit, nor thrifty drink I gaif,
Nor vefeit the feik, nor did redeme the thrall,
Herbreit the wilfum, nor naikit cled att all,
Nor yit the deid to bery tuke I tent: 30
Thow, that put mercy aboif thy workis all,
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

In the Sevin Deidis of Marcy Spirituall,—
To ignorantis nocht gaif I my teiching,
Synnaris correctioun, nor deftitut counfall, 35
Na unto wofull wretchis conforting,
Nor unto faulis fupport of my preiching,
Nor was to afk forgifnefs penitent,
Nor to forgif my nychtbouris offending;
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent. 40

Lord! I haif done full litill reverence
Unto the Sacramentis Sevin of gret renoun,—
Thy Haly Supper for my fyn recompence,
Baptifing, Penance, and Confirmacioun,
Matrimony, Ordour, and Extreme Uncioun; 45
Heiroff, als fer as I wes negligent,

With hairt contreit, and teiris falling doun,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

Thy Ten Commandis,—A God for till honour,
Nocht tane in vane his name, na slayar to be, 50
Fader and moder to wirschip at all hour,
To be no theif, the haly day to uphie,
Nychtbouris to lufe, fals witness for to flé,
To leif adultré, to covet na manis rent;
In all thir, Lord! culpable knaw I me; 55
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

The Artickillis of Treuth,—A God to trow,
The Fader that all thingis wrocht and comprehendit,
And in his haly blissit Sone, Jhesu,
Of Mary borne, on croce deit, to hell discendit, 60
The thrid day rysing, to the Fader ascendit,
Off quick and deid to cum, and hald Jugement;
In to thir poynttis, O Lord! quhair I have offendit,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I trow in to the blissit Haly Spreit, 65
And in the Kirk, to do as it commandis,
And to thy dome that we sall ryse compleit
And tak our flesch againe, baith feit and handis,
All to be saiff in stait of grace that standis;
Plane I revoik in thir quhair I miswent, 70
Befoir the Juge and Lord of fee and landis,
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

I ſynnit, Lord! that nocht being ſtrong as wall,
In Howp, in Faith, in fervent Cheretie;
Nocht with the Foure Vertewis Cardenall, 75
Aganis vycis ſure enarmyng me,
With Fortitude, Prowdence, Temperance, thir thré
With Juſtice ever in werk, word, or entent;
To Thé, Chryſt Jheſu, caſting up myne é,
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent. 80

The Sevin Commandis of the Kirk,—that is to ſay,
Thy teind to pay, and curſing to eſchew,
To keipe the feſtuall and the faſting day,
The meſs on Sonday, the parroche kirk perſew,
To proper Curat to mak confeſſioun trew, 85
Anis in the yeir to tak the Sacrament;
In thir pointis, quhair I offendit, ſair I rew;
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent.

Off ſyn alſo aganis the Haly Spreit,
Off ſchrift poſtponit, of ſyn aganis nateur, 90
Off incontricioun, of confeſſioun indiſcreit,
Off reſſait ſinfull of Thé my Salvatour,
Off undone pennance, and ſatisfactioun ſure,
Off the Sevin Giftis the Haly Gaiſt me ſent,
Off Pater noſter, and Sevin Peticionis pure; 95
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent.

Nocht thanking Thé of gratitude nor grace,
That thow me wrocht, and bocht me with thi deid;

Off this ſchort lyfe remembring nocht the ſpace,
The hevinnis bliſs, the hellis hiddeouſs feid, 100
But more treſpaſs, my ſynnis to remeid,
Concluding nevir all thruch in myne entent;
O Thow, quhois blude on rude for men ran reid,
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent.

I knaw me vicious, Lord, and richt culpable, 105
In aithis ſweiring, leiſing, and blaſpheming,
Off fruſtrat ſpeiking in court, in kirk, and tabill,
In wordis vyle, in vaneteis expreming,
Preyſſing my ſelf, and evill my nichtbouris deming,
And ſo in ydilneſs my dayis I haif ſpent; 110
Thow that wes rent on rude for my redeming,
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent.

I ſynnit in conſaving thochtis jolye,
Up to the hevin extolling myn ententioun,
In hé exaltit arrogance, and folye, 115
Prowdneſs, deriſioun, ſcorne, and vilipentioun,
Preſumptioun, inobedience, and contemptioun,
In fals vane gloir, and deidis negligent;
O Thow, that deit on rude, for my redemptioun,
I cry Thé mercy, and laſar to repent. 120

I ſynnit als in reif, and in oppreſſioun,
In wranguſs gudis taking and poſſeding,
Contrar gud reſſoun, conſcience, and diſcretioun,
In prodigall ſpending, but rewth of peure folkis neiding,

In fowll difceptiounnis, in fals inventionis breiding, 125
To conqueifs honor, trefor, land, and rent,
In flefchly luft aboif mefure exceiding;
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Off mynd diffymulat, Lord! I me confefs,
Off feid undir ane freindly countenance, 130
Off parciall jugeing, and perverfs wilfulnefs,
Off flattering wordis for fynding of fubftance,
Off fals solifting for wrang deliverance
At Counfale, Seffioun, and at Parliament;
Off everilk guilt, and wicket govirnance, 135
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

I fchryve me of all curfit company,
In all tyme, witting and unwitting me,
Off criminall caufes, off deid of fellony,
Off tyranny, and vengeable crewaltie, 140
Off hurt or flawchter, culpable gif I be,
In ony wife, deid, counfale, or confent;
O deir Jhefu! that for me deit on tré,
I cry Thé mercy, and lafar to repent.

Thocht I haif nocht thy precious feit to kifs, 145
As had the Magdelene, quhen fcho did mercy craif,
I fall as fcho, weip teiris for my mifs,
And every morrow feik Thé at thy graif;
Thairfoir, forgife me, as thow hir forgaif,
That feis my hert, as fynner penitent!

Thy precious body, in breift I resaif;
I cry Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

Thow mak me, Jhesu, on Thé to remember!
I ask thy Passioun in me so to habound, 150
Quhill nocht of me unmanyeit be a member,
Bot fall in wo, with Thé, of every wound;
And every straik mak throu my hert astound,
That evir did strenye thy fair flesche innocent;
Sa that no part of my body be found, 155
Bot crying Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

Off all thir synnis that I did heir expreme,
And als foryet, to Thé, Lord! I me schryve,
Appeling fra thy Justice court extreme,
Unto thy court of Mercy exulyise; 160
Thow mak my schip in blissit port arryve,
That sailis heir in stormis violent,
And saif me, Jhesu! for thy woundis fyve,
That cryis Thé mercy, and lasar to repent.

ANE ORISOUN.

Salviour, ſuppois my ſenſualitie,
  Subject to ſyn, hes maid my ſaull oft ſyis,
Sum ſpark of licht and ſpiritualitie,
  Walkins my witt, and reſſoun bidis me ryis ;
  My corrupt conſcience aſkis, clipis and cryis, 5
Firſt grace, ſyn ſpace, for to amend my myſs ;
  Subſtance with honour doing nane ſuppryis,
Freindis proſperitie, heir peax, ſyn heavins blyſs.

OF LYFE.

Quhat is this Lyfe bot ane ſtraucht way to deid,
  Quhilk hes a tyme to pas, and nane to duell ;
A ſlideing quheill us lent to ſeik remeid ;
  A fré chois gevin to Paradice or Hell ;
  A pray to deid, quhome vane is to repell ; 5
A ſchoirt torment for infineit glaidneſs,
Als ſchoirt ane joy for leſtand hevyneſs !

OF THE NATIVITIE OF CHRIST.

RORATE Cœli defuper!
  Hevins diftill your balmy fchouris,
For now is riffin the brycht day-fter,
  Fro the Roifs Mary, flour of flouris:
  The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris, 5
Surmunting Phebus in the eft,
  Is cumin of his hevinly touris;
Et nobis Puer natus eft.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,
  Tronis, poteftatis, and marteiris feir, 10
And all ye hevinly operationis,
  Ster, planeit, firmament, and fpeir,
  Fyre, erd, air, and watter cleir,
To Him gife loving, moft and left,
  That come in to fo meik maneir; 15
Et nobis Puer natus eft.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
  And thank your Makar hairtfully;
For He, that ye mycht nocht cum to,
  To yow is cumin full humly, 20

Your ſaulis with his blud to by,
And louſs yow of the feindis arreſt,
And only of his awin mercy;
Pro nobis Puer natus eſt.

All clergy do to him inclyne, 25
And bow unto that barne benyng,
And do your obſervance devyne,
To him that is of kingis King;
Enſence his altar, reid, and ſing
In haly kirk, with mynd degeſt, 30
Him honouring attour all thing,
Qui nobis Puer natus eſt.

Celeſtiall fowlis in the air,
Sing with your nottis upoun hicht;
In firthis and in forreſtis fair 35
Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
For paſſit is your dully nycht;
Aurora hes the cluddis perſt,
The ſone is riſſin with glaidſum lycht,
Et nobis Puer natus eſt. 40

Now ſpring up flouris fra the rute,
Revert yow upwart naturaly,
In honour of the bliſſit frute,
That raiſs up fro the Rois Mary;
Lay out your levis luſtely, 45
Fro deid tak lyfe now at the leſt,

In wirſchip of that Prince wirthy,
Qui nobis Puer natus eſt.

Syng Hevin imperiall, moſt of hicht,
Regions of Air mak armony ; 50
All Fiſche in flud, and Foull of flicht,
Be myrthfull and mak melody :
All GLORIA IN EXCELSIS cry,
Hevin, Erd, Sé, Man, Bird, and Beſt,
He that is crownit above the Sky, 55
Pro nobis Puer natus eſt.

ANE BALLAT OF OUR LADY.

Haile, fterne fuperne! Haile, in eterne,
  In Godis ficht to fchyne!
Lucerne in derne, for to difcerne
  Be glory and grace devyne;
Hodiern, módern, fempitern, 5
  Angelicall Regyne!
Our tern inferne for to difpern,
  Helpe rialeft rofyne.
      Ave Maria, gratia plena!
  Haile, frefche flour femynyne! 10
Yerne us, guberne, Virgin matern,
  Of reuth baith rute and ryne.

Haile, yyng, benyng, frefche flurifing!
  Haile, Alphais habitakle!
Thy dyng of fpring maid us to fyng 15
  Befor his tabernakle;
All thing maling we doune thring,
  Be ficht of his fignakle;
Quhilk King us bring unto his ryng,
  Fro dethis dirk umbrakle. 20
      Ave Maria, gratia plena!

Haile, Modir and Maid but makle!
Bricht ſygn, gladyng our languiſſing,
Be micht of thi mirakle.

Haile, bricht, be ſicht, in hevyn on hicht! 25
Haile, day ſterne orientale!
Our licht moſt richt, in clud of nycht,
Our darkneſs for to ſcale:
Haile, wicht, in ſicht, puttar to flicht
Of fendis in battale! 30
Haile, plicht, but ſicht! Haile, mekle of mycht!
Haile, glorious Virgine, haile!
Ave Maria, gratia plena!
Haile, gentill nychttingale!
Way ſtricht, cler dicht, to wilſome wicht, 35
That irke bene in travale.

Haile, Quene ſerene! Haile, moſt amene!
Haile, hevinlie hie Empryſs!
Haile, ſchene, unſeyne with carnale eyne!
Haile, Rois of Paradyſs! 40
Haile, clene, bedene, ay till conteyne!
Haile, fair freſche flour-de-lyce!
Haile, grene daſeyne! Haile, fro the ſplene,
Of Jheſu genetrice!
Ave Maria, gratia plena! 45
Thow bair the Prince of Pryſs;
Our tryne to meyne, and go betweyne,
As humile Oratrice.

Haile, more decore, than of before,
  And ſwetar be ſic ſevyne, 50
Our glore, forlore, for to reſtore,
  Sen thow art Quene of Hevyne!
Memore of ſore, ſtern in Aurore,
  Louit with Angellis ſtevyne;
Implore, adore, thow indeflore, 55
  To mak our oddis evyne.
    Ave Maria, gratia plena!
  With lovingis lowde ellevyn,
Quhill ſtore and hore, my youth devore,
  Thy name I ſall ay nevyne. 60

Empryce of pryſe, Imperatrice,
  Brycht poliſt precious ſtane;
Victryce of vyce, hie genitrice
  Of Jheſu, Lord ſoverayne:
Our wyſe pavyſe fro enemyis, 65
  Agayne the feyndis trayne;
Oratrice, Mediatrice, Salvatrice,
  To God gret ſuffragane!
    Ave Maria, gratia plena!
  Haile, ſterne meridiane! 70
Spyce, flour-de-lice of Paradyſe,
  That bair the gloryus grayne.

Imperiall wall, place paleſtrall,
  Of peirleſs pulcritude;

Tryumphale hall, hie trone regall 75
Of Godis celſitude;
Hoſpitall riall, the Lord of all
Thy cloſet did include;
Bricht ball, criſtall, rois virginall,
Fulfillit of angell ſude. 80
Ave Maria, gratia plena!
Thy birth has with his blude,
Fra fall mortall, originall,
Us ranſomid on the rude.

OF THE PASSIOUN OF CHRIST.

Amang thir Freiris, within a cloſter,
  I enterit in ane Oratory,
And knellit doun with ane Pater noſter,
  Befor the michti King of glorye,
  Having his Paſſioun in memorye; 5
Syne till his Mudir I did inclyne,
  Hir halſing with ane gaudé-fioré;
And ſodanely I ſlepit ſyne.

Me thocht Judas with mony a Jow
  Tuke bliſſit Jheſu, our Salvatour, 10
And ſchot him furth, with mony a ſchow,
  With ſchamefull wordis of diſhonour;
  And lyke ane theif, or ane tratour,
Thai led that hevinlie Prince moſt hie,
  With mannaſing attour meſour, 15
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Falſly condampnit befor ane Juge,
  Thai ſpittit in his viſage fair;
And, as lyonis with awfull ruge,
  In yre thai harlit him heir and thair, 20

And gaf him mony buffatis fair,
That it was forrow for to fé;
And of his claithis thai tirvit him bair,
O Mankynd, for the lufe of thé.

Thai tyrandis to revenge thair teyne, 25
For fcorne thai clad him in to quhyte;
And hid his bliffull glorius eyne,
To fé quhom Angellis had delyte;
Difpituofly fyne did him fmyte,
Saying, Gif Sone of God thow be, 30
Quha ftraike thé now, thow tell us tyte?—
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

In teyne, thai tirvit him agane,
And till ane pillar thai him band;
Quhill blude out briftit at every vane, 35
Thai fcurgit him baith fute and hande:
At every ftraik ran furth a ftrand,
Mycht have ranfomit warldis thré;
He baid in ftound quhill he mycht ftand,
O Mankynd, for the lufe of thé. 40

Nixt all in purpour thai him cled,
And fyne with thornis fcharpe and kene;
His faikles blude agane thai fched,
Perfing his hed with pykis grene;
Uneifs with lyf he mycht fuftene 45
That croune, on thrung with creuelté,

Quhill flude of blude blyndit his eyne,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Ane croce that was baith gret and lang,
To beir thai gaf that bliſſit Lord; 50
Syne furiuſly, as theif to hang,
Thai harlit him furth with raipe and corde;
With blude and ſwait was all deflord
His face, the fude of angellis fré;
His feit with ſtanis war revin and ſcerd, 55
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Agane thai tirvit him bak and ſyde,
Als brym as ony baris wod;
The claith that claif to his clere hyde,
Thai raif away with ruggis rude, 60
Quhill ferſly followit fleſche and blude,
That it was peté for to ſé;
Na kynd of torment he ganeſtood,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Unto the croce of breid and lenth, 65
To gar his lymmis langear wax,
Thai ſtraitit him with all thair ſtrenth,
Quhill to the end thai gart him rax;
Syne tyt him up with gret irne tax,
And him all nakit on a tré 70
Thai raiſit on loft, be houris ſax,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

Quhen he was bendit all on breid,
Quhill all his vanys brist and brak,
Till gar his cruell pane exceid, 75
Thai leit him fall doune with a swak,
Quhill corss and corps and all did crak;
Agane thai raisit him on hie,
Redy mair torment for to tak,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé. 80

Betuix twa theiffis the spreit he gaif,
Unto his Father most of mycht;
The erd did trymble, the cragis raif,
The sone obscurit of his licht;
The day wox dirk as ony nycht, 85
Deid bodyis raiss in the cité:
Godis deir Sone all thus was dicht,
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

In weir that he was yit on lyf,
Thai ran a rude speir in his syde, 90
And did his precious body ryf,
Quhill blude and wattir did furth glyde:
Thus Jhesu with his woundis wyde,
As martir suffirit for to dé,
And tholit to be crucifyid, 95
O Mankynd, for the luf of thé.

OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

DONE is a battell on the Dragon blak,
  Our campioun Chryſt confoundit hes his force;
The yettis of Hell ar brokin with a crak,
  The ſigne triumphall raſit is of the Croce,
  The Divillis trymmillis with hiddouſs voce, 5
The ſaulis ar borrowit, and to the bliſs can go,
  Chryſt with his blud our ranſoms dois indoce:
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer,
  The crewall ſerpent with the mortall ſtang; 10
The auld kene tegir, with his teith on char,
  Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for us ſo lang,
  Thinking to grip us in his clowis ſtrang;
The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer ſo,
  He maid him for to felye of that fang: 15
Surrexit Dominus de ſepulchro.

He for our ſaik that ſufferit to be ſlane,
  And lyk a lamb in ſacrifice wes dicht,
Is lyk a lyone riſſin up agane,
  And as gyane [hes] raxit him on hicht: 20

Sprungin is Aurora radius and bricht,
On loft is gone the glorius Appolló,
The blissfull day departit fro the nycht:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The grit Victour agane is rissin on hicht, 25
That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit;
The sone that wox all paill now schynis bricht,
And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit;
The knell of mercy fra the hevin is soundit;
The Christins ar deliverit of thair wo, 30
The Jowis and thair errour ar confoundit:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The fo is chasit, the battell is done ceiss,
The presone brokin, the jevellouris fleit and flemit;
The weir is gone, confermit is the peiss, 35
The fetteris lowsit, and the dungeoun temit,
The ransoum maid, the presoneris redemit;
The feild is win, ourcumin is the fo,
Dispulit of the tresure that he yemit:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro. 40

OF MANIS MORTALITIE.

MEMENTO, Homo, quod cinis es!
  Think, Man, thow art bot erd and aſs;
Lang heir to dwell na thing thow preſs,
  For as thow come, ſo ſall thow paſs,
  Lyk as ane ſchaddow in ane glaſs: 5
Syne glydis all thy tyme that heir is;
  Think, thocht thy bodye war of braſs,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Worthye Hector, and Hercules,
  Forcye Achill, and ſtrong Sampſone, 10
Alexander of grit nobilnes,
  Meik David, and fair Abſolone,
  Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone,
At will of God, that all thing ſteiris:
  Think, Man, exceptioun thair is none; 15
Sed tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thocht now thow be maiſt glaid of cheir,
  Faireſt and pleſandeſt of port,
Yet may thow be, within ane yeir,
  Ane ugſum, uglye [fowll] tramort: 20
  And ſen thow knawis thy tyme is ſchort.

And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
  Think, Man, amang all uthir ſport,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thy luſtye bewté, and thy youth, 25
  Sall faid as dois the ſomer flouris,
Syne ſall thé ſwallow with his mouth
  The dragone Death, [that all devouris;]
  No caſtell ſall thé keip, nor touris,
Bot he ſall ſeik thé with thy feiris; 30
  Thairfore, remembir at all houris,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

Thocht all this warld thow did poſſeid,
  Nocht eftir death thow ſall poſſeſs,
Nor with thé tak, but thy guid deid, 35
  Quhen thow dois fro this warld thé dreſs:
  So ſpeid thé, Man, and thé confeſs,
With humill hart and ſobir teiris,
  And ſadlye in thy hart impreſs,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris. 40

Thocht thow be taklit nevir ſo ſure,
  Thow ſall in deathis port arryve,
Quhare nocht for tempeſt may indure,
  Bot ferlé all to ſpeiris [dryve;]
  Thy Ranſomer, with woundis fyve, 45
Mak thy plycht-anker, and thy ſteiris,
  To hald thy ſaule with him on lyve,
Cum tu in cinerem reverteris.

ANE ORISOUN.

QUHEN THE GOVERNOUR PAST INTO FRANCE.

Thow that in Hevin for our ſalvatioun,
  Maid juſtice, mercie, and pietie, to aggré;
And Gabriell ſend with the Salutatioun
  On to the Mayd of maiſt humilité;
  And maid thy Sone to tak humanité, 5
For our demereittis to be of Marie borne;
  Haif of us pietie, and our protectour be!
For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

O hie ſupernale Father of ſapience,
  Quhilk of thy vertew dois everie folie chais, 10
Ane ſpark of thy hie excellent prudence
  Giff us, that nouther wit nor reſſoun hes!
  In quhais heartis no prudence can tak place,
Exemple, nor experience of beforne;
  To us, ſynnaris, ane drop ſend of thy grace! 15
For, but thy help, our Kynrick is forlorne.

We ar ſo beiſtlie, dull, and ignorant,
  Our rudeneſs may nocht lichtlie be correctit;
Bot Thow, that art of mercy militant,

Thy vengeance ſeiſs on us to ſyn ſubjectit, 20
And gar thy juſtice be with reuth correctit;
For quyt away ſo wyld fra us is worne,
And in folie we ar ſo far infectit,
That, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

Thow, that on rude us ranſomit and redemit, 25
Rew on our ſyn, befoir your ſicht decydit;
Spair our treſpas, quhilk may nocht be expremit,
For breif of juſtice, for we may nocht abyd it,
Help this pure Realme, in partyis all devydit!
Us ſuccour ſend, that wair the crown of thorne, 30
That with the gift of grace it may be gydit!
For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne.

Lord! hald thy hand, that ſtrikken hes ſo ſoir;
Haif of us pietie, eftir our punytioun;
And gif us grace Thé [for] to greif no more, 35
And gar us mend with penance and contritioun;
And to thy vengeance mak non additioun,
As Thow that of michtis may to morne,
Fra cair to confort thow mak reſtitution:
For, but thy help, this Kynrick is forlorne. 40

MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTIR.

In to thir dirk and drublie dayis,
Quhen ſabill all the Hevin arrayis,
With myſtie vapouris, cluddis and ſkyis,
Nature all curage me denyis
Off ſangis, ballattis, and of playis. 5

Quhen that the nycht dois lenthin houris,
With wind, with haill, and havie ſchouris,
My dule ſpreit dois lurk forſchoir;
My hairt for languer dois forloir,
For laik of Summer with his flouris. 10

I walk, I turne, ſleip can I nocht,
I vexit am with havie thocht;
This Warld all ouir I caſt about,
And ever the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have ſocht. 15

I am aſſayit on everie ſyde,
Diſpair ſayis ay, In tyme provyde,
And get ſum thing quhairon to leif;
Or with grit troubill and miſcheif,
Thow ſall in to this Court abyde. 20

Than Patience fayis, Be nocht agaft:
Hald Hoip and Treuthe within thé faft;
  And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
  Quhen that no Rafoun may affuage,
Quhill that hir glafs be run and paft. 25

And Prudence in my eir fayis ay,
Quhy wald thow hald that will away?
  Or craif that thow may have no fpace
  Thow tending to an uther place,
A journay going everie day? 30

And than fayis Age, My freind cum neir,
And be nocht ftrange, I thé requeir:
  Cum, Brudir, by the hand me tak,
  Remember thow hes compt to mak
Off all the tyme thow fpendit heir. 35

Syne Deid caftis up his yettis wyd,
Saying, Thir oppin fall ye byd;
  Albeid that thow were never fo ftout,
  Undir this lyntall fall thow lowt:
Thair is nane uther way befyd. 40

For feir of this all day I drowp;
No gold in kift, nor wyne in cowp,
  No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys,
  May lat me to remember this:
How glaid that ever I dyne or fowp. 45

Yit, quhan the nycht begynnis to ſchort,
It dois my ſpreit ſum part confort,
  Off thocht oppreſſit with the ſchouris.
  Cum, luſtie Symmer! with thy flouris,
That I may leif in ſum diſport. 50

